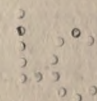


“ 'Alo-o-o! I've found 'im; 'urry up.”

(Page 112)

# *BOSS TOM*

## *The Annals of an Anthracite Mining Village*



By

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AKRON, OHIO

*The Saalfield Publishing Company*

NEW YORK CHICAGO

1904

Copy 2c



## PREFACE

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**I**N THESE days of strikes and the incessant contentions of labor and capital, especially in the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania during the last fifteen years, it is interesting for the general public to know the exact living status of the parties concerned, who the miner is and what his home life is like, the opinions and lives of honest officials, the ruling spirit of operators, the principles put in practice by unscrupulous hirelings, principles that are the generators of strikes which afflict all classes and threaten the social fabric of the state.

I have endeavored to give, in fictional form, facts that I have gleaned from actual experience during a residence of twenty years in the coal regions. I have told the story of a mining village as I know it, and have striven to be perfectly impartial toward miners and their employers, non-sectarian, non-political, and non-denominational, in the handling of the subject. The miners, bosses, operators, and other characters of the tale are living to-day and thus, of course, I have used fictitious names. It is more of a reality, however, than a fiction. A simple, unvarnished story of an actual anthracite mining village—its life—its opinions—its sorrows—its joys. I cast it forth upon the world, trusting that more of good than evil will materialize from its publication.

MATT. STAN. KEMP. 79



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## CHAPTER I.

### MAYOTON AND NUMBER ONE SLOPE.

**R**ED-OCHERED, unpretentious, yet with some semblance of order, its slaty roofs and diminutive vine embowered porticos kissed by the rays of a morning sun, on a miniature plateau environed by low lying hills whose summits were crowned with nodding scrub pines, slumbered the little mining village of Mayoton, as if loath to awaken from the lethargy of the night.

It was Junetide and the glory of Spring had come, proclaimed by the balmy freshness of the air, perfumed by the fragrance of rhododendron and wild honeysuckle blossoms. The sun at first content with glancing through the pine trees at length arose above its forest screen lighting with merry glow, a million tinted diamonds in the shape of dew drops that gleamed and scintillated on shrub and sward, and whitening various thin serpent like columns that emanated from kitchen chimneys. Southward from the store and offices of the Company and eastward of the public road, which it darkly shaded, ran a small forest of maple, oak and pine trees, from the midst of which gleamed alabaster-like, its color enhanced by the emerald of its surroundings, a small village church, its infant spire almost obscured by the jealousy of enveloping foliage. West-

ward from the public road, parallel to it and facing the forest and the rising sun, was a row of dwellings more spacious than the ordinary. Though red-ochered like the others, they were larger and had a certain air of genteelness which was augmented by the presence of gardens of sixty feet frontage, adorned with sundry flower plots and green sward, in some cases Kentucky blue grass, kept closely cropped. It was evidently the dwelling place of Mayoton's men of quality, and such indeed it was, for here lived mine foremen, bosses, and other high officials to such a number that, in mining parlance, it was called "Quality Row."

The noise of a shutting gate broke the stillness of the morning, and from the third garden appeared the figure of a stalwart, muscular looking man, clad in the ordinary habiliments of the mining class, viz.: blue drilling trousers and blouse, boots, and cap with miner's lamp. He was a man of about forty years of age and to judge by the heavy shoulders and sturdy frame must have weighed at least a hundred and eighty pounds. There was a pleasant, clean-shaven countenance under the peaked cap,—a countenance strong, yet frank and sincere, and lighted up with a wondrous pair of honest blue eyes, indicative that the owner was as true and trustworthy as heaven itself.

With quick active step he passed over the common in front of Quality Row and entered the shadow, etched darkly by the trees along the public road, and then emerged into the mellow sunlight that danced merrily through a rift in the foliage overhead. As if held spellbound by the enchanting scene of the morning, he paused for a moment, and gazed at the hills robed in budding greenness, dappled here and there with the hues of the mountain laurel and honeysuckle blossoms. Then monstrous and colossal, its dark seamy sides a little dilapidated with age, looming up in the distance like a slumbering, prehistoric saurian, the great coal breaker, surrounded by banks of

refuse coal, met his vision. There were gleams of sunshine on its innumerable, grimy windows, that touched up their sooty panes with bright pencilings of beauty.

"Beautiful," said the person to himself and yet in a half audible tone, and then flinging his head up, he sniffed the air as if his soul reveled in its freshness. A robin began to warble and twitter in a tree near by and attracted his attention.

"Aye, I 'ears 'ee," said the man with a smile. "Thee'rt saying that Old Tom too, ought to be praising God for the works of His 'ands. And thee'rt right too. 'Tis a beautiful world that the Faather has given us to live in. There we 'ave the hills, and trees, and singing birds, and hair like this to breathe. Yes, e'en they old black-coal banks and breaker, God some'ow or other can make beautiful. Ah, thee'rt a pretty bird and make me think of what the preacher said yesterday,—'out of the mouth of birds and sucklings thou hast perfected praise'—no, ah wadn't that. Ah, I 'ave it,—'out of the mouth of babes and sucklings'—anyhow a babe and a bird are somewhat alike. But I must 'urry on. Men must work and God be thanked for it."

Old Tom Penhall hastened forward and in the midst of his tramp, as if profiting by the song of the robin, he too burst forth into song.

"Sweeping through the gates of the New Jerusalem,  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

The voice was a pleasing baritone and though the singing was not loud, yet there was as much fervor and joyousness as in the warble of the robin.

He ceased singing as he crossed the bridge that spanned the turbid sulphur creek, for in the distance was a crowd of miners near the oil house, and the air was rent with distant murmuring as of angry altercation. A shadow as of a cloud passed over Boss Tom's face.

"The peace of God's world is often broken by the

angry passion of man," he murmured as he quickened his steps.

Around the oil house at the top of the slope was assembled a mass of miners and company men, anxiously scanning a notice tacked to the oil house door. Some were clad in garments of sooty blackness rendered so by long service in the mines. Others wore clean, blue-drilling trousers and blouses. All had attached to their hats or caps small miners' lamps, some unlighted, others gleaming palely in the sunbeams. In the center of the group, overtowering by a head and shoulders the majority of those present, was a stout, young looking man clad in blue drilling washed almost to whiteness. There was a faint trace of reddish brown beard, still in its embryonic stage, around the big red neck and heavy chin, and under the large felt hat that surmounted his head glowed a frank, florid countenance, at present expressive more of indignation than complacency. He was busily scrutinizing the before mentioned notice.

"Rade it out loud, Bill, so we kin all hear what the blatherskite sez," said Pat O'Donnel, a spare raw-boned Irishman.

"Big Bill, him tella all about it," said Tony Luccaque in a low tone, to a few Italians near by, giving them at the same time a gesture to keep silent. Tony, a little swarthy Italian, was a mule driver in the mines and was generally considered the leader among the Italian element and was held in much esteem on account of his sobriety and intelligence.

Big Bill Smith, the engineer, the tall young man already mentioned, pushed back his large felt hat and began to read in a loud voice the notice, which was nothing less than a reduction in wages. There were dark scowls upon the countenances of some and muttered oaths were freely uttered. The company men were especially indignant as the reduction mainly affected them.

"A blooming shame," said Big Bill. "They lower

the wages but they don't lower anything else; they never think of cutting store prices. Five per cent. off my wages and all men paid by the day! That's encouraging! How do they expect us to do our duty and be honest when they show us that our interest is always secondary to theirs?"

"McCue is a good man and there must be some rason for the cut," said O'Donnel, his anger a little mollified to know that the miners were not affected much.

"I'm glad that ah doant hurt we, although ah es too bad for any buddy to 'ave a cut," said little Dicky Curnow, a short, little English miner who had been peering very anxiously at the notice, but now looked very relieved.

"They take it off of you in the powder," said Mike Clyde, the pumpman, a sandy haired, Scotch American.

"They're after charging too much for the powder—to be shure. It ought to drop fifty cents a kag at laste," said O'Donnel, with a slight return of indignation.

"They're in for the siller. Operator must have a new steamboat or summer home, ye ken," resumed Clyde with a fine touch of sarcasm. Clyde was a genial, simple, jovial hearted soul but there were two other things that were always noticeable since he entered the mining life of Mayoton. He never drifted into the Scotch dialect except when in an angry or sarcastic mood, and a second thing for which he was distinguished was a strong affection for Big Bill. Superintendent McCue had often said that Clyde was Big Bill's barometer.

"Me buy hat in town, costa fifty cents; me buy him in Company store, him costa ona dollar," piped in Tony Luccaque.

"Right you be, Tony, they know how to put the screws on," said others.

"Here comes Boss Tom. Let's hear what he says," said Big Bill.

"'Ow are 'ee, Bill. Good morning, Pat. 'Ello, Tony," said the boss, old Tom Penhall, responding to the various salutations. "What's up? What are 'ee all scowling and cussing like St. Michael's Cormoran for?"

"Reduction in wages, Tom," said Bill.

Boss Tom approached the oil-house notice, but before he began to read, accosted Bill. "'Ere, Bill, les 'ave a chaw of baccy will 'ee, afore I begin to read."

The engineer shoved his hand into the pocket of his blouse and brought out a paper bag, much worn and soiled with use, and handed it over to Boss Tom, who, after sampling the contents liberally, began to read the notice. His countenance took on a more serious look as he perused the notice and when he was through he shook his head. "Too bad, too bad, that."

"It is dirty mane bad," asserted Mike Gallagher, one of the timbermen affected and his remark was echoed by the others.

"Mr. Tom," said Tony, "why wages cut? You know?"

"Hi doant knaw, my lad."

"Will flour be less for to pay, Mr. Tom?" asked Adam Bogel, a broad faced Hungarian mule driver.

At any other time this remark of Adam would have elicited a smile at least from the English speaking miners present, but a reduction was too serious a thing to laugh over. Boss Tom only shook his head.

John Jones and Jack George, timbermen, began to swear under their breath, in which they condemned to oblivion a certain "skinflint superintendent" as they called him.

Boss Tom whirled around in some indignation:

"Men, doant swear like that. I doant like to see a reduction any more than you do, but 'ee can't better it by cussing. McCue is as honest and fair a superintendent as we ever 'ad and there must be some good reason for the cut. Wait a bit and les see what the cut's for," and then turning to the engineer, "Come,

Bill, lower us down. We 'ave but a few minutes to begin work."

The miners and timbermen clambered into the waiting car at the slope-mouth and, while some were lighting their lamps, others continued the conversation.

Big Bill walked into the engine house, grasped the big lever, turned on the steam, and soon the great building was throbbing with turning machinery.

Down, down, down, glided the car into the very bowels of the earth, the flickering miners' lamps, growing dimmer and fainter until at length they vanished in the gloom of that black, slanting, tunnel-like hole called the slope. At the foot of the slope miners and timbermen hastened to their respective places of work.

The mines of Mayoton were regarded as the most successful and scientifically worked mines in the Anthracite region. There were two basins, stretching from east to west, and but a few hundred yards apart. The most southern basin was excessively broad and flat, in some places the vein pitching about thirty degrees while in other places it was almost horizontal. The north basin was on the contrary much narrower and deeper, the vein penetrating the earth from both sides at an angle of about fifty degrees and meeting at the bottom, a distance of four hundred yards from the surface.

The coal in both basins consisted of a section of the Mammoth vein and underneath it the Hickory vein, between which veins, however, there was upwards of a foot of slate. In both basins the coal varied in thickness—in some locations being forty to eighty feet; in others narrowing down to six and eight.

The slope down which Boss Tom and the men rode, was a narrow, slanting tunnel-like hole driven down on the bottom strata of the coal vein in the north basin to a depth of a hundred yards. There were two tracks, one for the descending empty cars and one for the ascending loaded ones. At the foot of the slope there

was quite a space for car tracks. Two gangways or horizontal, tunnel-like holes, similar in size to the slope, ran east and west, penetrating the vein and connecting the "breasts" or rooms of the miners with the slope bottom.

From the gangways diverged, at right angles and pitching with the vein, the breasts of the miners. Each miner had a breast of coal,—that is the right to blast and dig all the coal from a part of the vein twenty feet wide, as high as the vein is thick, and reaching from the gangway to the surface or to the gangway of the lift above.

Since it was not deemed sufficiently remunerative to sink two slopes the coal on the other side of the basin was reached by a tunnel from the foot of the slope through the aqueous rock separating the veins. The gangways on the other side of the basin, the south side as it was called, had the same general trend from the end of the tunnel as did the gangways from the foot of the slope. The bottom of the slope presented a curious sight. Twinkling gleams of light appeared in all directions, appearing and then again disappearing with the persistency of the will-o'-the-wisp. They were the flames of the miners' lamps, ever present on the caps of miners and timbermen. Whips cracked in the distance, and soon mules attended by their respective drivers were upon the scene. There was the sound of rattling chains and shouts of "Pet-a-ho—Gee up Boxer—Bill, gee, gee." The appearance of mine foreman Tom Penhall, Old Tom, as he was frequently called, was the signal for renewed shouts and cracking of whips.

"Come, boys, run in your trips. Breaker hungry. Eat a lot of coal today," said the good-natured boss to the six drivers that were upon the scene.

The six boys, or rather four boys and two men, responded to Tom's orders. One driver had been constantly busy pulling the empty cars, as they came down the slope, up on the turn-out at the entrance of

the tunnel. With the exception of the latter, who had but one mule, all the drivers had a team of four mules hitched one before the other in tandem shape, the foremost one having attached to his collar a large mule-lamp to illuminate the way. Tony Luccaque hitched his waiting team to eight empty cars and dashed off into the tunnel. He was followed by Adam Bogel and others, until only two remained.

"'Urry up, Jimmy," said the boss.

A tall slender lad with a good-natured, merry Irish face, Jimmy O'Donnel by name, leaped on the front car of his trip, cracked his long whip, and with a shout of "Gee up, Bill," dashed off with a clank of chains and a rattle of wheels into the east gangway. The turn-out was devoid of cars and the remaining driver, George Penryn, was compelled to wait for a minute or so. George was an American lad of English descent. There was a wealth of black curly hair upon his head and a darkness of eyes that, united with a soberness of disposition, made his countenance unusually attractive. George could shake off his soberness at times and then those dark eyes would sparkle with a merry elfish glow, and at other times, when something would occur to stir up his anger those same orbs would flame and burn like that of a "Pirate," as Boss Tom would say.

Soon came the rattling of cables and the whir of rapidly revolving car wheels, and the desired number of cars was at the bottom of the slope.

"Here you go, George. Here's your trip," said Ned, the turn-out boy, as he hauled the eighth empty car up on the turn-out.

"Come, lad," said Boss Tom.

George caught hold of the stretcher and coupler (a piece of wood, three feet wide, between the traces, having a large iron hook in the center with which to attach the foremost car).

"Gee, Nell, gee!"

The mules, as if thoroughly understanding the command, turned to the right.

"Pet-a-ho, Nell."

There was a similar turning to the right, and then followed a metallic clank as the coupler fell into place.

"Pull out that sprag, Ned."

The turn-out boy obeyed.

"Gee up, Nell; away Boxer!" and there was a crackling and swishing of a whip and the mules startled out of their drowsiness, trotted off the turn-out and swept into the darkness of the west gangway.

Old Boss Tom leaped on the bumpers of the rear car as it passed him and as they swept along through the long cavernous gangway, above the rattling wheels and resounding hoofs could be heard the resounding voice of the good old Methodist boss.

"Sweeping through the gates of the New Jerusalem,  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

On run the mules. The big mule lamp lights up the darkness, revealing on either side glistening walls of solid anthracite except where was depicted the ever changing, fantastic, grotesque silhouette of the advancing trip. The shadow of Boss Tom, giantlike and distorted, was incessantly swallowed up by the gloom in the rear. A door-boy in the distance perceives the rapidly approaching team and opens wide a door.

"Hello, George; 'morning, Tom."

"Hallo, Bob," says the driver.

Tom smiles and waves his hand.

Crack, goes the whip; on, dash the mules; bang, goes the closing door.

"Do de do, do de do the New Jerusalem."

"Whoa!" The mules stop at the command of the driver and Boss Tom gets off to have a chat with Pat O'Donnel.

"A car for you, Mr. O'Donnel," said George, and, detaching one from the rear, he leaped on and with a crack of the whip and a shout the trip dashes on up the gangway.

"'Ow's the hair in your place, O'Donnel?"

"All right, Tom."

"'Alloo, Penryn," said Tom to a miner who had just emerged from a breast next to O'Donnel's. The miner addressed gave a similar salutation to Tom and by the resemblance in dialect it was evident that he was of the same country.

"Ow's the coal cutting?"

"Braave, Tom. Ah cuts middling well though I 'aven't tried un this morning."

"Mine cuts harrd and it takes a dale of powder. I think its getting harder all the time," said O'Donnel.

"Ah may get a bit easier after 'ee get up farther," said Tom encouragingly and then turning to Penryn said, "Penryn, boy, be careful, will 'ee; your place es dangerous. The top es bad."

"I'll try to watch her, Tom."

"That's right. Be careful. Next place inside you get."

"A good boss is Tom," said Penryn, as Boss Tom disappeared up the gangway.

"Best I iver had," said O'Donnel, "if he does sing some, but it's better a singing boss than the blathering, chating ones they have in the Lowland mines. They chate the men to plaze the company. Now Tom's no nayger driver like the Meadow Mine bosses ather. He's fair to the men and to the company. He is so."

"Right you be, butty," responded Penryn. "Tom ought to be superintendent, so he ought. He's a practical miner and 'as books on mining. He's got a sight of learning for the little schooling 'e 'as."

"Oh, Tom, he knows all about mining. He could tach the other bosses, but McCue is a good superintendent. We can't complain of the loikes of him."

"Ay, to be sure. Ye're right there, but I must go up and begin work," said Penryn and so they separated, each climbing the manway of his respective breast to the place of work.

In the meantime Boss Tom continued his tramp up the gangway, stopping here and there to have a chat with miners and timbermen, until he finally came to

the face where a crowd of contract men were vigorously extending the gangway. Philip Phillips, a rotund little Welshman, had charge of this contract work and was busily directing his men.

"Philip, you contractors will make a hundred dollars each, this month," said Tom.

Philip paused a moment, pushed back his cap and mopped the perspiration that stood out in beads on his bald brow. "We ought to, Tom, but I can tell 'ou we won't. There is such a heavy powder bill, you know. We work hard and the coal is hard to cut. See here, Tom," and Philip held out his arm, clad in a shirt sleeve wringing wet with perspiration. "Pretty wet, that. That shirt was dry this morning. They ought to lower the price of powder, Tom. It's too much."

"Well, I doant knaw what they make, boy," said Tom.

"Pat Lynch said the office man told him they bought it for a dollar a keg and they sell it to us for a dollar eighty-five."

"Well, lads, if I could lower it I would but I aren't superintendent or hoperator; 'ere, Fatty, give us a drink,—where's your bottle?"

"Fatty," a little sabaceous man, whose countenance was perpetually wrinkled with good humor, handed over a tin bottle to the boss. "Fatty" was not his real name. That was more euphonious, being Frederick Bismarck-Schoenhausen Book, which sufficiently demonstrated the German ancestry of his parents. Fatty's real name was a bad misnomer however, for his broad rubicund face contained none of the delicate, sensitive features of the great Frederick, and as for the Iron Chancellor he resembled him in nothing but his determined energy, which was directed more in the line of good living than empire extension however. His surname was likewise inconsistent for he had no predilection for books. "Book, Book, Book," said Wilt, the store clerk, when he first saw him, "it should be Keg, Keg, Keg." Yet Fatty, though easy going and

humorous, had courage and a will at times which needed not the stimulus of the keg.

"There's beer in it, Tom," said he with a wink at Phillips as he handed over the bottle for he well knew Tom's aversion to strong drink.

"Ah, 'ee can't fool me like that," said Tom who had observed the wink and also noticed the fumes of hot coffee as he extracted the stopper. "I'll risk it, Fatty," and forthwith he drank from the tilted vessel.

"Doant drink anything else, lad," said the boss as he returned the coffee bottle, "it's better than all the beer made."

"What do 'ou think of the grade, Tom?" asked Philip.

"All right, Philip, but put another hole in this side. You are too narrow. We want plenty of room for the mules to pass atween the cars and the prop. Is that the hole for the next leg you're digging, Pat?"

"Yes," said Pat Lynch, one of the contract men.

"Too nigh the track. Set it back farther."

"Going to fire now, Tom," cried Fatty, who had filled a hole with powder and had the squib ready to light.

"All right," said Philip, and he and Tom and the others hastened out of the gangway to a place of security.

"Fire, fire, fire-e-e!" cried Philip.

Fatty touched the squib with the flame of his mining lamp, shouted "fire!" and ran to join the others. A few seconds elapsed and then there was a loud, sullen boom. A dense cloud of powder smoke and a few flying pieces of coal proclaimed the hole to be a good one.

"A good hole, Philip," said Tom.

The contract men went into the face and Boss Tom retraced his steps back to the manway, descending to the second lift. In order to mine the coal deeper in the basin, midway in west gangway a slope penetrated one hundred yards farther down. It was down the narrow

manway of this slope Boss Tom pursued his way. On the way down he almost collided with sandy haired Clyde, the pumpman.

"I didn't see you, Tom. Your lamp's nearly out."

"So it es," said Tom who mechanically took his cap off his head to inspect his lamp. "Give us some hoil, lad."

"All right, Tom, we don't pay for it."

"That's why I doant ask miners. They pay for it," continued Tom as he was engaged in filling the almost empty lamp. "Any water in the bottom?"

"Dry as a top, except the sump."

"Much obliged for the hoil, lad, and now I must 'urry on," and Tom continued his way down to the bottom of the second lift. After visiting the gangways and some of the breasts he again ascended to the first lift, where, as he emerged into the west gangway, shouts and resounding blows met his ears.

"Killa de lazy mule! Beata him head off!" exclaimed in a shrill treble the voice of O'Donnel's Italian laborer.

"Is the dommed baste going to kape us all day waiting fer cars," roared O'Donnel.

"Gee up, Boxer! Git on!" shouted George Penryn, frantically cracking his whip, but it was in vain for evidently the loaded cars being too much for the mules' strength they not only despaired of moving them, but were protesting vigorously and as only a mule can protest. Boxer, the giant mule of the team was kicking, jerking and plunging; first he made a dash forward, then finding himself held in check by the traces he let fly both hind feet that sounded on the front of the first car like the blows of a battering ram. Again and again he rushed forward urged on by the snapping whip and as often restrained, he kicked most viciously. The front of the first car was cracked and marred with the imprint of iron hoofs. The miners withdrew to a respectful distance for death lurked in those wicked legs.

"'Old on, lads, doant beat the mules," shouted Tom as he hurried to the scene. "Ho, Boxer. What ails them, George?"

"Wheels not greased and are rather stiff. Watch! Tom, Boxer is mad."

"Let them rest a bit, George."

After a brief period of waiting Tom approached Boxer and patted him gently on the neck. The mule as if realizing the nearness of a friend offered no opposition and seemed to like Tom's kindly advances. Tom, as he petted him, began to talk in an ordinary tone partly to the big mule and partly to the man, which both apparently understood.

"No use to beat them 'less they need it. It is not they mules' fault. They cars are stiff. Boys forgot to grease them."

Boxer now being thoroughly quieted Tom said, "Now, lads, les help them a bit. Come, help push," and the boss having walked to the rear, put his own big shoulders to the car. Other men inspired by his example, gathered around and made ready to unite their efforts.

"Now," said Tom.

Crack went the whip. "Gee up, Boxer, Nell, Dick!" The mules strained and pulled; the miners shoved with their united strength; the wheels creaked; there was a rattle of chains and slowly the cars moved on.

The hard place was passed and now being on a slightly down grade, Tom leaped on.

"Never abuse the mules, lads, cause they can't pull but pitch in and 'elp them," cried Tom as they moved down the gangway.

"All right, Tom," said the men as they returned to their work.

"It's my belafe, butty," said 'O'Donnel to his Italian laborer, "that Boss Tom has missed his calling shure."

"'Ow's that?" asked Penryn who had overheard the remark.

"He ought to hev been a praste. He's that kind loike to man and baste," responded O'Donnel in much admiration.

"And him always a chanta like Father Angelo; him singa all de time like de priest in de mass," added the Italian.

"Tom's a good un and a good boss; ye're right there," said Penryn.

Meantime the cars rattled on, Tom humming as he rode, his old favorite, "Sweeping through the gates." At length he ceased singing to question George.

"Many cars, George, at the bottom?"

"Full."

"How many trips?"

"Seven."

"That's brave, George." Everything that was good in Tom's estimation he called brave. The bottom of the slope was reached and Tom leaped off. Simultaneously with their arrival at the bottom, Jimmy O'Donnel brought in from the east gangway a full trip.

"'Ow many trips, Jimmy?"

"Eight."

"Good boy," said Tom approvingly and then added to himself, "He and George are the best drivers that we got and take care of the mules. Too bad to cut their wages. It wouldn't do for me to say all I think. I couldn't do the men any good and I'd get my walking papers sure. But I wish that hoperator could see the men work. He doesn't know the men or 'e wadn't do it. I doant know why 'tis; he 'pears to be kind like and McCue es 'onest, I know that. Well, I 'ope the cloud 'as a silver lining; but they won't stand it long. I mined myself and know what et will be—a strike some day and then look out." Such were Tom's reflections as he wended his way through the tunnel to visit the gangways on the south side. On the way he met Tony Luccaque.

"Well, Tony, lad, where's Adam?"

"Him went in with trip, Mr. Tom."

"Give us some hoil, lad."

Tony gave Tom some oil and then the latter worthy continued his way to the south side. In the east south side gangway a group of timbermen, Mike Gallagher, Jack George and Tom Jones, were putting up timber.

"Give us a lift, Tom."

"All right, boys."

They all got under the heavy timber stick, eight feet long and eighteen inches in diameter, and with main strength placed it in position upon the top of the two legs or upright pieces.

"There, Mike," said Tom, "If 'ee wouldn't drink so much thee could lift un on thyself. Save tha money, lad, and build a 'ouse."

"Avic, begorra, Tom, how can I save money? The Company store gits nearly all. When ye pay five cents more for butter a pound, six cents more for chase, four more for mate and twinty-five more for flour than ye pay elsewhere. Mush, musha, ye can't save much. Bad ses to the store, sez I, and to the operator that cut me wages."

"Why doant 'ee deal elsewhere?"

"Oh, you know, Tom. I'm nearly always in debt in the store and I can't git credit anywhere else. My family is large, Tom. I could save tin dollars a month if I could buy in town. Dhrinking is the only pleasure a man has."

"Thee'rt in a tight pinch, lad. I was only joking about the drink, Mike," said Tom.

"Oh, that's all right; I knew it, Tom. Come, boys. Let's have a piece. Have a piece of pie, Tom?"

"I doant mind but les see the time," replied the boss and suiting his action to the word he hauled out a large silver timepiece. "Eleven o'clock; I guess I 'ave time."

The timbermen sat down and took the lids off their dinner buckets. Mike handed his bucket to Tom who took out a piece of pie.

"Raisin pie, that's good, Mike," said the boss as he took a bite and entered into the conversation which

consumed some little time. At length Tom arose to go.

"Now, lads, a drink and a chaw of baccy. 'Ere, Jack, where's your bottle?"

Jack handed his bottle to Tom who took a few swallows from it and then accosted Jones.

"Now, Jones, a chaw of that plug; I forgot my baccy this morning."

"It's Frismuth, Tom," said Jones as he handed around a small paper bag.

"Ah, better still; 'and it 'ere; I'd rather chaw that than plug."

The men resumed their labors and Boss Tom continued his rounds, visiting gangways and breasts until the dinner hour came when he retraced his steps to the bottom of the slope, there to sit down with others and satisfy the cravings of the inner man. After dinner he informed the drivers, Jimmy O'Donnell and George Penryn, that he desired to see them that evening at his home, which invitation they wonderingly accepted.

All the afternoon the work went on. Miners blasted and loaded, drivers cracked their whips, cars rattled up and down, laborers perspired and toiled, until the whistle blew at six o'clock when with a rush and a cheer, miners, timbermen, laborers and boys, some slow with weariness, others more actively, clambered the manway to breathe the air of heaven and seek the comforts of their homes. The day's work was ended.

## CHAPTER II.

## TEACHING THE YOUNG IDEA HOW TO SHOOT.

**H** ALLO, Jimmy, are ye ready?" shouted George Penryn as he stood waiting outside O'Donnel's front gate. George had not forgotten Boss Tom Penhall's request and so he had hurried through his supper. He was a little in doubt at first whether to wear his Sunday clothes or his ordinary every day suit, but at length decided in favor of the latter, to which, however, he added a crimson tie, the delight of his boyish heart and which seldom saw the light of day, except upon the Sabbath. A June rose-bud adorned the lapel of his coat and he now stood awaiting Jimmy, his countenance wearing a peculiar expression of mingled impatience and anticipation.

"Hallo, hallo-o-o-o-o, Jimmy, Jimmy!"

There was a banging of a rear door and then a slim figure appeared around the corner and joined him at the front gate.

"Hallo yerself," said the person who was none other than Jimmy.

"What in the name of sense have ye been dawdling about?"

"The most important or one of the most important things in me life," philosophically responded Jimmy.

"And what's that?" asked George stirred to some interest by the emphatic tone of his companion.

"Guess."

"Reading?"

"Nope."

"Writing?"

"Nope."

"Study of any kind?"

"Guess again."

"I give it up."

"Eating me supper, to be shure."

"Ah, get along with ye. How's that the most important?"

"Wan can do without reading and writing but how can wan do widout eating, shure?"

"Eating is not the most important," retorted George, "now—"

"To be shure, it's only wan of the most important," interrupted Jimmy, "but I'd like to know what yer doing wid a red neck-tie and a rose-bud whin ye'r going up to see ould Tom. But mebbe ye're not going to see him intoirly, eh?" and Jimmy nudged his companion and allowed his freckled face to relapse into a grin.

"Ah, go 'long with ye, but I wonder what Tom wants with us."

"I have just been a wondering meself what he wants with the likes of driver boys," responded Jimmy as they both walked up the road to the store. "I might have fixed up a little better meself, but thinks I we're only going up to see ould Tom and it didn't matter."

Both lads, having little education, had fallen into the habit of using bad grammar and many localisms peculiar among boys of the section.

Continuing in conversation, both lads passed around the office of the company and approached "Quality Row." Assistant Superintendent Moore was seated in a comfortable porch chair on the portico of his home and nodded to the lads as they passed by. As they approached Tom's gate there was heard the sound of an old melody played upon a piano and a voice of no common sweetness that drifted through the half opened windows.

"That sounds like Mary Dolan's voice," said Jimmy in some trepidation and he lagged behind, a little reluctant to proceed.

"Guess ye wish ye had yer red neck-tie on now, eh?"

said George and he returned the nudge that Jimmy had given him in their starting out from home.

"Listen once," said Jimmy as they paused for a moment and leaned upon the fence.

"Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,  
Sweet Alice, with hair so brown;  
She wept with delight when you gave her a smile,  
And trembled with fear at your frown."

"Say, if that isn't nice! Ah, but ye ought to hear her at our church in the vesper service a singing in the *Magnificat* in *Animo Deo*; I tell ye that she sings like an angel, she does that." Jimmy was a good Roman Catholic and had always attended the vesper service; the thought now occurred to him to invite George.

"Ye'll go sometime, Georgie, and then ye'll hear her for yourself?"

"Alice——" said George as if thinking of the song.

"Ah, what are ye blathering about? Ye must be mooning over that song. Mary Dolan, I mane——Ah, by the powers, ye're thinking of Tom's Alice," and Jimmy burst into a great roar of laughter and suddenly the singing inside ceased.

"There, ye have done it," said George, his olive cheek deepening with a glow of exasperated confusion and his dark eyes kindling, as Tom would say, with the look of a "pirate." "They'll think that we have been laughing at them, ye big booby."

Two young girls appeared upon the portico and nodded gaily to the lads at the gate. George, followed reluctantly by his friend, entered the gate.

"How nice of you to encore us like that; we didn't expect to have such an appreciative audience," said Alice Penhall and there was a merry good-natured twinkle in her winsome blue eyes that made the boys think of her father, Boss Tom, in his most pleasant moods. There was something of contrast and yet something of similarity in these two young girls. Both were the daughters of ordinary miners, who had worked their way up to positions of trust and au-

thority under the Mayoton Coal Company by their experience, integrity, and skill. There was the same youthful freshness and attractiveness, but of different variety. Alice with blue eyes as joyous as a sunbeam and with a mass of brown, auburn hair, deep and low, lying in ripples on a smooth, broad brow, had the glad disposition characteristic of her father. Her companion, Mary, lithe, graceful, and taller, was dark and of a more sedate, pensive appearance. In the demeanor and carriage of both there was much of the innate nobility, eloquently suggestive and prophetic of a future refined womanhood.

"And shure ye will not be after thinking we were making light of the music," said Jimmy, cap in hand, "we were just talking about angels when we heard the singing, and that made me think of what Father Phelan said, that talk of the divil and his horns will appear."

"Oh, Jimmy," said Mary, reprovngly, "Father Phelan said nothing of the kind; he said talk about angels and they are near you."

"The same principle," answered Jimmy reassuringly, "and he was right, talk about thim and they are near," and Jimmy cast a roguish glance at Mary.

"You're a sorry rogue, Jimmy," said Mary with a trace of heightened color in her cheek.

"I trust we didn't interfere with the singing," said George.

"Not at all," said Alice; "we were just going to stop anyway. Won't you come up and have chairs," and she drew forward two portico chairs invitingly.

"I have an idea," said the irrepressible Jimmy, as they accepted the invitation, "that George would like to be after singing that Ben Bolt song himself, shure," and his features wore their accustomed merry grin.

"'Ere, 'ere, whas all the racquet about?" exclaimed a heavy voice inside and the broad form and pleasant features of old Tom Penhall appeared at the door. "Ah, me dears, I thought summat 'ad 'appened to keep

my singing birds from warbling, but it's all right, since I can't do business and 'ear music at the same time; now you two boys come inside, will 'ee, and the maids will excuse 'ee when they know we 'ave business," so saying Boss Tom led the way into the sitting-room.

The lads were not so eager to follow him for a present pleasure in the form of a tete-a-tete with Mary Dolan and Tom's daughter was to their minds infinitely better than a future indefinite good or evil in the shape of an interview with Boss Tom Penhall. Once in the little sitting-room reluctance was replaced with interest and curiosity. Both lads had cause to remember that scene as long as they lived and to remember it with a blessing upon the head of kind old Tom, their benefactor and friend.

The sitting-room was utilized as an office and as a general living-room. A desk, a roll top, was in one corner having above it a small book-case in which could be seen some of Tom's chief treasures, books upon mining, engineering and mathematics. A bright red figured carpet covered the floor. Tom was a lover of colors and especially red. "Rud," as he called it, "is a cheerful color and makes one feel glad," he often averred. An olive hued shade veiled with snowy white curtains and rendered golden by the setting sun's rays, covered the window and tinged the apartment with a mellow subdued glow.

Boss Tom sat with one elbow upon his desk, the fingers of one hand running through his scattered brown locks, now turning gray, while with the broad toil-hardened fingers of the other hand he was tapping gently the arm of his chair. His brow was wrinkled and he was apparently in a brown study.

"It's the sack this time," whispered Jimmy to his companion in some dismay.

"No, it's not the sack, lads," said Mr. Penhall, kindly, for he had overheard the remark, deeply absorbed as he was in his reverie. Shaking off his former manner, he gazed at the lads keenly, and after some scru-

tiny said; "No, it's not the sack, but I'll 'ave to sack 'ee some time and I'd like to 'ave 'ee prepared for it."

"Why, we haven't done anything wrong, have we, Mr. Penhall?" said George, fidgeting a little on his chair.

"No, that's just it; you are too good drivers to be driver boys long. Do 'ee see? Now 'ow hold are 'ee, Jimmy?"

"Sixteen."

"And you, George?"

"The same, Mr. Penhall."

"Did it hever occur to 'ee that in a few years you'll be men, my lads," continued Tom kindly, "and then what will 'ee do, for 'ee can't be driver boys?"

"Miners I s'pose or timbermen," answered Jimmy, his freckled face brightening up now that there was no danger of getting discharged. "Dad were speaking this evening about taking me into the breast for I'm quite big enough," he added surveying his slim figure with some satisfaction.

"Miner nothing," responded Boss Tom in some irritation; "you can't be drivers, 'cause that's left for the 'Ungarians and for boys, and as for miners and timbermen, you ought to 'ave 'igher ambition than that. Bright boys like you ought to study, I tell 'ee, and strive to get up 'igher."

"Might be a tacher or a lyyer," suggested Jimmy humbly.

"Both of 'ee are better suited for something else that pays just as well ef not better," said Boss Tom.

"Might be farmers," suggested Jimmy timidly.

Boss Tom burst into a roar of laughter in which the lads feebly joined.

"Farmers are all right and their work is 'onerable but you are not suited to be farmers. Bright lads like you are weth your experience in mining are fitted for mining work, but," and here Boss Tom became serious, "I doant want lads of your talents to be ordi-

nary miners. They'll need bosses and mine foremen when old Tom Penhall is gone, do 'ee 'ear?"

Both boys nodded and looked serious.

"And they'll need superintendents when McCue es gone, and coal hoperators when Hoyt es gone," continued Tom, while both lads stared in awe and amazement. "Why, there's Hoyt now, who when 'ee was your hage didn't 'ave a cent to bless 'imself with, and yet today 'ee 'as millions and a palace at Long Branch, and a steam yacht and no one knows 'ow much more, and what one lad can do another can do. Now I knaw what 'ee are thinking about; 'ee are thinking why hold Tom es not 'igher up 'imself, and I'll tell 'ee why. It's cause I was like you boys and 'ad no 'igher ambition than an ordinary miner's life until I was up pretty well in years. Now 'ee must study to get up. I found that out before I 'ad got far. Now 'ow much schooling 'ave 'ee got?"

Both lads' eyes that had been dancing with delight, during the latter part of the boss's lecture and exhortation, now became subdued and serious.

"Not much, Mr. Penhall, I'm afraid," said George; "you see I was put to work in the breaker when only ten years of age. I kin do fractions, though."

"And you, Jimmy?"

"I don't know," said Jimmy doubtfully, "whether I have much. I stuck on fractions, I did so. It was Tacher Mooney, bad ses to him, that made me quit school. He said:

"'Now, how much is one half, Jimmy?"

"'A half of what, sir?' sez I.

"'Anything at all, suhre,' sez he.

"'An apple?' sez I.

"'Anything at all, shure,' sez he.

"'Now,' sez I, 'if ye tell me what it is yer wanting the half off,' sez I, 'I can tell ye.'

"With that he up and come down, and grabbing me by both ears and almost shaking the teeth out of me head, he said: 'Ye're a beautiful bye and a bright

scholar, so ye are. Kin ye tell me how many halves of a blockhead ye are?' By that time me timper was up, not being used to having me ears pulled 'cept upon me birthday and even thin in not such a murdhering fashion, and so I sez, 'I kin tell ye, sir, so I kin, I'm wan half and ye are the ether.' By that time his timper was up too, and he whaled me within an inch of me loife, the ould blaggard, and I left school and niver whint back."

Both Boss Tom and George burst into a roar of laughter, Jimmy's manner and countenance being so irresistibly droll.

"Well," said Boss Tom, "we'll 'ave to make up for lost time. If you agree, I'll lend 'ee books and 'elp 'ee all I can to pass the mine foreman's examination. You can study in the evenings and come to me when 'ee gets stuck. Now, what do 'ee say, my lads?"

To say that the boys accepted is putting it mildly; they were enthusiastically delighted with the kind-hearted boss' proposition.

"Now," continued Tom, "the first thing es arithmetic."

Both youths said that they had books upon that subject at home and Tom advised them to review their former knowledge and come to him on the following Monday night.

"Sweeping through the gates of the New Jerusalem, Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Clear and sweet rose the words of the old Sunday School melody accompanied by the music of the piano. Boss Tom arose with an exclamation of pleasure.

"Come, lads, we must take part in that; our business is ended tonight," so saying the boss led the way into the parlor.

"Ah, father, you must excuse us," said Alice as she ceased playing for a moment and turned around, "but we knew that you were about through and thought that we would give you a gentle reminder that there were more people at home to entertain visitors."

"All right, Allie, my dear, all right, and now les 'ave that grand hold tune again, and ef we all can't sing it we can sing dol dol, eh, George, lad?"

The good old Methodist boss, not pausing for an answer, sat himself comfortably in an armchair and the piano starting again, they sang. Jimmy didn't sing but sat watching Boss Tom who, leaning back in his chair, oblivious to everyone, seemed carried away with the melody. Occasionally he would chime in on the chorus and in other places, where the words were difficult to remember, would hum the melody and at times would break forth into a hearty:

"Dol de dol dol dol de New Jerusalem" with as much holy sincerity as a priest chanting a *Te Deum*.

"Amen," he said as they ceased singing; "God grant that ah may be so."

But the hour was now late and Mary Dolan and the two lads prepared to go, in which preparation Jimmy was less reluctant than George.

"I love they boys like a father," said old Tom to Alice after they had departed. "They shant be ordinary, dung-dabbling miners ef old Tom can help it."

Alice kissed her father and called him a "kind old busybody."

"There, there, Allie, run off to bed now; I'm not going to 'ave my little singing bird spoilt by late hours."

In the meantime Mary, Jimmy and George pursued their way.

"I tell ye ould Tom is a mighty good man now, he is that. To think he is going to tach us," said Jimmy with some emphasis. "If ould Tacher Mooney had half his sinse I'd be President of the United States by this time. I would so."

"You have a lofty opinion of yourself, Mr. O'Donnel," said Mary with a laugh.

"Ould Tom has and he's a fine man," said Jimmy soberly.

"He's a good man and you ought not to call him old Tom," responded Mary rebukingly.

"Why, he called himself ould Tom, and thin I'm not spaking to his face," said Jimmy defending himself.

"And I guess you'll be calling me old Mary behind my back."

"'Pon me sowl, no, Mary, but angel Mary, I——"

"Jimmy O'Donnel, if you talk that way you're not going home with me," replied Mary indignantly. "What do you think George——" but George was gone. Absorbed in his own reflections, and knowing that room was better than company, he had silently deserted. Jimmy stood with a woeful, crestfallen air and Mary softening somewhat said: "Of course, Jimmy, if you want to go up part of the way with me, you may, but then we're too young to talk foolishness."

"Right you are, Mary, me angel, and we'll talk downright, sarious reality. We will so."

## CHAPTER III.

## THE COMPANY STORE.

A LONG, rambling building, red-ochered like others, two stories in height and fully a hundred feet in length, was the company store. It was owned and managed by the coal company, ostensibly for the convenience of the miners, but in reality for the large additional income that it placed in the coffers of the mine owner. An article cheaper in the company store than in a local business place was a thing unheard of, and one equally as cheap was an exceptional rarity. Mayoton's store was the only one in the village and this fact coupled with an indefinable suspicion that unless it was patronized, the company would take plenary vengeance, insured it much custom. It was a general store, replete with articles various and numerous, from groceries to satin ribbon, and from miners' supplies to a woman's hat pin. Here would come the miners' wives during the day and at night to purchase, bringing always with them the store book on which their purchases were jotted down. The heavier the bill, the better pleased the manager. Sometimes a family ran in debt through sickness or other cause; then came the helpless struggle, at times successful after months of weary labor, at other times defeated; despair and indifference filled the heart and existence dragged on, the miner working, the company handling the money, the family receiving mere food, all desire to improve life's conditions irretrievably lost.

It was the evening after Boss Tom's kind proposition to the driver boys and the building was brilliantly illuminated and thronged with people. It was "Turn-

Books," magic word to the miner's heart and momentary panacea for the curse of debt. "Turn-Books" was a day in each month when the miners and their families could purchase store goods and liquidate the indebtedness thus incurred out of the ensuing month's pay. "For the convenience of the miner," asserted the manager, but it was really originated to inveigle the simple earth toiler into buying more goods, and he was pleased with the idea that it wouldn't lessen his pay for that month. It wasn't anything more than the old idea, so common to deluded humanity, of sacrificing the future for the present.

It was an animated scene. Miners in their clean clothes, miners' wives, boys, Hungarians, Italian women with bright silk handkerchiefs for head-gear and Hungarian women in boots, were scattered all over the immense building. Old Tom Penhall and Peter Dolan, the breaker boss, were in the shoe room conversing upon the reduction in wages and kindred topics.

"I'm afraid, Peter, that there's going to be trouble if this reduction goes on. I tell 'ee they men won't stand it long; of course we 'ave the interest of the company to look after and must keep still, but there's no 'arm a talking 'atween ourselves."

"A bastely shame, Tom, so 'tis, but what are the men saying? Ye have better chance of hearing thim than I have."

"It appears that the men are 'aving their confidence in the fairness of the hoperator shaken. This es the second reduction that they 'ave got and they doant knaw the reason for it. I doant knaw what the price of coal es at tide-water that there should be a cut; I'm glad, 'owever, that it only affects timbèrmen and company men."

"Do ye think they'll strike, Tom?"

Tom shook his head. "They'll not strike now 'cause they can't afford it, but I wish hoperator and superintendent could 'ave 'eard the men today a cursing and swearing. I tell 'ee it would hopen their heyes."

Here the conversation was interrupted by a loud laugh from Adam Bogel, the Hungarian driver, who was helping a "greenhorn" Hungarian select a pair of boots. The newcomer had been trying on various sizes, large and small, and had been apparently debating between two pairs, one that fitted him very well, the other several sizes too large. Each were "douberie," good, in his estimation and he had asked Adam in his native tongue, the cost.

"Him want to know the cost?" Adam had asked Lew Wilt, the store clerk.

"Same cost for both," Lew had said. This being told the newcomer, he had promptly drawn on the larger pair saying something in the meanwhile that caused Adam and the clerk to laugh.

"Whas the matter?" asked Tom, as he and Dolan approached.

"Him say him take big boots cause both cost the same and him get more for the money," said Adam with a grin, and both Tom and Dolan laughed heartily, but the Hungarian, undismayed, tramped off in his newly purchased treasure.

Here Fatty Book entered the shoe room followed by Edward Penryn. The recent cut was the chief thing of conversation. "It's all right," Penryn was saying to Fatty, "there's too much coal in the market, and it's overstocked."

"Whas that, Penryn, boy?" Tom asked in an eager tone.

Penryn repeated the information that he said he had gleaned from an office man, who had it on good authority.

Tom and Dolan were much relieved, especially the former. "Thank God for that," he said fervently. All present looked in amazement at Tom.

"And why do ye say that, Tom?" asked Penryn in some perplexity, for he well knew Tom's good feelings toward the men and could not reconcile it with his utterance.

"Not for the reduction, boy, but for the cause being known. The men are fair enough and there wouldn't be any trouble 'alf the time ef they would knaw why the wages are cut. Ef there es some good reason they won't kick, not they. I thought McCue was too just a man to cut for nothing," said Tom, and his face assumed its old accustomed, pleasant expression.

"Right ye are there. McCue is a good man. He is that," affirmed Dolan, emphatically.

"Come, Tom, there's a barrel of new cider in the cellar. Let's go down and sample it."

"Thee'rt always in for cider or some other watery stuff for tha stomach," responded Tom laughingly, and with many a joke they all adjourned to the cellar, Fatty leading the advance.

"Here it is," said Fatty, as he turned the spigot of a barrel and drew off a liberal supply which he, ignoring the wants of others, immediately began to swallow in one or two gulps. Then there was an exclamation and something more.

"Phew—achew—phew—ah-a-a-a!" howled Fatty, retching and flinging the pint measure from him. He placed both hands affectionately over his stomach and twisted his fat countenance for once lugubrious through fear into the hideous features of a Chinese war god.

"Whas the matter?" said Tom in some alarm, while they all gathered around him.

"I had forgot to tell you," said Wilt, the clerk, who had followed them into the cellar, "that that first barrel contains vinegar ten years old."

A peal of laughter went up from all with the exception of Fatty who doubtless was too sour within to be merry without for the time being. The right barrel was found and Fatty was mollified by what he termed "the real thing." After all had sipped a little of the fresh, sweet cider, which was unfermented, they ascended to the main store room.

"Here, Mr. Brame," said Dolan to the store super-

intendent, "charge Fatty with a quarrrt of vinegar and three quarrrts of cider; shure, he's almost foundered."

"All right," said Brame, a heavy bearded man at the desk, "we'll put it down to Mr. Frederick Bismarck-Schoenhausen Book."

"Better put it down to Fatty, for he won't know who it is if ye give him his full name," said Dolan.

The large main store-room was now thoroughly crowded with Hungarian and Italian women, the latter making purchases of great quantities of salt fish, sardines, macaroni and beans which seemed to be the chief part of their diet. The Hungarians were mainly interested in dress goods. Some were examining, with childish admiration, the large red roses in a calico print with a background of bright green. One party had bought a piece of purple cashmere for a basque and another piece of red cashmere for a skirt but it seemed that none were satisfied as to the prices.

"Too much money. Too dear. In town cost only half so much," were the various comments.

"Here, Wilt," rang out an American voice in some anger, "rub this out. Don't ye charge me with them pipe stems. I'm no Italian."

"Who bought the macaroni?" cried Wilt. The uproar, the jabbering of foreign tongues, the perfect babel of voices and the strong odor of garlic, thoroughly disgusted Boss Tom.

"Come, Dolan, les get out, will 'ee? We can't hear our own voices and the smell of garlic es sickening."

Both bosses strolled outside and wended their way down the village street toward the "Stripping." The Stripping was an immense part of the coal works, where the vein had outcropped. There was only about twenty feet of earth between the top coal and the surface and this had been stripped off, and now there was an immense pit of several acres in extent and fully a hundred feet in depth. Here the men worked night and day, during the day loading the coal into cars, and at night, under the glare of electric arc-lights, blasting

and removing from the surface of the vein the rock, hauling the same up a great plane whence it was unloaded on large banks.

It was a beautiful starlit night and there was the peculiar freshness of June in the air. On the way they met Alice and Mary.

"Ah, me dears, and where are 'ee going on this night?" asked Tom in his kind, fatherly tones.

"Why, how nice, father! Now we shall have company. We wanted to go down to the Stripping works but didn't like to go alone. But you'll go with us, father—you and Mr. Dolan?" coaxed Alice, in her most winning tones.

"May be ye would rather have someone younger than we are, shure," said Dolan with a humorous wink at Tom.

"Now, father, you know that we would rather have you and Mr. Penhall than the best men living," said Mary reproachfully.

Tom smiled with pleasure and they all continued to the Stripping that was already in view.

There the scene was most interesting. Huge machines, called "steam shovels," were digging and shovelling up the earth with dipper-like concerns, and loading it into cars; steam drills were jumping up and down upon the rocks; cars were flying up and down the plane.

"Fire, fire-e-e-e," came a voice from a distance.

"Are we all safe, Tom?" asked Dolan.

"All safe 'ere," affirmed Tom.

All noise in the pit now ceased. Men could be seen running to places of security. The arc-lights were lowered into empty barrels to prevent the glass globes from being damaged. Three men now appeared with lights and hastened here and there, setting fire to pieces of fuse. Soon in the darkness of the pit twelve little spitting fire lights appeared. There was silence for a minute or two then,—bang, bang, bang, bang, in quick succession went four holes in the rock loaded

with powder; this was followed by seven more; then a great report like the detonating roar of a battery of artillery and rocks and stones were elevated to the heavens. A great cloud of smoke rolled forth from the pit like the vapor of an eruptive volcano and then came the rattle and clatter of falling fragments.

"Wasn't it grand?" exclaimed Mary.

"Sublime!" said Alice.

"Fourth o' July," said Dolan.

The noise was now renewed. The pit was teeming with life. Like demons of darkness the sooty workmen toiled and joked, laughed and swore, and were sworn at in turn. The noise increased. The steam shovels sent up clouds of sparks, while the clattering of chains, the choo—choo—chough of escaping steam, the rattling of car-wheels, the cracking of drivers' whips, the shouts and oaths of the boss, Pat Develry, swearing at the Italian drivers and their hoarse cries urging on the straining mules;—all made the place a veritable pandemonium.

"Develry spakes strong like," said Dolan.

"Oh, let's go away," said Alice in a whisper, "it's frightful."

"That must resemble hell," said Tom in an awed, solemn tone.

"Or rather purgatory, for there be some good min down there," added Dolan softly.

Tom didn't answer for it was contrary to his custom to start up any argument on religious doctrines on which he knew there could be no agreement between Dolan and himself. Tom was a good sincere Methodist, and Dolan was an equally sincere Roman Catholic. Both respected each others' opinions and valued each other as good men should.

## CHAPTER IV.

## RED JERRY AND NUMBER TWO SLOPE.

**S** COTCH the car!"

The scene was in a gangway of Number Two Slope. The speaker was a red-haired miner of average build and a certain assertiveness of disposition that augmented the strength of his forceful countenance. There was nothing pliant or vacillating about Jerry Andra, or Red Jerry, as he was more often called. His well formed nose and protuberance of chin and grey blue eyes, not a complacent blue like boss Tom Penhall's, but a scintillating one, seemed to inspire one with the same thought as the Colonial Rattlesnake flag with its motto, "Don't tread on me." Jerry and his laborer had just pushed a car up to the chute, preparatory to loading, and he had requested the driver to scotch the car, (that is to place a piece of wood under the wheel to prevent it from running away down the grade). There appeared to be some bad feeling between the miner and driver for the latter leaned in a dilatory way against the gangway wall and leered insultingly at Jerry.

"Scotch the car, will 'ee," exclaimed Jerry in some irritation while he still held the car in position.

"Scotch it yerself," said the driver with an oath, "I do no scotching fer the likes of ye."

"Let 'er go, butty," said Jerry to his Italian laborer and, both simultaneously relinquishing their hold, away went the car rushing down the grade of the gangway with ever increasing speed. Crash, crash, clang came the sound of rending timbers and broken iron as the car collided with the others of the trip, and intermixed everything in a mass of chaotic ruin.

"Your business to scotch the car, my man," said Jerry to the driver who was white with rage and trembling with passion.

"Ye d——," and the driver ripped out a volley of profanity, in language forceful and inelegant, that made the air more sulphurous and blue than after a powder blast.

"What did ye do that fer?" and again came the string of volcanic utterance which Jerry promptly stopped with a slap of his horny, coal-blackened hand, full on the mouth of the swearing, wrathful driver. The latter sprang at him and brought the heavy mule whip athwart Jerry's head and shoulders, and Jerry retaliated with a right hander that sent the driver stumbling over the gangway ties into the turbid ditch water alongside. He arose half dazed and limped off muttering curses under his breath.

"What's the row, butty?" asked Ned Thomas, a medium sized miner with a pleasant face, who had come down from the neighboring breast on hearing the shouts. "What's the row?"

"That limb of Satan and tool of Bruice, the driver, wouldn't scotch the car and so we let 'er go. He tried to hit me with his whip and I knocked him down fer his impudence,—the rogue. I suppose he'll scotch it the next time. What with the cheating of Boss Bruice, and his truckling to the company at the expense of the men, and the impudence of his drivers, work in this slope is becoming unbearable and damme if I'm going to stand it, Ned, much longer," said Jerry in honest indignation.

Ned nodded his head. "It's not right. Bruice cheated me in yardage last month and though I sent out some time ago sixty cars of as pure a coal as ever went out of this mine, six of them were docked."

"Well," said Jerry, "I'm drawing out my coal and I guess today will see the wind-up of it. There's not a half a car of gob in the whole of it and if they dock me much they'll 'ear from me, if I know myself. I'm

going to see at dinner time about it." Thus the conversation went on until the bobbing light of the mule-lamp was seen in the distance, indicating the approach of more cars.

"There's the trip coming back," said Jerry, "and I guess to prevent more trouble, I had better go up the breast and shove down the coal." Jerry disappeared up the manway where, a short time afterward, the laborer followed him.

"Is there a car down there, butty?" asked Andra of the laborer.

The laborer shrugged his shoulders expressively. "Him say no cars for us. No get more cars. Driver, him say so." Jerry stared for a moment at the stuttering Italian and then his eyes gleamed wrathfully in the darkness like the orbs of a tiger in a jungle gloom. Answering not a word he plunged down the manway to the track and then rushed down the gangway track to the foot of the slope where at the entrance of the gangway he met the driver and the trip.

"Why don't I get cars?" he asked, with a betrayal of impatience in his tone.

"Ye get no more cars to load," answered the driver sullenly.

"If I get none, no one else gets any," said Jerry and forthwith grasping the foremost car and exerting all his strength, he threw it off the track.

There was a volley of oaths from the angry driver, who, with the assistance of another man, put it on again. Again Andra as quickly and as expeditiously threw it off. As often as it was replaced it was displaced until the driver, secure in the patronage of Boss Bruice, sent for him.

There was now a great uproar in the gangway. Miners and timbermen, impatient for cars, thronged from all sections of the gangway and there was much excited talk. Some took the part of the driver and others the part of Jerry but the latter personage re-

mained firm and undaunted at his post, blocking the work of half the mine.

"No man gets his cars unless I get mine," asserted Jerry, and there was something in the steadfast bearing of this undaunted man and the gleam of his eye that warned no one to trifle with him. In the excitement along stalked the mine foreman, Boss Bruice, one of the creatures that make life a burden in mine work, that originate strikes, that discommodes and menaces a nation and people.

Large, heavy set, puffed up with authority, having the heart of a chicken, the soul of a cormorant, with a tongue as bad as that of Mike Develry, a mere travesty on manhood, was Boss Bruice.

"Here, here, what's the row? Driver, drive along with those cars. Ah, a car off the track. Why in the——" and he burst forth into a storm of oaths, the foulness of which was phenomenal.

"Red Jerry threw the car off the track and stopped the trip. He sez no one shall have cars," said the driver in justification of himself.

"That's a lie," exclaimed Jerry, "I said, 'no one should have cars unless I get mine,' and neither shall they. He refused to let me have cars."

"That was because ye smashed the last one ye got," said the driver.

"That was yer own fault. You wouldn't scotch the car and so I let 'er go. But I want my cars and want them scotched too."

"Some of you set that car on the track, and, driver, get along with that trip," said Bruice, while his brows lowered at Jerry.

"But he won't give me my cars," persisted Jerry.

"Well, what is that to me," said the boss, swearing at Jerry in turn.

Jerry's face was white with rage at this palpable injustice. To be sworn at he would not endure. One influence within him suggested a conflict with the unjust foreman; another, the continuing of the gang-

way blockade. Some men taking advantage of his distracted attention placed the car upon the track again but for the last time was it thrown off by the indomitable Jerry.

Bruice was angry and with a string of oaths he strode forward.

"I want you to know that I'm running this mine and I'll tolerate nothing like that."

"And I want 'ee to know that I'm Jerry Andra, miner, and I'll have my rights or no one else shall, and I want 'ee to know something else and that is that you are a mean cheat. You are a mean, contemptible truckler to the company, cheating the men as every man here can prove."

Bruice made a step forward while his features twitched in anger.

"Hold on, me hearty, I'm not through yet. I want to say that ye can cheat without fear but ye can't act no slave master over me. I allow no man to swear at me as you 'ave done, and if 'ee but breathe another oath at me," and here the irate miner took a stride forward and shook his horny fist at Bruice, "I'll knock they words down thy throat."

There was silence in the gangway for the space of a moment or two. Bruice had edged back a step for though he was vibrating with suppressed passion and was larger physically than the doughty Jerry, yet he had not the courage or spirit of the indignant miner. At length his tongue found its utterance.

"The superintendent shall hear of this. You can consider yourself discharged. This is the last day you'll work in this slope." He backed off and disappeared up the slope manway.

"You've got it now," said Mike Lynch, a timberman, and a brother of timberman Pat Lynch, in Number One slope.

"I don't care," said Jerry undaunted. "I wish I had struck the dog and then I would feel better."

"It's too bad that a man can't get cars," said Mike,

for he sympathized with Jerry as did a majority of those present.

"Thee'll be out of work, Jerry, boy, and I'm sorry for 'ee," said old Dicky Curnow in quavering tones.

"I don't care if I never get a job in the whole mine for it. I've got nearly all my coal out, so there's no loss to me," responded Jerry.

"Ye served the ould blaggard right," said an Irish miner, who had not spoken up to the present time. "Fer once in his life he heard what the miners think of him. He cheated me in me yardage last month."

For fully twenty minutes Red Jerry held his position, blockading the traffic of the gangway and conversing with the men, and then came McCue, the superintendent, and with him Bruice.

"Now what's the trouble?" asked McCue, and there was a dark asperity in his tone that at first foreboded ill to Jerry.

Jerry explained the whole affair stating about the scotching of the car and the refusal of the driver to bring him any cars.

"Is this a true statement, men?" asked McCue, after Andra had finished.

"Yes, that's right," affirmed Ned Thomas, Mike Lynch and some others.

"And it is true that you threatened Bruice and have been stopping the work of the gangway for all this time?" said McCue, but there was not the former asperity of tone.

"Yes, I stopped the trip for I thought it was unjust to allow others cars and not to allow me any. Perhaps I shouldn't ought to have said all that I did but then I doant like to be sworn at as if I were a Hitalian, and I like to 'ave me rights."

"You should have come to me right away when there was any difficulty, Jerry. You have stopped the running of the mine when you should have come to me. Bruice tells me that he has given you your discharge after today, and he's right in doing so. The

mine foreman is the boss over the slope and there can't be more than one boss and he must be obeyed or there's no use in having bosses, and as for you," and McCue turned to the driver who was grinning and sneering with delight to think that Jerry was now "catching it," as he thought, "as for you, driver, if I catch you swearing at the miners, or hear of it, you get your discharge. I have half a notion to give you your discharge now; the idea of a young man swearing at a miner old enough to be his father. Let me hear no more of it and as for the scotching of cars, if you don't want to do that you ought to give up your job. It is the driver's duty to scotch cars for miners. If you had done your duty there wouldn't have been any trouble. I shall take the cost of the damaged runaway car out of your wages. Now every man go to work and you'll get enough cars I think. Let's have no more trouble of this kind," and McCue, accompanied by Bruice, left the scene.

"Bruice," said McCue when they had gotten beyond hearing distance, "you oughtn't to deal with a miner as with a mule. Their lives are hard enough without swearing at them. Little things like that are the fore-runners of strikes, and by foolishly not allowing Jerry to have cars, you have hindered the mine from working for an hour."

"If I had known all the circumstances," said Bruice to his chief in a cringing tone, "he should have had his cars but it made me mad to think of the car being smashed up. It was the driver's fault but Jerry was to blame, too, for he might have scotched the car himself instead of allowing it to run off and be damaged."

"That's true, but now, Bruice, take my advice and don't swear at the men, and things will go on more pleasantly. Tom Penhall in slope Number One has no trouble at all."

All that morning the work went on uninterruptedly, and at noon Red Jerry, Ned Thomas and a few others went up through an old manway to the surface to eat

their dinners in the open sunshine. There, seated on logs and bits of rock, these humble sons of toil prepared to eat their noonday meal, with the sturdy appetite that labor brings, cracking in the meantime merry jokes at each other's expense. Ned Thomas' youngest brother had brought him a hot Cornish pasty, a baked dish of potatoes and meat, so dear to the Cornish Englishman's palate. This the young lad had brought from home and had kept warm until his brother's arrival by wrapping it in his coat. Ned had God-fearing parents but had married beneath him. His parents had strongly objected to his marriage for the girl was a poor housekeeper, a poor cook and non-religious, and in addition to these things they feared that the attachment was a trivial, ephemeral affair. But the young man was not to be deterred from his purpose. Mother Thomas felt sorry for her boy and frequently sent something which he liked to the mine.

"Ah, pasty," said Mike Lynch, "give us half, Ned, ye can't eat all," and he eyed the pasty fondly.

"All right, Mike," said Ned as he divided the pasty and passed a half over to him.

"Here's a piece of cake in exchange."

"Thank 'ee, Mike," said Ned, as he received the cake.

"Who baked it, Ned?" asked Mike between his bites. The question came half muffled from between his lips like the sound of a fog horn in a gale.

"Mother," responded Ned.

"'Ee got a good mother, Ned," said old Dicky Cur-now. "Her bakes good pasty."

"You bet," cried Mike and then turning to Jerry he said; "would ye hev hit Bruice had he swore again at ye?"

"I would," said Jerry with a flash of the eye, "even if I hadn't my coal nearly all drawn out. I knew I'd get the sack for it but McCue wasn't so hard upon me as I thought he would be. He didn't seem nearly so rough when I told 'im all about it. I'm glad that rogue

of a driver 'as to pay for the car. That will teach him manners to men older than 'imself."

"Do ye think ye'll get all the coal out today, butty?" asked Ned.

"If they keep on giving me cars and they're doing that now," responded Jerry.

"And how do ye think ye'll come out?" asked Mike Lynch.

"I'll make about seventy dollars this month, that es if they don't dock me too much, and that makes me think that I want to see what they 'ave done in that line and I think I 'ad better go and see now," and Red Jerry, who had finished his dinner, departed.

"Jerry has a fine breast of coal," said Ned, after Jerry had departed, "it's thick, easy to blast, and the pitch is forty degrees,—just steep enough to stand in and let the coal rattle down. It's lucky that he has all his coal about out."

"Me no make money this month," said a little Italian miner.

"What's the matter?" inquired Mike Lynch.

"Breast run flat, must buggy coal and coal hard, slaty."

"Well, my place is good; I got it by the yard. It runs about the same pitch as Jerry's," said Ned Thomas.

"I wish mine was like that," said old Dicky Curnow, shaking his head as if disgusted with his prospects. "I got un by the yard and seeing as it were narrer and thin-like, I thought ah could maake summat, but now ah 'as gone as flat as a nayger's foot and us 'as to shovel the coal all the time. Us can't maake much when us 'as got to be always a shovelling."

"Why don't ye put in sheet-iron and perhaps it would run easier?" said Mike Lynch.

"I got sheet-iron but ah es no good at all. I only earned thirty dollars last month."

"That's the trouble," said Mike. "I used to have a breast, nice pitch, and then it went as flat as it could

go, and begob me and the laborer were shovelling coal all day. That made me tired of breast work. I made one month as low as eighteen dollars and then I throwed the thing up and I have been a company man ever since. If it wasn't fer the last cut in prices we timbermen would make out first rate. But as it is, shure, we're better off than ye breast men afther all, for ye don't know what yer breast will be like above ye and how much the cost will be. I'd rather hev something certain and ye know what to expect. If every wan was as lucky as some, it wouldn't matter. Now, there's Penryn, always a lucky dog, and Red Jerry. He just gets the sack whin his coal is about out and he wants another place anyway."

"Penryn is a good miner and has good judgment in blasting," said Thomas. "But talking about cuts, we don't have it so hard as the miners and timbermen at the Lowland mines. They have to sharpen their tools from six to seven,—an hour before work begins, and they don't receive any pay fer it."

"That's contract men and miners," suggested Mike.

"No," responded Ned, "they're timbermen and company men getting paid by the day, and what's more, every man, miner and company man 'as to be at work five minutes before seven o'clock. To make certain of losing no time the man has to begin before time."

"That's hunjust," said old Dicky shaking his head. "That edent fair."

"There's Red Jerry coming," said Ned.

"Did they dock ye much, Jerry?" asked Mike.

"No," said Jerry, as he resumed his seat on a bit of log. He was evidently well pleased with the knowledge.

"How far is your breast worked up, butty?" asked Mike of old Dicky Curnow. Now, Dicky, a good Methodist and a first rate miner, had but a moiety of scholarship with the single exception of music and the Scriptures in which he was proficient. Asked thus for the extent of the coal room in which he worked, he was

at a loss for an answer. He thought for a moment deeply and ran his hand through the sparse grey hair that fringed his bald head, like the leaves of an Olympian victor's crown. He finally responded: "Twice the length of the pick, the drills and the scraper, I believe."

"Well, Dicky, cust tell how many feet in a forty foot tape?" asked Ned in a joking mood.

Dicky was such a good-hearted, amiable soul that the men delighted in joking him. This last query set Dicky to thinking assiduously, and especially since it was asked in all soberness. At length he shook his head with a smile, "I doant knaw, lad; thee 'ad better ask some un else, cause I beant no scholar." There was a general chuckle of laughter at Dicky's expense, in which he good-naturedly joined.

"But, Dicky," continued the irrepressible Ned, "if thee aren't a scholar in arithmetic, 'ee know the Bible better than most people, and music too."

"Ah, the Bible and music," said Dicky warmly and with pardonable pride, "they are better than hall else combined. Now which of 'ee can tell 'ow many sharps in the kay of G or 'ow many flats in B?"

"Ah," added Ned in a sober tone, "I can sing but I like the Bible stories better than music."

"That's right, boy," said Dicky, in an approving tone. "Thee's 'ad a good training in the Bible and 'ast a good knowledge of it, as ought us all."

"Yes," said Ned, with a knowing, humorous wink at Jerry. "I like, now, the story of Jericho going up around Jerusalem and the walls falling down, and about Moses leading the children of Isaiah through the Dead Sea; now that's fine."

Jerry had been sampling a piece of pie that Mike had given to him and, though it almost strangled him, he had given vent to a chuckle of laughter. They all knew Ned's proclivity to humor and especially in joking Dicky, and they knew that Ned was assuming great ignorance to shock the good old Methodist.

"Oah, Oah, Neddy, Neddy," said old Dicky in dismay and horror, "thee doesn't know nawthing—nawthing at tall, I tell 'ee. It wasn't Jericho that marched around Jerusalem. That was Joshua that marched around Jericho, and it wadn't the children of Isaiah nor the Dead Say nuther. That was the children of Israel and the Red Say. Oah, Oah, Neddy, Neddy, thee'rt a disgrace to thy training." The old man shook his head and gazed in unutterable pity at Ned much to the amusement of Red Jerry and the others.

"What's the prospect for the new concert, Dicky?" asked unabashed Ned, between the bites of his pasty. "I hope it will be a good one."

Dicky, instantly mollified, forgot his former indignation. "Concert? Why ah'll be a good one and be fine. Us'll 'ave thirty singers and expect to sing hold country hanthem and Mozart's Twelfth Mass and Handel's Messiah. Oh, ah'll be grand and no mistake."

"It would be much better if you would put Jerry there and me in it. I can sing and you can too, can't 'ee, Jerry?"

Ned, though an American, had English parents and in talking with Dicky and other Cornish Englishmen frequently dropped into the dialect that they used.

"Yes," said Jerry a little slowly and doubtfully, "I suppose I could with a little practice."

Dicky shook his head and said they had enough singers but he would like to have them attend as it was for the Methodist choir's benefit, of which he was the leader.

"Well, I don't know whether I'll have the change at that time," said Ned.

"Can't get in wethout a tecket and teckets cost money," answered Dicky.

"I tell 'ee, Dicky, I like music, and I mean to hear that concert, somehow or other, and if you don't let Jerry and me come in free, we'll prent teckets of our own," asserted Ned emphatically.

Dicky laughed a merry cackling laugh, for he knew

that Ned enjoyed music, and his great desire to hear the concert so expressed, at least, gratified the old man.

"Never you fear, you'll 'ear the concert for 'ee 'll buy teckets, when the time comes, like other men," said old Dicky gleefully.

There was the sound of a whistle in the distance, the one o'clock whistle, and the men, arising, descended the steep manway to the gangway below. When they reached their places of work the driver had already brought in the trip and was preparing to pull out the full cars that had awaited there since noon. The mules had been hitched to the foremost car but the leader, no doubt overworked, refused to pull. The driver swore and struck it again and again with his whip, but, with mulish persistency, the animal refused to stir. Another driver now approached and they both united their efforts until the mule sank down upon the track. The drivers were in a rage but paused for a moment, during which interval they examined their whips, the crackers of which had been frayed off by their vigorous blows. These dreadful instruments of animal torment were constructed of plaited strips of leather five feet long, an inch wide and a quarter of an inch thick and fiendishly adorned at the end with a stinger or cracker of heavy cord. The crackers were replaced with new ones and again the work of flaying began. Swish, swish, crack, crack, went the whips wielded by stout energetic arms, accompanied by oaths long and deep. By the light of the glaring mule-lamp great welts could be seen on the animal's back from some of which the blood was trickling in crimson streams. The whips ensanguined with gory streaks writhed and whirled, hissed and flashed like fiery serpents in the murky gangway air. The mule groaned like a human in distress but made no attempt to rise, and insane with baffled rage, the drivers began to use the heavy wooden whip-stocks, beating the animal over the head until there was very

great danger of gouging out the beast's eyes. Such indeed appeared to be their mad purpose.

"I'll beat his d——eyes out," screamed one.

"What a shame," said old Dicky, in a burst of honest indignation; "let the mule go and take him to the stable, boys."

"None of your business," answered the chief driver in some wrath.

"Yes, but we'll make it our business," said Red Jerry, "take that mule off to the stable; we can't stand that any longer."

The driver had already tasted some of Jerry's muscular strength and only scowled at him.

"I guess that's right, butty," said the other driver who dreaded another scene like the morning affair. "I guess that's right and we had better take him off to the stable."

The driver addressed, whether he feared Jerry or whether he had no desire to have a damaged mule mentioned on his pay check as well as a broken car, grimly complied.

The traces were loosened and the animal feeling liberty near, arose, and was led off to the stable.

"I doant like to see the dumb critters abused," said Dicky.

"Nor I neither," said Ned, "but they are very stubborn sometimes. In the Strippings the drivers lick 'em with iron steam pipes an inch and a half thick."

"They got some wicked mules there," said Jerry; "they kick if you go near them. I wonder that the drivers don't get their heads knocked off."

"Oh, I knaw that they have wicked mules but 'alf of them they make bad themselves. It ben't right to lick them unmerciful. Many of them get sick and tired. I doant like to work myself when I am sick or tired and it ben't right nuther."

"Dicky, thee'rt too good for this world," said Ned.

"Too good? 'ee can't be too good, but 'ark——'ere comes Bruce," said Dicky.

Bruice could be heard tramping along the gangway and swearing at a great rate.

"He's mad; hear 'im curse," said Ned.

"Doant 'ee strike, Jerry, ef 'e says anything to 'ee," cautioned old Dicky.

Bruice was angry, whether on account of the beating given the mule or the interference of Jerry or some other cause unrevealed. He strode by the parties at the foot of Jerry's breast, without as much as a look, and continued his way up the gangway.

"You had better not go on any farther, Mr. Bruice," said a timberman. "We haven't been in to the face yet; we think there's black damp there."

Bruice in an impatient tone told the fellow that he needed no one to give him advice, that he was an experienced miner and knew what he was about. Totally ignoring the advice of the old timberman, Bruice strode on toward the face. The gangway men watched him as his form receded from them and his light became fainter in the distance.

"Like our hold general Braddock, 'e won't take advice," muttered Jerry to himself. On and on went Bruice until at length he was seen to totter unsteadily, the mining lamp on his cap burnt low, flickered for an instant and then went out; then came the sound of a falling body, muffled and dead like. The men stared in pallid awe at each other. They well knew what was wrong. Boss Bruice had succumbed to black damp or white damp (gases of an insidious and exceedingly deadly nature that make the unsuspecting miner weak and unconscious and is fatal if the person affected is not removed soon).

"Black damp," said one.

"White damp," shouted some.

"Bruice is knocked out with black damp," shouted another.

"Come, let's get him out," cried one but no one made a move.

"He will die in there soon," whispered another. Men

hesitated. To go in was almost certain death. Yet they did not like to see Bruice perish. Bruice had ill treated the men and few felt like risking their life for him.

"'Tis death to any man that goes in there," muttered one.

"And we have our families to look after," said another.

"Who will take care of them if we go down?"

"Not the company, I'll be wagered," said a third.

"We 'ould risk it now for ould Tom Penhall, but for the loikes of Bruice, that chate the min out of their yardage and is a regular nayger driver, the ould blaggard," added Mike Lynch.

Red Jerry had entered the manway of his breast and was ascending when he heard the voice of his Italian laborer, "Bruice him knocked out with black damp."

He hurried down the narrow manway with impetuous speed and in the gangway found the crowd of hesitating men. The situation was taken in at a glance; Bruice knocked out with damp and somewhere in that dark interior; the men hesitating on account of the danger—no, not so much on account of the danger as their hatred of the unjust foreman.

"Come on, men. Will you allow a man to perish in your own sight?" he shouted as he passed them on the run.

Mike Lynch and a few others carried away with their better feelings and inspired by Jerry's heroic daring, rushed in after him. Probably Bruice never knew how much he owed to the man he had discharged that day. On rushed the rescuers in a ragged, uneven line, some in advance, others in the rear. Far in advance of all was the figure of Red Jerry, his form dark under the flickering light of his mining lamp. He knew when he had entered the damp. A sense of weakness and tiredness came over him and threatened to overcome him. With a faint sputter the lamp went

out and a feeling of dreamy inertness stole through his system and he was near forgetting the purpose for which he was there. Then remembering with a start he shook off the deadly feeling and stumbled on.

"Jerry, Jerry, are ye all right?" came a voice from the rear. It was the voice of Mike Lynch whose lamp was gleaming like a faint spark behind him. He remembered saying something, but what, he did not know, in answer. Then a feeling of bewilderment and doubt smote him. Had he passed Bruice in the dark or was he still on before him? He paused for a moment and then stumbled on a step, and then—"Thank God!" he uttered for he had almost fallen over the prostrate form of the mine-foreman. The stumble and the discovery brightened his dulled faculties.

"Come on, boys, I've got 'im," he shouted, and then with all his strength, which was uncommon for his ordinary build, he raised the prostrate man in his arms and slowly staggered back. There was the sound of staggering, advancing steps and Mike Lynch almost collided with him in the dark. Mike took hold of one arm and together they advanced and then came other rescuers, and slowly, and with ever increasing shortness of breath they toiled on, and on, and on—stumbling, falling and rising. Would the pure air ever come? Jerry kept asking himself. Mike Lynch relinquished his grasp upon the foreman's arm and sank an inert heap upon the ground. Some one else seized the arm that Mike supported but Jerry noticed it not. He still gripped the other arm of Bruice and with dogged persistency, pushed on. There was a shout in the distance and other men led by Ned Thomas and old Dicky Curnow rushed towards them from the pure air region. And it was high time for men were falling on all sides and even stout Jerry was ready to drop his heavy burden, which he now almost sustained alone. The newcomers took Bruice away from his weary rescuers, while others quickly aided the men overcome, and soon all were successfully borne into the fresher

air of the outer gangway. Jerry and Mike and the others recovered slowly, but Bruice looked like a dead man.

"Stand back and give them air," said Ned; "How do you feel, Mike?"

"Pretty weak."

"'Ow do 'ee feel, Jerry?" It was Dicky Curnow that spoke.

"All right," said Jerry as he feebly staggered to his feet and was supported by Ned. "How are the others?"

"Bruice bad; the others all right."

"A close call, Mike," said Jerry.

"A closer one for Bruice," said Dicky.

Slowly Bruice recovered from his stupor. "Who got me out?" he asked when he had gained consciousness sufficiently to speak.

"'Ee must thank Jerry, so 'ee must, Mr. Bruice," said old Dicky and forthwith he launched into a eulogy of Andra, winding up with his first assertion. "'Ee must thank Jerry, Mr. Bruice."

"Oh——," said Bruice and then there was a pause, but he said nothing else.

"I would 'ave done as much for any man," said Jerry and then seeing that Bruice was out of danger, he turned on his heel and stalked feebly up the manway of his breast followed by his laborer.

## CHAPTER V.

## A COMMON MINER'S HOME.

**T**HERE is a common impression prevalent among many people that the miner is the roughest, most uncleanly and most untutored of civilization extant; that his home is an uncomfortable, darksome hovel, replete with squalor, filth and desolation, prolific in sooty blackness and redolent in sickly odors; an ignorant boor, a quarrelsome ruffian, an abject slave at times, sullen, unreasonable and intractable and ever ready to go upon a strike that paralyzes the industries and business health of the state.

The egregious wisdom of the special reporter, pregnant with a cursory glance, called "A Study," in all things save accurate information, hales forth to the light of publicity the most wretched specimen of his class and proclaims to the world,—“Lo, a miner.”

What erroneous ideas and conceptions, what biased conclusions flood and confuse the public mind by the efforts of these paid architects of public opinion.

That the miner is neither a ruffian nor a slave, that his home is not a noisome hovel is apparent to the one who acquaints himself with him and his household and his routine of life. That the average miner is a trifle uncouth 'tis true, but he is warm hearted, sober, industrious, of an average education, and is a God-fearing man. Neither is his home a hovel but a clean, comfortable abode, in some cases small, in others, more spacious. Some homes are sumptuously furnished, and would delight the heart of one in a higher station in life. The piano and well filled bookshelf is no unusual sight, nor is the Brussels carpet or Turkish

rug a rarity. The miner, however, with the most poorly furnished home generally has the largest bank account, but his home, whether well or poorly furnished, both the miner and his thrifty wife strive to make comfortable, neat, and happy.

Such was the home of Ned Penryn, common miner. His was the first house in an unpretentious row of little red-ochered buildings that led westward from the store. A rude picket fence enclosed a bit of green sward in front, from the midst of which miniature lawn nodded blithesome and gayly, a few geraniums and marigolds. The house was a company house rented to two families. Each family had two rooms on the first floor, a kitchen and a front room or parlor; and three sleeping apartments including the attic above.

Ned Penryn was an enterprising man and was more anxious to have a bank account of some magnitude than a sumptuously furnished home. He had an object in view and so the furnishings of his home were not of the best and showed the utmost economy. Still they were comfortable. A curious designed garnet paper covered the walls of the parlor and a lighter shade that of the kitchen. A rag woven carpet, neat, new and adorned with sundry crimson stripes equally separated from each other, hid the floor from sight in the parlor. Half a dozen cane seated chairs, a plain round table and a little, ancient, rose-wood organ was the sum total of heavy furniture in this parlor of the poor. A curtain and shade hung at the window while on the walls were various pictures,—an autumnal scene in colors, the crucifixion, and enlarged pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Penryn's fore-bears—all curiously framed with dark hued splints by the industrious hands of Molly.

The kitchen was the counterpart of the parlor with one or two exceptions. The carpet, rag woven, like the parlor, was worn and somewhat older. There were several wooden chairs, a plain dining-room table, a

cupboard containing some fancy, delicate looking china dishes, the pride of Molly's heart, a rocking-chair and a wooden lounge, the latter the result of Mr. Penryn's own handiwork. The sleeping apartments were similarly plainly furnished, the walls however being lime-washed. Disconnected from the main building and some distance to the rear was a plain, unpainted, one-roomed building or shanty which was used for cooking in the warm summer months and by the miner as a place where he could bathe and change his rough, mining clothes for cleaner garments. In the Penryn home there was an additional building that Ned and George used as a bath and changing apartment.

It was a little before five o'clock in the afternoon and in the shanty, that was utilized as a kitchen, Mollie, Mrs. Penryn, was bustling around, enlivening her movements with a cheery song, preparing the supper. A grey-eyed woman, slightly beyond the middle age, with streaks of gray in her plainly combed hair, but not a trace of a line on her pleasant countenance, was Mrs. Penryn. Molly was busy, for would not Ned and George be home soon, and a hungry hard-worked man must have a good supper and a tidy wife and home to greet him when he arrives, and so there was a neatness in the set of the clean gingham dress and ironed white collar, and even in the laying of the snowy table-cloth there was something that betokened the thrifty, careful housewife. A little girl of ten summers, attired in a worn, well-washed calico frock that revealed the traces of needle repair work, was assisting her mother. There was a pause in the singing for a moment as the tea canister was examined.

"I declare there is scarcely tea enough for supper. Now, Nellie, you go up to the store and get a quarter of a pound of tea. Not any more mind for they would just as soon give you a pound as not. And mind," called the mother after the retreating Nellie, "'tis English Breakfast Tea."

A small cabinet alarm clock struck the hour of five, the tones sounding clear and distinct from the rear room of the main building and a few minutes later came the clanging of the front gate, then the sound of sturdy steps and around the corner came Ned, tired, soiled, but pleasant in the near prospect of home comforts.

"There's water and towels in the shanty, Ned," called Molly to him as he passed around the kitchen after his customary salutation of "Well, Molly."

After the lapse of half an hour he came forth, clad in his clean clothes, his countenance, though bearing the trace of blue coal cuts, bright and shining as a new pin.

The table was now set out and Nellie having returned and the tea made, they sat down to supper. There was a momentary hush and silence as the father bowed his head and in sober, earnest tones, in the dialect of his people, besought humbly and sincerely the blessing of God. "We thank thee, our Faather, who hart in 'eaven, for these gifts of daily food. Bless them far their purpose far Jesus' sake. Amen." Then there was the clatter of dishes, the merry sound of pouring tea and the fragrance of that beverage permeated the room.

"Molly, thee'rt looking as nice as 'ee did twenty years ago weth that collar and dress, and the supper es fine." Molly looked flushed and pleased.

"And so es Nellie looking fine, too. And 'ow 'as my little girl been to-day, and 'ow are 'ee getting along at school?"

"Pretty well, father, and the teacher says that I'm to be promoted this spring; and Oh, father, we are going to have such a nice time at the closing day. We are going to have speeches and dialogues and sing songs and I'm to have a piece to speak, and you are coming, father, and mother too, won't you?" said the child coaxingly.

"Of course, Nellie," said Ned, smiling.

Nellie was delighted and clapped her hands and then continued her rattling, childish talk while all the while father and mother listened and smiled and joined in the conversation. The roaring mine whistle, the "Bull of the Mountains," proclaiming the hour of six o'clock, drowned all voices for a moment or two with its deep reverberating tone, and a few minutes later a shrill boyish whistle and the sound of a youthful step on the board walk indicated the coming of George. Nellie excusing herself for a moment, rushed away to greet him.

"Not now, Nellie," said George, "I'm too black. Wait 'till I'm changed." This he said to hinder his little sister from approaching too close to him, fearing to soil her clean dress. George was Nellie's hero, and was always greeted with sisterly affection. George was soon changed and having eaten his supper, then the supper dishes being removed, joined in the merry chat around the table in which the prospects of the future were freely discussed.

Ned had drawn out from its receptacle a common clay pipe and was busily filling it, preparatory to enjoying his daily evening smoke. The "bacca-can" was replaced in its corner and the pipe aglow, Ned chimed in also in the discussion of the general theme.

"Well, Molly, I think I'll make out pretty well this month; I'm working the breast now by the yard and at five dollars a yard, we ought to 'ave seventy dollars coming to us this month. I tell 'ee though, Molly, we must go carefully for the powder bill is going to be 'eavy and we must save some money now."

Molly who was just finishing up the cleansing of the supper dishes, responded with a sagacious nod.

"There," she said as she had finished brightening up the last article,—the tin cup of Nellie's—"that's all done and I suppose I may as well sit down and rest for a minute."

"By the way, 'ow much is on the bank-book?" asked Ned between the puffs of his pipe.

Molly hastened into the house and up-stairs and soon returned with the little brown book. Together they went over the columns of their hard earned savings.

"Three hundred dollars! Why Ned, we're getting rich!" exclaimed good wife Molly, in joyous enthusiasm.

"I didn't think ah was so much," responded Ned, a little dubiously, and then turning to George he said, "Here, George, figure up that and see ef it's right."

Both watched him as he rapidly went over the columns.

"That's all right. No, it's three hundred and one instead of three hundred," said George, the latter remark being made after he had altered a slight mistake in one of the columns.

"And now, Molly, a few hundred more and we will 'ave a 'ome of our own and a garden too."

"I'm thinking of that all the time, Ned. You don't know how I wish for a home of our own. Perhaps we could 'ave a cow."

"We could, Molly."

"We'll have the house painted white and have green shutters. It'll look so pretty, and we'll have a white fence."

"We'll 'ave a front porch roofed over, and a back porch with a roof, too. Then on wash-day 'ee can use the back porch and wash in the shade."

"Yes, and on Sunday we'll sit on the front porch like Mrs. Penhall and her husband do."

"Molly, we'll 'ave a grape vine too. Think of it. We can go out and pick a grape when we want it."

"Oh, how nice," said Nellie clapping her hands gleefully.

Molly and Ned smiled while the former's eyes glistened through her tears as she said, "Hope, what could we do without hope?"

"Not hope, Molly, but 'ee and me."

"We have struggled so long, Ned"—said Molly and then paused.

"We'll 'ave it never fear," said Ned with a most emphatic tone. "We'll 'ave to go carefully and not buy so much out of the company store."

"And Nellie must take some music lessons. She's fond of the organ, dear child."

"Alice Penhall said she would teach her," said George.

Nellie gave an exclamation of pleasure while her black eyes sparkled.

"And George must have books to study if old Tom is going to 'elp him," said Ned gravely, and then terminated the conversation by arising, saying at the same time that he must mend his mining boots and so departed to the changing shanty there to bend with awl and waxed thread over the much worn articles before mentioned. A man must go careful, for Nellie must have lessons and George must have books and he must get that new home for Molly, the home with the green shutters and the grape vine; and such things could only be gained by the greatest economy, he thought, as he began his task under the light of a feeble oil lamp. With care the boots would do for another season. These thoughts passed rapidly through his mind as he busily plied the needle.

In the shanty kitchen, which Ned had left to pursue his repairing, George was laboring over some abstruse problems in decimal fractions. With knitted brow and perplexed countenance, he was studying and seemed mystified. Finally closing the book and placing his cap upon his head, he signified his intention of going up and seeing "old Tom" about it.

Mrs. Penryn and Nellie were left alone in the kitchen, the latter person assiduously endeavoring to teach her favorite kitten some new tricks, while the former was engaged in repairing some mining garments of George. She had rolled up her sleeves and donned a gingham apron.

"Let's see. This jacket is blue drilling. I must

mend it with blue drilling," she said musingly to herself. "It looks better. Nothing looks better in mending work than to have a coat patched with a piece of the same material."

The work went noiselessly on for an hour or so and then Ned having finished his work, returned to the kitchen and all adjourned to the parlor to hear Nellie play a church hymn on the organ, which hymn she had picked up by ear.

"Where's George?" asked Ned, laconically.

George's absence had scarcely been accounted for by Mrs. Penryn before he appeared upon the scene, book in hand.

"Tom show you how to do un?" asked Ned.

"No," said George, laughing. "Tom was stuck himself and Alice had to show us both."

The sentence was scarcely out of the boy's mouth before there was heard a knock at the door and upon it being opened the heavy form and pleasant features of Boss Tom, himself, presented themselves to view. He was gladly welcomed.

"Come in, Tom," exclaimed Ned.

"Good evening, Mr. Penhall," said Molly, as she drew a chair forward for his use.

Tom took the proffered chair and responded cheerily to all present and then began fumbling in his pocket as if he had misplaced something. Finally fishing up from one of his capacious coat pockets a folded piece of paper, he extended it to George.

"George, boy, Alice sent me down to make a correction in that problem. I can't make un out what ah be, but there es the paper."

George took the paper and while he was examining it Tom continued: "Did 'ee 'ear the news?" asked the latter of Ned and a negative answer being given, Tom described how Boss Bruce had been overcome with black damp and how Andra and others rescued him.

"And Boss Bruce 'ad given 'im the sack just before?"

"Yes," answered Tom, "and Andra, Ned Thomas and Dicky Curnow are now going to work for me. Bruice never thanked Jerry and I suppose Jerry was too stiff to wait fer any compliments. All three of them say they won't work fer he any longer; of course, Jerry couldn't work fer he anyway as he had got the sack; so I give them all jobs in the west gangway of Number One."

"It would be better if hall bosses like 'im were out of the mine," said Ned.

"That's so," said Tom simply and then added, "though Bruice es a good miner 'e lacks religion."

Molly had been listening attentively, while her busy fingers were mending some garments of Ned. She now ventured a question. "What is black damp and white damp?"

"Well, it's caused by lack of circulation of the air. Black damp gathers where there be no air; 'ee feels weak and can't see well; mining lamp goes out as if ah 'ad no hoil and 'ee finally becomes unconscious. White damp es the worst; 'ee falls down as soon as 'ee gets in. White damp is most fatal though black damp es bad enough."

It was Boss Tom who volunteered the above information.

The conversation went on, on various subjects. Little Nellie was perched on her father's knee, her attention and hands engaged in a very interesting task, picking out the minute pieces of coal from the callous hands of Ned, using a pin as a surgical instrument. Gazing up for an instant, attracted by something that was said, her sharp black eyes spied Boss Tom's hands that seemed to have more coal in them than her father's.

"Oh, Mr. Penhall, don't your hands hurt?" she asked sympathetically.

"Hands hurt?" said Tom in amazement. "No, my dear, why do 'ee ask that?"

"Why, those pieces of coal." In her little heart she

had always imagined that the small pieces of coal imbedded in the horny hands of her father must hurt him and through her sympathetic nature had constituted herself a small surgeon to her father every evening. Ned had laughingly humored her in her idea. She, now gazing at Tom's large hands, thought she saw a greater field for the exercise of her surgical abilities and benevolent heart.

"Hurt? Why no, my dear," reiterated Tom, laughing.

"Oh, Mr. Penhall, do let me pick them out. They hurt but you don't feel them so much 'cause your hands are so big. Do let me pick them out," she coaxingly said in conclusion; and Tom, extending one of his great hands toward her, humored her in her philanthropic design and soon seated on his knee she was drilling small coal mines in his callous palms.

"And now, my dear," said Tom after the conversation had drifted on for half an hour or so, "let's 'ear that tune that you was playing when I was coming down street."

Nellie acquiesced, for she was proud of her early effort. Climbing down from her position on Tom's knee, she went modestly over to the organ and seated herself on the stool and began. Tom, during the playing, tried hard to hum the air but what with the indifferent time of the youthful musician and his own inaccurate knowledge, he made but a poor showing.

"That was well done, my dear. Ned, boy, 'ee'll 'ave to give 'er lessons. There's talent in that girl. Shouldn't wonder but Allie could give 'er a start, anyhow."

"We are going to do that this summer, Mr. Penhall," said Molly. Both she and her husband were gratified at Tom's high opinion of their little daughter's ability. Boss Tom now took his hat and bid the Penryn family good night and departed.

"Tom es a good man," said Ned as he returned from seeing Tom to the gate. "Tom es a good man."

I only 'ope George will get up to be as 'igh as 'e. Well, lad, 'ee must study 'ard far it."

"We'll have to save money and see what we can do. If we could only buy where we wanted to, and not buy at the company store, we could save twice as much as we do."

"Yes," assented Ned, "but we must buy some things or I lose my job, for they won't give a man work that won't buy anything or little out of the store. Anyhow we are better off than some, for some miners' wives spend every blessed cent their 'usbands earn, but my wife, Molly, es as good as a bank," so saying Ned kissed his wife who flushed with gratification at her husband's compliment.

## CHAPTER VI.

## WORKING HALF TIME.

THE reduction in wages was not the only result of the over stocking of the market. In the early days of July the mines of Mayoton began working half time and miners, drivers and other employees had a vacation though not desiring it. There were none that viewed the half time order with any satisfaction but George Penryn and Jimmy O'Donnel, the drivers. This gave them the time they so much desired for applying to their studies. They had been very earnest in their efforts, and punctilious in their night sessions with Boss Tom Penhall. Jimmy at first was still mystified by the profundity and, as he thought, the inconsistency of fractional concomitants. He could not fathom the multiplication of halves and quarters.

"Wan half times wan half is surely more than wan fourth," he said to Tom one evening.

"'Ow's that?" asked Tom.

"To multiply is to make more and wan fourth is surely less than wan half," added Jimmy with the wise air of a sage.

But that over which Jimmy stumbled the most was the use of the term zero.

"Wanst zero was nawthing; that's true, but wan half of zero must be something for it's wan half of what wanst zero is," said Jimmy and all Tom's sagacious acumen in instruction and occult learning was of no avail in proving to him that it was otherwise. George assisted him out of the dilemma.

"Now, Jimmy, ye have five apples and then ye give me the five and then how many would you have?"

"Nawthing," said Jimmy.

"Well then, Mr. Penhall wants ye to give him half of what you have and how many would he get?"

"Two and a half," answered Jimmy.

"How's that?" said George in naive astonishment.

"Shure and I'd say, 'George, give Mr. Penhall half of them apples.'"

"But suppose I'd say I wanted to keep them all and wouldn't give Mr. Penhall any."

"Then I'd say, 'George, you give Mr. Penhall half of them apples or I'll wipe the floor up wid ye,' which would be a pretty harrd thing to do, seeing that ye are me frind and a pretty good fighter, George."

"Yes, but look at me now. Ye are to give Mr. Penhall half of what you have yourself and ye don't have any at all. Then how many would Mr. Penhall have?"

Jimmy rubbed his head dubiously for a moment or two and then slowly responded. "I suppose he wouldn't have any at all then." The difficulty was solved for Jimmy then and there.

These were some of the earlier difficulties of the young students. During the half time period they had made great strides and were considering the advisability of taking up the elementary parts of algebra. Jimmy's first sight, however, of the various signs nonplussed him. What was  $x$  and what was  $y$ ? Were they symbols for 2 or 3? These were the questions that perplexed them. Jimmy decided that the science was a little too "dape" for him as yet, and George thought it best to understand arithmetic thoroughly first and so the understanding of the above mentioned science was postponed for a time.

The monotony of study was varied during this period by the incessant expeditions after that most delicious of fruits, the wild huckleberry. During the early part of July, the woods around Mayoton were full of berry-pickers. On the hills and upon the flats, behind bushes and under trees, appeared the busy workers, American, English, Irish, German and Hun-

garian, all intent on the gathering of the luscious berry. No place on the wild mountain heath too sacred for their tread. Late comers would rejoice upon the apparent discovery of a good place unoccupied, when the next moment, from behind a neighboring bush would loom up the red turbaned head and broad stupid face of a Slav woman.

'Twas the opening of the season and the small blue variety appeared in prodigious numbers. There were other varieties which Mrs. Penhall would rather have. There were the "swampers," the large, sour berries that grew on bushes six feet high in the swampy districts; the seeders called so from the number of their seeds; the strippers deep blue, sweet, and so numerous on their stocks that they could be picked by the handfuls, hence the name; and lastly the dark juicy stoners called so on account of the size and hardness of their seeds. Boss Tom would rather pick the latter, as he enjoyed the eating of them and the sound of the cracking seeds under his teeth.

It was half time however and Mrs. Penhall was not going to have her Tom home idle. They wouldn't wait for the others but would have some of the first variety, and so, one morning, when Alice and Mary were starting forth on their first trip of the season, Mrs. Penhall gave a great twelve quart bucket to Tom and told him he might as well go too. Tom was not averse to going but thought that the twelve quart bucket was a trifle small, to which remark Mrs. Penhall replied that he would find it plenty large enough before the close of day.

On the way they met George and Jimmy who were not loathe to join the company. Mary and Alice wore coarse gingham dresses and looked uncommonly well notwithstanding their humble attire. The articles that both the lads objected to were the large home-made sunbonnets, that not only shielded their countenances from the sun but also from the view of their companions. Boss Tom wore his heavy mining shoes and

rough clothing to match, while his head was shielded by a mammoth straw hat, that is while it was on his head for half the time it performed the function of a fan that Tom wielded vigorously. He was not accustomed to the heat of the sun and the small flies and gnats disturbed the equanimity of his temper. In addition to the other grievances the large twelve quart bucket continually obtruded itself in his way and once to his great chagrin he stumbled over it and many of the hardly plucked berries were scattered on the ground.

"No use to waste them," said he philosophically and so while the others wandered on, picking and conversing, he sat down and began gathering them up, placing more of them, however, in his mouth than in the bucket.

Jimmy and George soon proved themselves the most expert pickers and were much ahead of their companions.

"Now," said Jimmy, finally, "suppose we hang up our buckets near some tree and pick in the tin-cups. It will be a dale easier." All had provided themselves with small tin-cups before starting out so that they would not be under the necessity of carrying the large buckets with them everywhere. The plan was readily agreed to and a tree was selected under which the slightly filled pails were placed.

"Now," said Jimmy, soberly, "we will have to have something to place on the tree to help us find our way back, shure," and he looked at Mary tentatively, and then added, "if Mary will let us have her bonnet——."

"The very idea," said Mary, "why, you will have us as sunburned as a—a—." She did not finish her sentence for Jimmy, the sly rogue, interrupted her.

"Ye needn't mind the sun, now, shure, for I'll let ye have me straw hat and the sun won't spoil my beauty, anyhow," answered Jimmy, reassuringly and anxiously. Subtle indeed was Jimmy, for he was tired of

gazing and conversing with a sunbonnet and desired a look at the real article.

Mary finally acquiesced, much to Jimmy's delight, and George asserting that two bonnets would be a better mark of observation than one, Alice relinquished hers also, and demurely accepted and placed George's hat upon her head. It was a halcyon day for the two lads and they bore the heat of the sun with indifference, the same spirit being within them that stirred the old-time knights to labors and perils.

"Jimmy," said George, to that worthy aside after they had been picking for sometime, "the girls can't pick as fast as you and I can, so let's fill their buckets on the sly." The hint was sufficient for Jimmy.

"We will so," he said nodding his head emphatically. And so when the tin-cups were full the lads, alternately would steal away and place the contents in the girls' buckets. Every alternate cupful could thus be accounted for.

The scheme was perceived, however.

"Alice," whispered Mary to her companion, "those boys are filling our buckets and they think that we don't know anything about it. Let them fill them and let's help Mr. Penhall, for he is so dreadfully slow in picking, and we won't tell either of them of it until we all get our pails full."

"Just the thing," said Alice, smiling with mischief in her eyes.

Tom continued his picking, though the work was hard and tedious. He had also hung up his bucket and was picking in a smaller vessel. "I'll pick no more berries when the sun is so hot. I won't go out no more until I get more accustomed to it. I believe I'd rather buy them than pick them." Tom was murmuring phrases like these under his breath as he slowly approached his bucket with a new supply.

"I declare," he said as he looked down into the bucket, "I do believe I'm a better picker than I thought I was, and a better picker than they poor children, and

'ere I 'ave a bigger bucket. I'll just put a tinfu apiece in they buckets of theirs every now and then and 'elp 'em out a bit."

Alas! for old Tom's good nature. In his efforts to fill the buckets of his young companions, he poured in more than he was able to replace and he became sadly discouraged. The heat oppressed him and the mosquitoes annoyed him, and hunger assailed him, so, sitting down in the shade he began to satisfy the cravings of his appetite by eating a few of the berries he had left. In the cool shade of a sequestered arbor of laurel, overcome with weariness, he fell asleep and dreamed of everything but huckleberries. The young people had kept on picking and in their wandering had distanced Tom and his arbor.

A sudden scream from Alice and Mary awakened the lads to a sense of danger. Both rushed to their assistance and found them excitedly pointing to a clump of bushes near by.

"It's a snake," said both in one breath.

"Pooh!" said George, "let's see it."

Both lads armed themselves with large clubs and the snake, revealing himself, there came a battle royal. The blacksnake of large size, for such it proved to be, was enraged no doubt by its frustrated efforts to escape and writhed and fought and was only dispatched after repeated blows. With the girls' fears allayed, the lads felt like young heroes.

"And now for the buckets for I think these last will fill all," said George. He had reference to the filled tin-cups that each carried. The tree was found and the buckets inspected, but Tom and his bucket were gone.

"Why, where's father?"

"His bucket's full and he's no doubt gone home," said Jimmy.

"Oh, here he is," said George who had caught sight of a slumbering form under the laurel bushes.

"Yes," said Alice in some indignation, "and he's

been eating his berries for there's berry juice on his face and his bucket is only half full. Now, that's a shame!"

"What, what, 'ee aren't ready to go home yet, are 'ee?" said Tom, as soon as he was thoroughly awake. "Why, I just laid down here for a minute to rest and—"

"And you have been eating your berries too!" added Alice in some vexation.

"Ah, Allie, it's too warm and the skeeters nearly eat a man. I tell 'ee, Jimmy, I'd ruther buy them than pick them. I mean the huckleberries," added Tom, by way of explanation. They all laughed at Tom's doleful face and then Alice added, while a look of disappointment came over her features, "And we were helping you too. We picked more in your bucket than you picked yourself. Didn't we, Mary?" Mary nodded her assent.

"I consider we're the best pickers here for we picked and have full buckets and also helped father," added Alice.

"And we picked our own buckets full and also helped you," said George and Jimmy, laughing.

"Why, why, that's strange," said Boss Tom, with a smile, "I thought my bucket was getting full pretty fast and that I was the best picker and so I 'elped 'ee all."

"What!" said all four in a breath, and then as the absurdity of the thing came home to them, they all laughed merrily.

"Well," said Jimmy, "it appears that George and I were helping the girls and they were helping Mr. Penhall and that Mr. Penhall was helping us all, and each unbeknownst to the other, it does so; and now that ould Tom—I mane Mr. Penhall, shure,—and now that Mr. Penhall's isn't full yet, I think we ought to help him."

"I think we ought," asserted George.

"And as he helped us all unbeknownst to us, I think we ought to help him unbeknownst to him," continued Jimmy.

"Aall right, aall right, Jimmy," said the boss, laughing, "and I'll rest 'ere a bit and shut my heyes and I won't knaw it."

All started in to fill Tom's bucket and Tom himself desiring to hasten the work began to pick with energy. Whenever any of the party would approach to put some in his bucket, Tom would turn his back and say, "Now, put as much as 'ee mind to in for I won't knaw it."

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE JOKERS OF NUMBER ONE.

**B**OSS Tom Penhall was as good as his word and gave "Red Jerry" Andra, Ned Thomas and old Dicky Curnow positions in Number One slope.

"And 'ere, Andra, mind 'ee doant thraw any cars off the track in Number One," said Tom when showing them their places.

"No fear of that, Tom," said Andra with a laugh.

Ned Thomas and Andra had a breast of coal in partnership, and old Dicky was stationed near them in the gangway, timbering. Now Ned Thomas was a practical joker and, inspired with the spirit of merriment, had resolved to have some amusement with old Dicky. The grand concert for the benefit of the Methodist choir was approaching. Ned when in Number Two had importuned Dicky, the leader of the choir, for free tickets with the threat that otherwise he would print tickets for himself and friends.

"Ah, Ned, boy, thee'll buy thy teckets along weth the rest, for 'ee'll want to see the concert and 'ee can't prent teckets, that I knaw," Dicky had said gleefully at that time.

Much to Dicky's dismay and horror, however, on the very day of the great concert Ned Thomas appeared with the tickets. Ned had borrowed the tickets from one of the ticket sellers with the understanding that he was to return them at the expiration of the day's work. It was dinner time and they were all assembled at the "battery" of Ned's and Jerry's breast. The battery was a breastwork of heavy timbers built across the foot of the breast to keep the loose coal from rolling down into the gangway. Here were as-

sembled Ned, Jerry, old Dicky, and a few others engaged in eating their noon-day repast. In the midst of the conversation, Ned drew forth the tickets.

"Jerry," said he, "they look just as good as the real ones, don't they?" and he handed one over for his inspection.

"Yes," said Jerry between the bites of his pie that he was devouring.

"I thought I might as well prent quite a few while I was at it and I could give a few away to my friends," continued Ned, as he drew forth a few more from his pocket. "Have one, Jerry? You have one, butty?" he said to a Hungarian near by. While saying the above he was busily handing a few around. "Yes," said Ned to Jerry, with a wink, "of course, I can sell a few and make a bit of money that way, but then I'd never think of selling them to my friends. Got enough money now to buy a sight of 'bacca with," and Ned, as if to testify to the fact, brought forth a handful of coppers from his coat pocket.

"Look at one, Dicky," continued Ned and he handed one to the old man, "can't tell the difference from the real ones, can 'ee?"

To say that old Dicky was angry is putting it mildly. The old man's face was pitiable to see. There were pallor, dismay, astonishment and wrath written all over his countenance and his features worked with suppressed emotion. The tickets were precisely like the ones Dicky's own men were selling.

"Oah, oah, Neddy, how could 'ee a done it. Ah thought 'ee more of a Christian, Ned, so Ah did!"

"Well, Jerry, there, is as much to blame as myself. You know, Jerry, you helped to prent them in our cellar," said Ned as if trying to shove the blame off on Jerry.

"Oah, oah, Neddy, Neddy, thee's been and spoilt the concert. 'Ow could 'ee 'ave done it? Thee's been and spoilt the concert. I'm going to see Penhall about it," so saying the old man wended his way down the

gangway to tell Boss Tom. Boss Tom was not far off and soon returned with old Dicky. "Whas this all about?" said Tom entering into the spirit of the joke.

Old Dicky told his story, punctuated with expressions of dismay and then Ned told his, accusing Jerry of a part in the printing, much to the latter's amusement.

"Ned," said Boss Tom, with a grin, "thee'rt a limb of Satan. Now you 'ave to gather all they teckets up and give them to Dicky."

"Well," said Ned as if reluctant to obey, "we only had twenty-five tickets and Jerry 'as one and the Hungarian 'as another and I 'ave the rest."

Jerry and the Hungarian promptly handed over their tickets and Ned slowly handed over the rest.

"It seems a shame that after all our hard work prenting those tickets that we should have nothing for it," said Ned, pretending to be a little cross.

"Now I tell 'ee," said old Dicky, once more in the height of good spirits, "thee, Ned and Jerry too, shall come into the concert free," and the old man in the fullness of his heart handed Ned a ticket which that worthy refused.

"No, no, for prenting those tickets you ought to allow Jerry and me to sing in the concert, and I think we can do it, too," said Ned, doggedly.

The old man rubbed his head dubiously. He wanted to be fair to Ned but he did not desire to spoil the concert by the introduction of new material at the last moment and then Ned's tones were a little uncertain. A bright idea seemed to strike him.

"Now, Neddy, thee may be as smart at singing as in prenting teckets, and I'll let 'ee sing in the concert if 'ee promise to not sing very loud, cause 'ee may make a mistake but ef 'ee sing soft nobody will hear 'ee."

Ned and the others present burst into a roar of laughter.

"No, no, Dicky, we'll buy our tickets and sit down

in the audience. It's only a joke, Dicky. We didn't prent the tickets, but only borrowed them."

Ned with all those present bought tickets of old Dicky and there still being a little time before the expiration of the dinner hour, Dicky accompanied Boss Tom down the gangway, thinking to sell a few more tickets.

"I thought sure they 'ad prented the teckets for them Thomases can do most anything. But it's all right now though I did think that the concert was spoilt at the first."

Old Dicky was interrupted in his remarks by the voice of an Irish miner, a newcomer in the country, accosting Boss Tom.

"Mr. Tom, I've been wurraking here now long enough to have a reduction in me wages and I'd loike to have one, shure for I'm a thinking I'm worthy av it."

"How much are 'ee getting now?"

"Wan dollar and a quarter."

"Well, I'll give 'ee a dollar instead," said Tom smiling.

"Ach, no, it's a reduction I'm after, shure."

"Well, and a reduction means less, doant it, my man?"

"Och, the spalpeen, it's more that I'm after wanting, whatever they call it. Thomas told me that I naded a reduction in me wages and if he was me he would have me rights and ask for it, but it's more I'm after wanting, whatever ye call it."

Tom's eyes twinkled with humor.

"That Ned is always fooling some one. Ef 'ee want more wages 'ee must see McCue, my man, but better not see him just yet a bit, I'll tend to it."

"Jerry," said Ned to Andra, after the dinner was finished, "let's go over to the Stripping and have some fun with the Hungarians." There was still some time before the resumption of work and forth they started, having provided themselves with a piece of official paper and pencil. The purpose of Ned was

nothing else than to solicit aid for some purpose or other. It is the custom around some mines to solicit aid for a man's family when he is hurt by a fall of coal or similar accident. The miners and workmen are generally very kind and considerate in this respect and give liberally, the laborers and Hungarians from fifty cents and a dollar upwards; the miners and others correspondingly more; and the subscription having been made, the amounts are taken out of the office on pay-day.

"Now," said Ned, "we'll take up a collection and ask every Hungarian to subscribe. Les—see——. Oh, I have it," and Ned fairly hunched Jerry with delight. The plan was explained. They were to solicit aid for Stephen Stronovich's wife. Now Steve was a Polander and Polanders were not on the best of terms with the Hungarians. According to common report Steve had run away from his wife and returned to Poland, and some didn't blame Steve for his wife was an exception to the average Polish woman. She was anything but docile and dovelike in her demeanor and Steve had not only felt the sharpness of her tongue but also experienced the might of her hand.

Approaching a number of Hungarians who were eating their dinners Ned took out his paper and gravely accosted one of their number.

"John, we taking up a collection for Stephen Stronovich's wife. Steve, him run off and left him wife and children with nothing to eat and we take up a collection. How much you give, John?"

In speaking to foreigners, mining men generally used the broken English that they used, thinking, presumably, that they could be better understood by them. The Hungarian addressed looked glum and shook his head and then turning to his companions gave vent to a string of excited jargon.

"Who collection for?" asked one.

Ned again explained and by the angry, sullen looks

of the foreigners, it was evident that they were not very well pleased.

"Well," continued Ned, "how much you give, John?"

"Me no want to give," answered one sullenly.

"But Boss, him say every man must give one dollar and if no can give, Boss, him maybe give sack," continued Ned solemnly.

The Hungarian was fighting mad but he did not relish the idea of getting the sack and seeking work elsewhere.

"How can me give? Me no money," and Hungarian John held out his empty hands in corroboration of his statement.

"Thas all right, John. We wait 'til pay-day and turn it in to the office," averred Ned, "and if no can give, Boss, him give sack."

"All right, all right," said each one with angry shrugs, the last threat being too much for them. "Me give one dollar." Their names were duly placed down upon the paper in Ned's sharp caligraphy and away went he and Jerry to their work. "Wasn't that rich to see those 'Ungarians sputter?" said Ned giving vent to a peal of laughter when they were out of hearing. "We'll take up another fake collection to-morrow and make it five dollars."

Precisely at the same hour, Ned and his fellow workman, the following day, started forth on their fun making expedition.

"John," said Ned to the same Hungarian, "we take up another collection. They build a church over in town and big Boss McCue, him go to that church and him say every man must give five dollars, or may be if no can give, then, big Boss, maybe him give sack."

The same angry shrugs and expostulations were manifested as at the previous collection, but due to the implied threat of losing their positions they all acquiesced.

"Well, me give. Put me down," was heard from

all sections. One fellow was exceedingly angry and looked provoked enough to fight, much to Jerry's and Ned's amusement.

"Now," said Jerry to increase the fun and at the same time drawing out an additional piece of paper and a pencil. "Now I take up a collection for Mike Bolisch. Mike, him break a leg and Boss, him say every man must give a dollar to help Mike."

There was a roar of angry, Hungarian expostulations. Vehement gesticulation and words of opprobrium followed, and no doubt, in the Hungarian tongue both bosses and Mike Bolisch were consigned to condign punishment and obloquy. Hungarian John burst into a great laugh and pointed off in the distance and there was Mike Bolisch, himself, stalking along as large as life, and apparently walking well for a man with a broken leg. Apprehending that all the collections were a joke, they entered into the fun of the thing with various shouts and cries.

"Yes, yes, me give five dollars, ten dollars," could be heard on all sides.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## OPERATOR HOYT AND SUPERINTENDENT McCUE

OPERATOR Hoyt drove over to Mayoton from the city. The fast trotting bays arched their heads proudly as if realizing the worth of their master. Mr. Arthur Hoyt was by no means an old man and yet he could no longer be classed with the rising generation. He was somewhat past the middle age, tall, debonair, urbane, and kind-hearted but with a trifle of stately haughtiness in his demeanor, especially when one who had not the right, presumed familiarity. His square shoulders were surmounted with a head of classic mould while piercing black eyes lighted up a countenance, kindly and dignified. Fortune had dealt kindly with Mr. Arthur Hoyt. As a penniless lad he had come to the mining regions and with but an average education and his own efforts, supported with an indomitable will and courage, he had carved out for himself a fortune. He was a married man and had his home in the city some few miles distant from the mines of Mayoton. Notwithstanding the courtly, debonair exterior of this man of millions, underneath was the soul of the business man and principles thoroughly impressed by his years of contention against adverse circumstances. Like all business men of wealth he desired to be still richer. He attended the Presbyterian church; gave liberally to charitable enterprises; possessed a conscience not yet hardened by avarice; was a good husband and loving father; but he loved money or rather the power and influence that money brings.

To his bosses he was friendly, that is, he spoke to them when he met them, greeting them cheerfully;

but to most people in Mayoton he appeared in the light of a regal character—a little king. He owned all. Children gazed with awe at him as he drove through the little village and the miners' wives chatted and gossiped about his beautiful home and wealth. If any one suggested that he might buy the city of New York no one would have had the temerity to doubt his financial ability to do so. If he noticed a child or nodded to a miner, the parents and the miner considered the recognition an honor and it was talked about in the family for days. On Christmas and Thanksgiving Day he gave each family in his employ a turkey, and a nurse was always at hand for the sick. Some attributed these latter favors to his own kindly nature, others ascribed them to the influence of Mrs. Grace Hoyt. Mayoton was only one of the mines he owned but it was the largest and most lucrative.

It was evident that Mr. Hoyt was not in the very best of humors, for his brow was furrowed and lined most unpleasantly and his eye-brows were drawn down as if in displeasure. The fast trotters cared not a whit for their master's thoughts. They only knew that he treated them kindly and that was all they desired. Mayoton rapidly drew in sight. Along the road, shadowed by the trees, past the white church, then with the skill of a master horseman the trotters were brought up to the main door of the offices of the company. The horses were taken charge of by an attendant, an attachee of the office, and the operator entered the office door.

"How are you, Mr. Hoyt?" said the superintendent as he grasped the operator's hand warmly. Mr. McCue, the big boss, as he was called by the foreigners, was not so large physically. He was a small man of ordinary features and grey eyes, but such are the inconsistencies of nature that sometimes the smallest physically are great in heart and mind. Care and toil had aged McCue prematurely.

"Very well, indeed, Mr. McCue, but sit down. I

want to talk with you for a moment or two and, by the way, help yourself to a cigar," and the operator handed his gold-mounted cigar case to the superintendent, who, selecting one and lighting it, prepared to listen to his superior.

"The profits of the last month, McCue, have not totaled as much as I expected. The Meadow mine brought in a profit last month of forty thousand dollars and it is the smallest and least productive of any of my mines. Now here at Mayoton last month, after all the expenses and the various salaries had been met, I only received thirty-five thousand dollars and this is, or rather has been, the best colliery that I own. There should have been at least fifty thousand dollars instead of thirty-five. What's the trouble?"

McCue fidgeted a little in his chair and then, seeing that an answer was expected, responded slowly:

"It's true that this colliery is the best, I believe, and should be the most profitable, but there is no one reason that I can give as the complete cause of the shortage. The mines are working half time and the miners, on account of the half time are not buying so much out of the store as in former times, at least so Mr. Brame reported to me. Henry, the docking boss, has not docked so many cars this last month, because I told him not to dock unless the cars contained too much slate. It's this way, Mr. Hoyt, I have always desired to be fair to the men and to the company. I believe if I should run the mines as the Meadow mines are run there would be much more profit, but my conscience won't allow me to do that."

"Of course, I don't desire you to do anything against your conscience, McCue," said Hoyt fidgeting a little in his turn, for he knew the methods used by Superintendent Brown of the Meadow mine; "but the mines ought to pay better and the store ought to pay better. You say the men are not buying so much. It seems ungrateful in them not to patronize the company that gives them work and feeds their little ones. I don't

want to think that there is any inefficiency in you, Mr. McCue, but things must pay better. There must be larger profits, and now see what you can do this month," and Hoyt after a few more words arose and departed. McCue watched the operator step into his carriage and drive away.

"That's the way it always is," he said to himself and yet half aloud. "The superintendent is between the upper and nether millstones. The miner blames the superintendent if there's the least cut in the wages or the least fault of any kind, and the operator hauls him over the coals if there's the least shortage. If the superintendent tries to do what's fair to the men and give them their just dues he can't hand over as much surplus profit to the operator as his other and less scrupulous superintendents can; and then there is an implied threat of removal for inefficiency. I suppose Hoyt didn't mean it that way but it sounded cousin-like to the word 'sack.' Now Hoyt, in the main, is a good man and a sincere, honest fellow but he pays no attention to the welfare of the mining classes nor to his mines either, except to the ledgers and finance. As long as miners have enough to eat he thinks they ought to be satisfied. He forgets that they have to pay doctors and buy books and have a bank account for a rainy day. He considers only the income and not the men that make it for him. The only way I can see to increase the profits of the mine is to increase the output of coal or cut the men, dock them unconsciously, and make them buy more out of the store. The former is impossible at this time when the market is flooded with coal and the other," and McCue shook his head, "I can't do that."

Oh, ye operators, who sit in comfortable city offices, who see nothing but the columns of your ledgers, who consider your mines as nothing more than pieces of huge machinery to turn out profits for yourselves, who, when you visit your industries, visit only your superintendent's office and his ledger account and con-

sider not the welfare of your people, contemplate your criminal negligence. Operators are, in the main, charitable, kind hearted, and ready to assist when any benevolent enterprise meets their attention. The fault is not in the lack of the heart but in a woeful and voluntary ignorance of the condition and needs of the men under them. A colliery does not come up to the owner's anticipations and then the superintendent is commanded to make things more remunerative, no matter how he does it. The superintendent, in order to come up to the inconsiderate demands of his superior, must urge on the mine foremen and store superintendent to make things pay better or the superintendent loses his position. The mine foremen and bosses must urge on the men beneath them or they lose their positions. The store superintendent must sell more or lose his position, and so the screwing and tyrannizing policy goes on. If the expense of running the mine is less in any one department one month than the previous one an effort must be made to make it still lower. Eventually it reaches the miners' wages and then follows—a strike.

Monarchy,—the most absolute monarchy extant, could gain points of inestimable value from a careful study of the anthracite coal mine. The monarch is the operator who makes exorbitant, ignorant demands of his prime minister, the superintendent. The superintendent must comply or lose his position, and in order to comply must cut the men's wages and afflict them, and the bosses must obey or give place to men who will.

Mr. Hoyt drove briskly into the city. That evening as he was snugly ensconced by the study fire (the fall having set in rather cold, a fire had been made in the study grate) his man-servant came in and announced a visitor.

"Show him in," said Mr. Hoyt, for the operator was not inaccessible outside of business hours. A moment or two elapsed and then the person was ushered in.

Short, broad shouldered, forty years of age or more, his forehead low, broad, with a mass of slightly curling black hair pendant over one side, was the visitor. His eyes were dark and scintillating and the broadness of forehead was in strict keeping with the heavy jaw and chin.

"Where could I have seen him before," thought Hoyt to himself. "In Colorado? No. At the seaside? No." Yet he had seen that face before. Where? Yes, now he remembered; it was the face in a picture he had seen once in an old castle in North Wales when he had been on one of his European trips. The picture was that of a Welsh chieftain who had made common cause with the Tudor on the field of Bosworth against Richard III. A man of determination and will power, thought Hoyt in summing up his reflections on the newcomer's appearance. The servant drew forward a chair and withdrew.

"Mr. Hoyt, my name is Gwynne—Owen Gwynne," said the newcomer and forthwith presented his card.

Mr. Hoyt took the proffered piece of pasteboard and glanced at it nonchalantly. "And what can I do for you, Mr. Gwynne?"

"I heard (never mind where) that your mine of Mayoton was not coming up to your expectations in the line of profits, and I just thought that I would interview you about the matter."

Mr. Hoyt's countenance flushed an angry red for he liked neither the stranger's demeanor nor the thought that any one was meddling with his business.

"To what reason am I to ascribe your interest in the matter?" he said gravely, while he scrutinized the man for a moment.

"Why, it's this way," said Mr. Gwynne, a little less briskly than formerly for he perceived that the operator was not well pleased with his manner. "I have had quite an experience in the conducting of mines and had I the charge of the Mayoton colliery I could guarantee you double the amount of its present income.

I could guarantee you at least sixty thousand dollars a month clear profit after all expenses were met."

Mr. Hoyt was immediately interested.

"You are sure of that?" he asked.

"Most certainly."

"And how would you manage to do it?"

"The whole mine should be run on different principles."

"What principles?"

"The mine should be run for the benefit of the operator so that he could receive the maximum of profits. A man naturally desires the very best interest from his investment, and he should have the maximum of profit, for it is his property and it is manifest that you are not receiving the maximum at the present time."

Again Hoyt frowned, but his displeasure left him, and he nodded his head and simply said, "Very true." But though he had thus assented to the statement made there was an uncomfortable feeling in his heart that it ought to be modified. Mr. McCue's talk about running a mine conscientiously had borne this fruit at least.

"If I should give you the position of superintendent for which I glean you are an applicant, and you should attempt to run the mines on the principles you have, do you think that the men would be satisfied?"

"Satisfied?" said Gwynne, carelessly, "to be sure they would be satisfied—they would have to be satisfied. Don't you do enough for them? You hire nurses for them when they are sick. You give them turkeys on Christmas and Thanksgiving Day. They have plenty to eat, plenty to wear, comfortable homes, plenty of work; what do they want more? All these I guarantee they shall have, and in addition, the Mayoton Coal Co. shall have a profit of at least sixty thousand dollars a month besides."

Hoyt's countenance brightened perceptibly, and then became cloudy and thoughtful. "Of course, I don't like to turn McCue off. He is honest and faith-

ful, but he can't be efficient, at least as efficient as I thought him to be, or the mine would be more remunerative than it has been of late." This the operator thought and said to himself mentally while Mr. Gwynne watched him narrowly.

"Well, Mr. Gwynne," he at last said aloud, "I will think over the matter and will let you know of my decision some time in the future,—that is, if you are at all time available. This is your permanent address?" he asked and gazed again at the card.

Mr. Gwynne answered in the affirmative and seeing that nothing further could be accomplished at that time, bowed himself out and took his departure.

Mr. Hoyt sat a long time in deep reflection and reverie.

"I have heard of this Gwynne. He was superintendent of the Prosperity Colliery in Schuylkill county. That colliery is shut down now. He didn't bear a very good reputation there, for on account of his methods of work all the men hated him, but the mine yielded a princely income to the owner. I don't like to turn McCue off for the miners all like him and the mines are tolerably successful under his care but I should think he could make them more remunerative and still do what is right. If this Mr. Gwynne," and here Hoyt again scanned the card, "can make sixty-five thousand dollars a month, I don't see why McCue can't make more than thirty-five thousand. We'll see, we'll see how McCue does this next month," so saying the operator dismissed the topic from his mind for the time being.

## CHAPTER IX.

## A NUMBER ONE TRAGEDY.

WITH the advance of fall the market was relieved of its surfeit and the mine of Mayoton began to work full time, and so it continued throughout the winter and McCue was enabled, by the increased demand, to bring the profits up to a more satisfactory figure.

Early spring had once more come. The fetters, icy and frigid, of winter had been broken. Under mild penetrating temperature the hills and mountains vomited forth floods of water on whose tumultuous surface careered insanely chaotic masses, rafts, pyramids, and what not, of snow and half melted ice. Water, water, muddy, turbid, and pregnant with slush, polluted the highways and by-paths and changed picturesque Mayoton of the winter into a sodden, doughy, desolate plain, unenlivened by a single speck of greenness. There was mire and mud in streets and gardens. Housewives scrubbed and scolded and scrubbed again. Cellars became miniature lakes to the delight of the small boy with his mother's tub for a steam-boat. To augment the discomfiture of the half drowned earth the clouds of heaven belched and drizzled, gushed and poured incessantly for weeks, until it seemed that even root-life was so chilled and dank as never to recover from this pelting sweat of the elements. Every dawn witnessed an amber mist on the eastern horizon which was transformed into a luminous opaline radiance when penetrated by the first refracted rays of the sun and then the hues would deepen, until finally a blood-red sun would arise attended by floating banners and stream-

ers of brilliant carmen, stretching north and south in sinuous lines like the ensanguined ranks of a victorious army, returning from the field of conquest. It was sublime and yet gruesome, portending some ill, as some thought, to the neighborhood. To this day the period is remembered by the people of Mayoton. Rain—the period had not a precedent. Old men and housewives would gaze at the bloody sun and shake their heads and mutter, “more rain to-day—never saw the like.”

The sulphur creek which carried all the water from the hills and that which was pumped from the mines above Mayoton, running due west midway between the north and south coal basins of Mayoton, was full to overflowing. The water was up to the top of the banks, a great, wide, murky, inky torrent, oscillating and heaving with hidden power, yet rushing swiftly onward. Boss Bruice called Tom Penhall's attention to it. “Like a river, isn't it, Tom?”

“Doant like it, Bruice, boy. It is too near the mines.”

“Won't hold much more, Tom.”

Boss Tom shook his head and, approaching the slope, walked down the manway. At the bottom there was no light in sight and so he hastened into the northwest gangway and ascended the manway of O'Donnel's breast. O'Donnel was busy putting in the hole.

“Top solid, O'Donnel?”

“No, a trifle loose.”

“Dangerous?”

“Yes, Tom, I think it is,” answered O'Donnel.

“Take care, lad, doesn't 'ee get hurt. The next breast inside you get after this is finished.”

“All right, Tom.”

“The gangway men must drive a little farther first, though. Now mind, O'Donnel, boy, will 'ee? mind the top and be careful how 'ee put in they holes.”

In the gangway at the foot of O'Donnel's breast

Philip Phillips and a few of his men were assembled. They had stopped for a moment to converse with a miner near by.

"Hallo, Tom—Hallo-o-o-o-o, Tom! Hallo, Tom, Tom!" came a voice far down the gangway and far in the distance could be seen the bobbing light of a mule lamp, gyrating and undulating in a most unaccountable and eccentric manner.

"If that's the trip coming in, it's the fastest on record," said one.

Nearer and nearer came the light, and louder and shriller and more petulant came the cries until the apparition took the appearance of George Penryn mounted on the great mule Boxer. Boxer had been doing his level best over the rough ties of the gangway and appeared pretty well fagged out when George drew up at the foot of O'Donnel's breast.

"Well, George, are 'ou trying to train old Boxer for the race-track?" asked Philip humorously.

"Where's Tom?"

"Tom will not give 'ou any money on Boxer," continued Philip still jokingly.

"Find Tom, I tell you. The creek has burst into the mine and the whole mine will be drowned out in an hour or so."

The humorous expression passed off the face of Philip in an instant, and the next moment, rotund and fat as he was, he was pushing up the manway of O'Donnel's breast at break-neck speed. He had seen Tom go up there shortly before and no time was to be lost. The horror of the situation flashed on the mind of the Welshman and caused him to redouble his efforts. Up and up, and on and on, falling and rising, shouting, "Tom, Tom!" A few lights burst forth in view at the head of the breast. They were the flames of O'Donnel's and Boss Tom's mining lamps.

"What's the matter with 'ee, man?" said Tom, as Philip burst into view.

"The creek has burst into the mine, Tom!"

Down hastened Tom with O'Donnel and Philip at his heels.

In the gangway George told him rapidly and more specifically, his short sentences punctuated by the pantings of big Boxer, that the creek had broke into an old cave-in on the east side and was pouring in a regular torrent down the south-east gangway.

Tom ran to the top of the second lift and shouted to the driver boss, Sandy, through the speaking tube.

"'Allo, 'allo-o-o-o, Sandy, Sandy!"

"Hallo," came a faint voice from the depths of the second lift.

"Tell all hands to come up right away, Sandy. The creek 'as burst into the mine; 'ee can't work down there; all the water will go there and 'ee'll be drowned like rats in a trap. Tell Mike to set the pumps all running and see that all the men come out, and come out in a hurry. Do 'ee 'ear?"

"Yes, all right," came the answer.

Tom wheeled around and started on a rush down the gangway, shouting to George and the others as he passed them. "George, you and the men get all the men out of this gangway as quick as 'ee can and then get out yourselves," and away went the boss to the foot of the slope.

Crowds of miners and timbermen were already there when the boss reached the bottom of the slope, and the incoming torrent from the tunnel was already nearly seven inches deep.

"Here's Tom! A bad job, Tom," and similar expressions were heard on all sides as Tom came into view.

"Lads, we can't work here to-day. That creek will fill the mine in a few hours. Are all the men out of the south gangways?"

"Number 101, the Hunk and his butty, and Number 60 and his butty are in," said Mike Maloney, one of the road-men, "the rest are all out I believe."

"I'll go in and get them," said Tom, "and now, men,

look sharp. 'Ere, Jimmy, you and some of the men go into the northeast gangway and warn all the men out. George is already in the other gangway and the men in the second lift have all been warned. All the breast men must come out or they will be shut in like rats in a trap. Look sharp, men, and hurry," so saying, Boss Tom rushed off through the tunnel to the south side. It was like the old hero that he was, to take upon himself the most dangerous mission—the going to the remotest part of the mine, risking his own life for that of four foreigners. On the way he collided with another rapidly moving body and the impact was such that it sent the other with a splash into the water. He arose, sputtering and dripping. It was Adam Bogel, the Hungarian driver.

"Come along, Adam; I need 'ee," exclaimed Tom, and away he rushed through the rapidly rising waters closely followed by Adam, who, in common with many others, would have followed Tom to death. The tunnel was passed and they had emerged into the south side gangways.

"Stop," said Tom as they arrived at the foot of a breast, "here es where Number 101 works. Go up, Adam, and tell him and 'is butty to come down and then wait for me. I'm going up into 60's breast."

Adam, in pursuance of Tom's commands, ascended 101's breast and Tom going in still farther, ascended the manway of 60's.

"'Allo, Sixty, 'allo-o-o-o!"

"What you want?" came a broken English voice from away up the breast.

"Come down and tell your butty to come down," bawled Boss Tom, in a stentorian voice.

"All right, Mr. Tom."

Soon the Hungarian and his butty hurried down and they all joined Adam and the occupants of 101's breast who were already in the gangway.

"No work to-day," explained Tom, "creek burst into the mine."

"All miners out?" asked 101.

"I doant knaw," responded Tom; "here, 60, you and 101 go up every breast and see that the men are all out and, Adam, you come with me and see the other gangway."

Tom and Adam retraced their steps to the tunnel and entered the southeast gangway. The water had doubled itself in volume since their entrance into the south side and was now tearing along in a torrent that was hard to stem. Up the breasts they went; here and there they found miners away up and yelled to them to come down. These with Tom and Adam warned the others. Onward they went, the current becoming still stronger until the roar of a cataract met their ears, and they observed in the lambent light of their mining lamps the dashing spray, mingled yellow and black in hue, of the flood pouring down with fiendish impetuosity from an old abandoned breast. The stream was so violent that some of the miners held to the props for support.

"Any one behind?" roared Tom, trying to make himself heard above the dashing sound of the waters.

"Nope," shouted Adam in his ear, "them all come out with me."

"Well, les go, boys," and, suiting the action to the word, they began to retrace their steps, the flood assisting them along. At the entrance of the tunnel, they found 60 and a few miners from the other gangway awaiting them and together they started on their way back to the foot of the slope. The water was knee-deep and was fast rising.

A shout, loud and glad, greeted Tom and his men as they emerged from the tunnel at the bottom of the slope. It came from a crowd of rescuers from the other gangways that were there congregated, awaiting him.

"All out?" asked Tom.

"I believe so," answered Jimmy and George.

"Men in the second lift up?"

"Yes."

"Well, boys, you can go too. But stop,—are the mules all out?"

"No."

"Too bad that! Well, we must get them 'out. The mules in the second lift are drowned by this time and we can't 'elp they, but the mules here we must get up some 'ow. I suppose we must drive them up the mule-way."

"Will they go up, Tom?" asked some one.

"They must. Come, boys, look sharp."

The mules in this slope were always taken up and down, when necessary, in cars, specially constructed and called mule-cars; they were seldom taken up, however, and some had been down for years. Recently a mule-way was driven up to the surface. The pitch in some places was very great. Each of the men took hold of a mule by his rough bridle. The animals were a little frightened by the rushing waters.

"I believe the whole creek is coming in now," said George.

"Lively, now, lads, or we shall be caught."

The water was rising perceptibly. Quickly boys and men moved into the northeast gangway with the water swirling almost up to their hips. Speaking now and then to quiet the animals, they traversed the gangway until they reached the dark cavernous ascent of the mule-way. The water was not so deep here as it was up grade.

"Up, Boxer," said George who was in advance, but Boxer wouldn't budge.

"Try another, boys, quick!" exclaimed Tom. Some went up but others were stubborn, not being accustomed to the ascent. Some laid their ears back and kicked at the drivers and their snapping whips. Tom yelled, the Hungarians yelled, the drivers bawled and pulled.

"Hitch the ones that won't go up to the others," said Tom.

This was quickly effected and the refractory animals having a leader were willing to follow. It was no child's play, however, as the way up was steep and even though hitched to others they were sometimes inclined to be stubborn. Probably for the first time in all his life Boss Tom was compelled to resort to a little cruelty, though, as he said afterward it wrung his heart to do it. Some means must be used to save the mules' lives. Placing his flaming lamp upon the end of a pole, he touched the mules up with it when they became excessively stubborn and the lagging animals feeling the heat would have a sudden inspiration to proceed forward. A shout from George, who was in advance, proclaimed the approach to the surface and a moment or two afterward a glimmer of light, daylight, was seen before them. A minute or two later all were upon the surface where were assembled a large crowd of men, women, and children.

About four o'clock that afternoon, the men were once more assembled at the slope mouth, but many now dressed in their clean clothes; assembled there out of curiosity to ascertain the increase of water. Superintendent McCue, Boss Tom Penhall, Machine Boss Lewis, Mike Clyde, the pumpman, Engineer Big Bill Smith, and other officials were discussing the situation.

"Can't stop the water from flowing in?" asked McCue.

"Creek too high," answered Lewis.

"Good job—the men all out," said Tom.

"Yes," said McCue, "it was thoughtful of you, Tom, to get the men and mules out."

"If the whole creek had burst in at once every one would have been drowned, except the men up the breasts and they would be starved to death," said Clyde.

"It 'pears that only a small stream came in first, then it became bigger," said Tom. "I tell 'ee, McCue,

they miners worked hard to get all the men out, and so did Jimmy and George and Adam."

"Who discovered it first?" asked McCue.

"Adam," replied Tom. "He told the miners inside of the cave-in and they came out to look at it; by that time it was a bit bigger. They escaped by doing it, for when we got there we couldn't get any farther. You see they worked in the end of the southeast gangway and when we got to the place where the water was coming in, we found it was like Niger Falls."

McCue smiled a little at Tom's pronunciation of Niagara Falls and then asked, "Well, who told you?"

"Adam told George and he came racing in on the back of Boxer. Good job he did or the men in the second lift would be all drowned by this time."

"Well, Tom, I am glad no men are shut in," said McCue.

"We can thank God that the whole creek didn't burst in at once," murmured Tom and then louder, "I tell 'ee, McCue, when 'ee see Hoyt, tell 'im about George, Jimmy, and Adam, the Hunk. They are good boys."

"I'll mention it to Hoyt and he won't forget it."

"Mules in the second lift drowned by this time," said Clyde.

"We forgot until too late about they," added Tom.

"We couldn't get them in the car and the regular mule car wasn't down," said Clyde.

There was a commotion among a crowd of people at some distance and they were rushing up to McCue and the men around him.

"What is this, Tom?" asked McCue. In the center of the crowd was a woman, a Hungarian woman, a Mrs. Gusha.

"Mr. Boss, Oh, Mr. Boss," she cried, in great distress, while the tears rolled down her face, "Mike, my Mike, him in slope!"



“ Oh, Mr. Boss, — Mike, my Mike, him in slope ! ”  
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## CHAPTER X.

## THE RESCUE OF MIKE GUSHA.

**M**AN in the slope," cried Boss Tom, in some agitation. "No! who is he?"  
"Mike Gusha, Number 20," answered some one.

Superintendent McCue approached and questioned the woman. "When did Mike go to work?"

"Him go before the whistle blow this morning and—and—him no come back—him no come back. Oh—Oh—Oh—him no come back!" and the woman in the excess of her grief threw her apron over her head and sank upon the ground, moaning and crying in a most heartrending manner.

Adam Bogel and a crowd of other Hungarians appeared and the top of the slope was soon crowded. Boss Tom and Mike Clyde, the pumpman, hastened down the slope manway but after being absent fifteen minutes or so, returned. The gangways were not only full of water but the manway also was partly filled. Old Boss Tom's countenance was sad and dejected. Throughout his long period as a mine foreman, no man had lost his life or had been injured through his fault. The safety of the men had been his care, and his record had been his pride. Now he thought that through some palpable neglect of duty he had unwittingly caused all this trouble. Bosses and miners gathered around Tom and McCue. There was a tense and excited feeling.

"Where did he work, Tom?" asked McCue.

"The Fourteenth breast in the northwest gangway, in the first lift," he answered sadly.

"Who worked with him? where is his laborer?" asked McCue.

"Here him is," cried Adam Bogel, as he dragged a Hungarian who had only been in the country six months into the presence of McCue.

"Question him, Tom," said McCue.

"'Ow did 'ee get out and leave Mike behind?" said Tom. The fellow seemed scared and dumbfounded and answered nothing.

"Ask him, Adam, where Mike is," said Tom turning to Adam Bogel. The latter fired a number of questions in his seemingly unintelligible jargon at the stupefied foreigner, and translated the results.

"Him say him come from breast; go for pick at blacksmith's shop; Mike drill hole for breast; him see water and him get afraid and run." Boss Tom's eyes flashed fire as this answer was translated to him, but what he would have said was curtailed by the approach of O'Donnel.

"Tom, I saw this Hunk and told him to tell Mike to come down at once, and then I went in to tell the other men."

"Tell him what O'Donnel says," said McCue.

Again Adam acted as interpreter with the same results. The fellow seemed scared and dumb. His intelligence seemed paralyzed. Tom was disgusted and indignant.

"Ah, drat the man! I'll never 'ave a man in the mine that can't speak English. Mike begged me to give un a job;—but, McCue, we must get Mike out and quick."

"Well, Tom, what do you suggest?"

"Stop the creek from flowing in the mine and drive through the pillar between the manway and the first breast; then go through the breasts and headings; but, McCue, the creek must be stopped from flowing in, and quickly or 'e will be drowned."

"Well, go ahead, Tom, as quickly as you can."

"Here, O'Donnel, Gallagher," shouted Tom, "get

drills, shovels, and picks." The men responded eagerly to his call. The drills and other tools were procured and Tom, followed by O'Donnel, started down the manway, directing Penryn and Gallagher in the meantime to prepare some powder and then change to their mining clothes.

During this time, at Philip's suggestion, McCue ordered the surveyor to locate Mike's breast on the surface, and sink a shaft there; Clyde and Lewis, boss of the Chain gang, and his men were engaged in putting in pumps in the slope and mule-way; and Boss Bruice and a large gang of men were sent to stop the water from flowing in the cave-in. The cave-in was about forty feet from the creek. The banks of the creek were very low here and the surrounding land still lower, so that when it overflowed it quickly found its way into the old cave-in. From twelve o'clock the men had tried to dam it back into its natural channel, but in vain. When the dam of stout boards was half way across, the pressure became too great, and with a crash and a roar, boards and timber were swept into the yawning pit.

The greatest activity was now manifested by all. Penryn and Gallagher were in the manway ready to relieve Tom and O'Donnel when they were exhausted. At the shaft, a double set of men were ready to relieve each other. In the meantime at the top of the slope, many Hungarian women tried to comfort Mrs. Gusha.

"Him all right. They get him out. Him all right," they constantly averred. "Him be all safe," they assured her. "Did Big Boss, did him say so?" asked the woman between her sobs. McCue heard her question and turned around. The big heart of the kind Irish superintendent was touched by her appealing look of unutterable anguish and woe. Taking her by the hand he lifted her up from the ground. "Yes, yes, Mrs. Gusha, we'll get him out. Yes, I say so and

now you go home and trust the matter to us and don't worry."

So saying, the superintendent hurried off to see what progress the shaft men and the men under Bruice at the creek were making. But Mrs. Gusha, though she was comforted by these assurances that she had received from the "big boss," as the Hungarians called the superintendent, did not leave her position at the head of the slope.

McCue found that the men had made but little progress in the minute shaft that they were making over Gusha's breast; they had easily penetrated to the rock which was close to the surface, but the rock was exceedingly like adamant in structure and, after a few hours' work, McCue gave them orders to desist, for it was evident that the shaft plan was a failure. All hopes were now centered upon the tunnel through the pillar from the slope manway to the first breast of the northwest gangway, which was indeed the most feasible plan from the very beginning.

The men under Bruice at the sulphur creek were making but poor headway and so now Phillips and his men, relieved from farther operations at the shaft, united their efforts to those of Bruice's men at the creek. The creek was still pouring into the old cave-in, but in not such abundance as formerly. The pumps were working to their full capacity but the water in the mine was gaining slowly. Efforts were redoubled.

But now an unforeseen, but not unexpected thing happened. The rain that had ceased for the greater part of the day, again began. The water in the creek began to increase in volume and the works of clay around the old cave-in were gradually sapped and showed strong signs of collapse. Bruice was giving up in despair. He did not see the reason why such strenuous efforts should be made, either, to save the life of one ignorant Hungarian. He would willingly have worked his fingers off to save the mine but the mine was already drowned out. Word was brought to McCue and that

stout little man of authority, giving everything at the tunnel into the trusty hands of Boss Tom, hastened to the scene of Bruice's operations. Before going, however, his alert eye caught sight of a ne'er to be forgotten scene at the slope mouth.

The Rev. Kossuth Husser, the pastor of the Hungarian Lutheran church of which Gusha was a member, had come upon the scene and was preparing to hold a service of prayer for the safety of his parishioner. The sturdy form of the priest with his rugged, earnest face and reddish hair, standing surrounded as he was by his simple, uncultured flock, all kneeling in the rain, is impressed firmly upon every one's mind even to this day. McCue, though a Roman Catholic, paused for a moment and then hastened over to the group.

"Father," he said, touching Husser's arm respectfully, "pray that the rain may cease and we can get him out." Husser nodded and McCue hastened away upon his mission.

Reaching the scene of the cave-in, the situation was taken in at a glance.

"Bruice, cut down some of these trees and throw them into the cave-in and throw bales of hay in; block that hole up in anyway you can; and you, Thomas, Dolan, Curnow and about twenty others get picks and shovels and follow me. We must turn the creek into another channel."

The plan was a very feasible one. McCue had thought of it at first, but deemed the protecting of the old cave-in a more necessary one, and thought that it would be sufficient. Now he perceived that the creek, or a portion of it, must be turned out of its course or the other work would be ineffectual.

"Hurry men," exclaimed McCue, and set them a good example by starting off on a run to the destined place. After proceeding up the creek for about a mile or so, they came upon the first place that there was any chance of dividing the strength of the stream without doing any greater damage to the mine of Mayoton.

McCue, himself, not only took charge of the operations but handled a pick and at times a shovel with his men. Forgotten was his position, forgotten the dignity of his office, in the face of a grave disaster to one of his men and that one a poor, ignorant Hungarian. His actions were an inspiration to the men, and to this day the miners have not forgotten the kind hearted superintendent, but speak of him with reverence and love. He, a man of education and high position, whose hands had become softened by labor in the office, working like an ordinary miner among miners! Digging, shoveling, panting, sweating and wearing the skin off his hands, striving to turn the strong current of the stream.

"I tell 'ee, buoy," said old Dicky Curnow, afterwards relating the story to some of his friends who were not present, "it were amazing to see him, McCue, a laboring and working like a steam-shovel. 'E were not a cursing and a swearing like Boss Bruice, but sweating and working and when 'e would speak to the men, 'e would do it sharp and kind-like. 'Come, lads,' he would say to 'urry us up a bit, 'us must work hard ef us is going to get that poor 'Ungarian out.' And 'im the superintendent and a getting four thousand dollars a year, too! I tell 'ee it was grand. McCue is a good un. 'E bees a Christian, I knaw it." And old Dicky in relating the tale would nod his head in an affirmative and emphatic manner.

But McCue was not the only hero of the occasion. In the heading that was rapidly being made, old Boss Tom was working and directing his men. The Pillar was thicker than any of the other pillars of the mine and only two men could work, side by side, in the narrow heading that they were driving. Some of the hands were constantly busy getting rid of the debris that would accumulate. O'Donnel, Penryn, and Gallagher would frequently relieve each other when weary; but Tom, stout old hero, notwithstanding all efforts to the contrary, refused to give up his place to any one.

"I don't belave we shall find him alive, Tom," said O'Donnel.

"I can't say; but I tell 'ee, we must 'ave air 'ere or we shall 'ave black damp. 'Ere, Penryn and Gallagher, get some men to put a fan up and run some air in 'ere. Doan't 'ee think we need it, O'Donnel?"

"Yes I do, Tom."

"'Urry, boys," shouted Tom. Penryn and Gallagher left the entrance of the heading and others took their places. A fan and pipes were soon up and a strong current of air was rushing refreshingly into the heading.

"Now, boys," said Tom, as he rubbed his hands together and then grasped the drill. "That air strengthens us; a chaw of 'bacca, Gallagher, Frismuth."

Gallagher promptly handed over the desired article, and Tom and O'Donnel having helped themselves, hurled the drills with all their strength against the wall of coal. Again and again did the sharp iron bars cut and bite the coal until two deep holes were made. Penryn and Gallagher quickly filled them with powder; they were lighted; the men ran up the manway; a loud report followed and the tunnel or heading was two feet nearer the imprisoned man. Thus the work went on.

At seven o'clock, George Penryn brought in his father's supper and also a well filled bucket, that Mrs. Penhall had packed for Boss Tom. But Boss Tom took no time to eat. At twelve o'clock that night a new force of men took the places of O'Donnel and the others, but the sturdy boss still kept at his post, not only incessantly directing but assiduously working with his own hands. Tom's experience as a practical miner and rock man, gained in his early days, now stood him in good stead. About two o'clock in the morning, McCue, having succeeded in turning a portion of the creek and the rain having ceased, consigned things up the creek into the hands of old Dicky Curnow. At the place of overflow, Bruice had been able with trees, clay, and bales of hay, to close the cave-in and then to turn the stream,

now reduced two thirds, into its old channel, after which work he went home. McCue after inspecting the work of Bruice wended his way down the manway to the heading operations.

"How far is she in, Tom?"

"Almost through," answered Tom from the deep recesses of the heading.

"He's not had a bit of rest or anything to eat since yesterday at dinner time," said one of the outside hands to McCue.

"What!" exclaimed McCue, and then turning to the mouth of the heading he shouted, "I say, Tom, come out and rest and eat something."

"Ay, I'll be out after a bit; I can't leave just yet a bit," came the answer and McCue, knowing that his subaltern knew more of practical mining than he did himself, did not press the point.

At dawn the following day, the old force of men returned and the work was pressed with unabated vigor, until after laboring fourteen hours in all, those outside in the manway heard a great shout from the workers. "She's through!" and such indeed proved to be the case. Brandy, ropes, blankets and lights were on hand in the excited hands of waiting men, and no sooner was the news proclaimed than with a rush they entered the heading, pressed on and emerged into the manway of the first breast, but there all stopped in dismay. Yawning like a pit and mammoth-like in dimensions and one-third full of water, the first breast seemed an impassable barrier. By the great number of lights the roof was seen dimly, forty feet above, and above the surface of the water arose the upper part of the breast floor pitching at an angle of seventy-two degrees. Nothing could gain a footing on that slippery, slimy ascent.

"Tom," yelled Penryn, "must we cut steps across?" ready with pick in hand.

Tom glanced down and then above.

"Lads, 'tes a pretty steep place, but we must stretch

ropes across; tie the rope to a prop here, and tie the end of un over there; then only the sure footed go over by the rope. One of 'ee must swim across and catch the rope as it is thrown across. Who can swim?"

Clyde volunteered and accompanying Boss Tom entered the water with lights burning on their caps illuminating the dark waste. They finally emerged upon the other side. Up the old manway stairs they hastened in their wet, clinging garments, and when opposite the parties on the other side, with a swish, a whir, the rope was flung over and duly made fast to a stout prop on their side; and the more daring of their companions clambered over the steep incline.

"Tom, how can we get Mike across? He will be too weak to climb," said Clyde.

"'Ee are right there," thoughtfully said Tom. "I tell 'ee, boys, build a small raft in each breast but 'ee must come across by the rope or the blankets will get wet, and we may need them. Now I'll go ahead to find Mike and 'ee come just as quickly as 'ee can." The boss left them and disappeared into another heading leading into the second breast of that gangway. This breast he likewise swam; and thus swimming the breasts, climbing the manways and passing through the headings, he reached the breast of Gusha. Up the manway he went searching the headings and shouting aloud the name of Mike. At the top or face of the breast he almost stumbled over the apparently inanimate form of the imprisoned Hungarian. An army of rats, great Norway rats, scampered away, squeaking, into the darkness. A shudder went through the frame of the boss as he stooped down and shook the man by the shoulder. There was no response to the effort and then he perceived blood on the prostrate man's head; and by a closer examination, saw that his ear was partly gnawed off by the rats.

"Poor fellow, they were ready to eat 'im up," groaned the boss. The rats gaining courage from the silence grew bolder and approached closer, whereupon

Tom hurled great pieces of coal at them that scared them back and with crashing, bumping, reverberating sound, rattled down the breast and plunged with a dull, muffled splash into the water below.

"Wish I 'ad the whiskey," thought the boss as he began to chafe the hands of the prostrate man.

"Hallo, Tom, hallo-o-o-o, Tom," came voices from a distance. Tom lifted up his head and shouted back, "'Allo-o-o; I've found 'im; 'urry up."

The noise of many feet was heard ascending the manway; lights were seen bobbing and flashing below him; then the sound of voices and on came the crowd of rescuers.

"Is he hurt, Tom?" came from all sides.

"He must 'ave fallen and 'urt 'is 'ead," responded Tom. Blankets were placed under the unconscious man and a little brandy forced between his teeth. There was the returning flush of life in his face and more brandy was given him. "They would 'ave eaten 'im alive if I hadn't come in time," whispered Tom to Clyde, as they chafed his hands and wrists.

"What, rats?" asked Clyde.

"Yes, rats; look at his ear."

Mike now opened his eyes and a half insane look, terrifying, appeared in them which gradually disappeared. "Mr. Tom," he murmured.

Boss Tom grasped his hand while he smiled through a mist that gathered in his eyes. "'E are all right, now, Mike," he said reassuringly.

More brandy was given to him and he sat up and spoke a little. He never knew that the water was in until he went below for a piece of bread. He had sent the laborer for a pick at the blacksmith's shop. When he went down the manway he had found the gangway almost full. He became scared and crawled up to the face of the breast. The oil was in the first heading, and it was soon covered with water so that he could not get at it. His lamp burnt out for want of oil and he had been in darkness for hours. The rats

were running and squeaking about, and in moving in the darkness he had fallen and remembered nothing more. Such was the information they gleaned from him as they sparingly gave him food. After he had partaken a little they helped him down the manway, for he was very weak, and then carried him through the heading. In the next breast they found a large crowd of miners. There was laughter and smiles and shouts when it was realized that Mike was alive, though very weak. What joy there was on all sides! A raft was in waiting for the injured man and he was placed upon it and pushed across. On the other side, another crowd of miners were waiting and it was with the utmost effort that Tom prevailed upon them to not smother Mike in their eagerness to shake hands with him. Tom scolded, and the joyous fellows laughed and capered. A raft, in accordance with Tom's instructions, had been made in each breast and by the aid of these he was ferried across, while willing hands carried him through the headings. The great bulk of rescuers clambered across the breasts above the dark flood by means of the ropes stretched from prop to prop; like monkeys they appeared, the lights on their caps bobbing and flaming and they themselves chattering and joking in the excess of their glee. The somber sadness of the night and day before was ended, and they were but experiencing the reaction.

About eleven o'clock the rescuers with their charge appeared upon the surface. An immense crowd awaited them and sent up a shout that rent the heavens upon the first sight of the pale-faced and exhausted Mike. Mrs. Gusha laughed and cried. The Hungarians and others threw up their caps and cheered again and again. Boss Tom and McCue smiled cheerfully and something like a tear appeared in the eye of the former as they viewed the scene. When there appeared upon a stump the figure of a bold, blue-eyed, red-haired man, and there was enthusiasm in his very gaze. 'Twas Red Jerry Andra.

"Men," he shouted, "three cheers for our superintendent, who worked the skin off his hands turning the creek and saved the mine from being completely drowned out," and he pointed to the figure of McCue.

The cheers were heartily given.

"And three cheers for our old boss, Tom Penhall," continued Jerry, "who didn't eat a bite for twenty-four hours and didn't rest 'is arm until Mike was brought to the surface."

Again the air was rent with the cheering of hundreds, and then old Tom, worn with exertion, his countenance blackened with toil and the grime of powder smoke, and his garments still wet with his swimming the breast-floods, held up a coal blackened hand for silence. There was a glorious light on his rugged honest countenance, and they were all hushed into silence.

"Lads, les give thanks to God." The Rev. Kossuth Husser, who had not quit the scene, taking the hint, lifted up his hands and said in simple English: "Let us pray."

Notwithstanding mud and the pools of water, the Hungarians dropped on their knees; the others bowed their heads reverently, and Husser gave vent to a prayer of devout thankfulness. But the English was not adequate enough for his purpose, and so after a few minutes he swept with the force of a tornado into the Slavonian tongue. It seemed that that tongue was never so dignified as then in the ears of all present, "A Jargon," Tom had often said to himself as he heard two or more uncouth foreigners jabbering between themselves. But now, how different! The words of the prayer in the Hungarian tongue rolled like the sweet cadences of some great organ from the tongue of the scholarly, devoted priest. His figure became more dignified and expanded as the prayer rose and fell; the voice of the priest became stronger and more resonant and as the utterance of his prayer rolled on, his audience bowed their heads still lower until it seemed that an old prophet of Judea had emerged from the

gloom of the past to pray for nineteenth century people.

The prayer was ended. "Amen," said Boss Tom and old Dicky Curnow in half audible tones. The priest held his hands out in benediction, and the people returned in gladness to their homes. Boss Tom, though weary, hurried along with buoyant steps, a glad light on his coal blackened features. When near home the sun that had been hidden for the whole day burst forth into a glorious splendor of light from behind the clouds, as if rejoicing in the joy of Mayoton's populace; and old Tom, as if his feeling within must be let out in song, began humming his old favorite,—

"Sweeping through the gates of the New Jerusalem,  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

## CHAPTER XI.

## GOSSIP.

**I**T was some months after the drowning out of the mine of Mayoton and the mines had again resumed. It was Mrs. Penhall that was speaking. Mrs. Penhall was the wife of Boss Tom Penhall and was consequently listened to with a great deal of respect by her auditors. In addition to her husband's position, she lived in Quality Row and was considered a little better than the ordinary residents of the town of Mayoton. She was a good-natured, plain, English woman with a thrifty housewifely air and a trifle sharp and quick in her manner of utterance. There were also present Mrs. Dolan, the wife of breaker Boss Dolan, an Irish woman whom her daughter Mary very much resembled. Mrs. Dolan, since she lived in the row of unpainted houses behind the coal breaker, ("forninst the breaker" as Jimmy O'Donnel said) could not lay claim to the same prestige socially as could Mrs. Penhall, who lived in one of the large red houses of Quality Row. Mrs. Penryn was likewise present. Indeed it was Mrs. Penryn's own home in which they were all assembled, or rather in the shanty kitchen of the same. Mrs. Penryn felt highly honored to thus entertain Mrs. Penhall and Mrs. Dolan, for were not their husbands bosses and did not Mrs. Penhall live in Quality Row? Mrs. Dolan was more upon an equality. True, her husband was a boss and Mr. Penryn was an ordinary miner, but the row behind the breaker was not considered as esthetic a place of residence, nor as calculated to elevate one to a higher position of social prestige in the little community as the location of the Penryn home. The

houses behind the breaker were not painted, and most of them possessed neither fences nor the semblance of fences. Certainly Mrs. Dolan's home was larger and more convenient than the others, but, in point of respectability and pride, the locality was below the Penryn neighborhood. Mrs. Dolan felt it keenly and it had been her fond desire, for quite a long time, to dwell in a place in better keeping with her husband's position as a boss.

One, and not the least of the objections to their present neighborhood, was the fact of its being the favorite rendezvous of those bold, sagacious quadrupeds, the goats of the Hungarians and Italians. These venturesome, esthetic creatures found the laurel crowned eminence in the rear of the breaker row a perfect Eden of delight, prolific with edible ash-heaps and appetizing, discarded tin tomato cans. In the halcyon days of spring, these sequestered laurel groves were the haunts of the whole tribe. Here with attenuated bodies and pendulous beards, oscillating in the gentle breeze, they would gaze longingly and placidly upon the lines of laundry in the yards below, in the meantime delectably nibbling and digesting the editorial pages of some choice, yellow newspapers. There was constant battle between the women of the row and these animals, in which conflicts, though the latter were frequently victorious, the rights of belligerents were denied them. Their attacks were mainly conducted in Indian style. Wandering, apparently undesignedly in close proximity to the rows of white drapery they would, when the guards were removed, nibble cautiously at the forbidden feast to be only finally driven away with angry words and blows; whereupon they would betake themselves with haste to the hill region, and bleat out their defiance and indignation, or quietly ruminate upon the depravity and ferociousness of mankind. The contests were not all retreats, however, for oftentimes a war-like Billy would champion the cause of his companions and like the good old

knights of chivalry would dare the enemy to single combat. Indeed Billy was not always chivalrous, for once noticing Mrs. Gallagher bending over the clothes-basket, he charged boldly and had it not been for her husband, Mike, the story might have ended otherwise. Mike, hearing the war-cry of Bridget, rushed out, and, to use his own expression, "basted the baste." Mrs. Dolan seeing the affair, had another argument to use upon her husband.

"The goats are all roight, shure, only give thim a fair show," Dolan had said between the puffs of his pipe when the affair was mentioned to him.

"Show," said Mrs. Dolan in indignation, "would you have had Mike Gallagher not to have interfered when his poor wife was getting almost killed?"

"What I mane," said Peter stoically, "is that the goats should be housed and fed loike other animals and they wouldn't be so ruffianlike." Boss Dolan was not so esthetic in his taste as his better half, and neither did he care for the social prestige that a residence in Quality Row would confer upon his wife. All he knew and cared was that he had a comfortable home close to the breaker, his place of work, and these things sufficed for him.

So it was that Mrs. Penryn, in the gathering of the present occasion, esteemed Mrs. Dolan upon a par with herself on account of residence. Mrs. Penhall was, however, looked up to with attention since undeniably socially she was on a higher plane.

Mrs. Penhall was speaking and was speaking sharply, too. "Yes, and that Mrs. Phillips is one of the most careless, extravagant women in the whole town. Tom tells me that her husband, who has the contract in the gangway, has generally a pay of from seventy to a hundred dollars a month and yet she spends every cent of it."

"I know that she is very extravagant, but who would have thought that she could have spent all of that money in one month, too," said Mrs. Penryn.

"She spends too much upon herself and dresses those girls of hers up like fashion plates—to catch fellows, no doubt. I hear that that Belle is trying to catch your George, Mrs. Penryn," said Mrs. Dolan.

Mrs. Penryn flushed and said that George was too sensible to be caught by dress and finery alone.

"They try to imitate their betters," said Mrs. Penhall, with a toss of her head, "but they have got to learn yet that fine feathers never did make fine birds."

"I must say she's a foolish woman. Suppose her husband should get hurt or killed, what would she do then?" said Mrs. Penryn in a grave tone.

"Do," said Mrs. Penhall, "she would be compelled to throw off her fine clothes and take in washing, and the girls would have to do the same; they can't sew."

"Such a shame! and Mr. Phillips such a nice man and he works so hard; sometimes he comes home wet with sweat," murmured sympathetic Mrs. Dolan.

"She never ought to buy so much out of the company store; buy a little in town; but there are so many miners' wives that are careless, perhaps because they never pay cash but have it put down upon the book and kept out of their husbands' wages," said Mrs. Penryn.

"I'm afraid that Mrs. Phillips will regret her raising of Belle; look at Mrs. Thomas, she can't put a patch upon her husband's clothes. I tell you I don't like to gossip and pick flaws in one's neighbors, but it provokes me. I'll tell them both when I meet them, though Tom tells me not to," said Mrs. Penhall.

"Now there's our Mary," interjected Mrs. Dolan, "She can teach school and earn her own living."

"I taught Alice to sew the first thing," said Mrs. Penhall.

"Oh, Mary and Alice, they are the best girls in town. If Belle and Mrs. Thomas would take a lesson from them, it would be better," said Mrs. Penryn.

"Poor Ned," murmured Mrs. Dolan, "his mother warned him against going with that girl; but he mar-

ried her and it didn't matter what they said. She wouldn't thank you either for telling her anything. Thomas and Phillips deserve better wives."

"Well, if Phillips would do as Ned does—" jerked out Mrs. Penhall and then she checked herself as if she had said too much.

"Why," said Mrs. Dolan, "how's that?"

"I said something that I hadn't ought to tell," slowly responded Mrs. Penhall, "for Tom told me in confidence."

"Oh, we won't tell," said Mrs. Dolan coaxingly.

"Well, since I 'ave told some I suppose I may as well tell all, but mind, you mustn't breathe this to any one." Both her auditors nodded their heads and drew their chairs a little closer as they prepared to listen.

"Mind," said Mrs. Penhall, impressively, "for Tom would be very angry should he hear this again."

Renewed assurances were given and Mrs. Penhall began:

"You know how wasteful Ned Thomas' wife is. She spends every cent that he earns; she allows the children to waste food and they eat everything up at once, and so her husband never draws a cent. Tom told me that he turns in five extra days a month more than his laborer works and then his laborer gives him the money afterward and he puts it in the bank, and so he's trying to save money. But he couldn't do it if his wife knew it was there. She thinks that his whole pay is marked on his check. If Phillips would do that, he would be able to save some money too."

There were expressions of indignation from both auditors.

"She is certainly a pretty woman that her husband has to do that in order to save some money," asserted Mrs. Dolan.

The conversation went on. Molly Penryn excused herself and went into the house, the main building. She was absent but a short time and then returned.

"Come now and have a cup of tea; the table is

set." They all three left the shanty kitchen and entered the main room of the house where Molly had set out some of her prettiest dishes upon a snowy cloth.

"How pretty," ejaculated Mrs. Dolan. And it did look pretty. The cups and saucers of delicate English china, were adorned around the edges with various designs of delicately tinted roses and leaves. Mrs. Penryn smiled, well pleased. What woman does not like her dishes to be admired?

"Where did you get them?" asked Mrs. Dolan.

"They came from England. I always think the tea tastes better when you drink it out of a china, a real china cup,—one that you can see through," said Molly.

Mrs. Penryn cut the bread and poured the tea and then they all sat down.

"I shall tell Peter to buy me some china dishes," said Mrs. Dolan, "I do believe the tea tastes better, as you said."

There was a general smile at this remark of Mrs. Dolan.

"Do you know, Mrs. Penryn, that some people call you the model housekeeper?" added Mrs. Dolan.

"I never heard of it."

"Well, it's true. Jimmy O'Donnel came in one day and said he admired your rag-carpet, and that you were a model housekeeper," said Mrs. Dolan.

"Well, so she is," said Mrs. Penhall; "look at the house, all neat and clean; the furniture and everything plain but comfortable and, Mrs. Dolan, I never saw her yet in the evening without a white collar on."

"Oh, now, you mustn't flatter me. I've seen some hard times. You know how Ned was hurt in the mines; then he had the rheumatism; well, he was in the house over a year and no money coming in, but three dollars a week, lodge money, and they even cut that down after the six months to a dollar and a half a week. Doctor's bills, rent, coal and store-bill amounted to a big sum. It was necessary to be economical

and that's why everything is plain, you know. As for the collar, Ned likes to see it on me and so I wear it."

"You don't do yourself justice, Molly," said Mrs Penhall, "you worked and then you paid every cent of that big store bill, nearly a hundred dollars."

"Well, we owed it, we don't deserve credit for that."

"'Deed you do," said Mrs. Dolan, "and your house is quite cosy."

"Yes, and everything in the house, either she or Mr. Penryn made," added Mrs. Penhall.

"I like to see that," said Mrs. Dolan. "I have a large family and only Peter working, and yet I manage to put a little in the bank. A wife ought to be careful. It helps a man along when he knows that some little woman is at home doing all she can to make home comfortable and save some money."

"Such a woman is a helpmate, as the Bible says," said Molly.

"Changing the subject for a moment," ejaculated Mrs. Penhall, "it is rumored that McCue will leave soon."

"You don't say so," said Mrs. Penryn in surprise.

"No, I only say it is rumored."

"I hope not," said Mrs. Dolan, thoughtfully, "we'll never get a better one."

"Yes, see how he worked with the shovel when that Hungarian was shut in the mines," said Mrs. Penhall.

"What is the trouble between him and Hoyt?" asked Molly.

"Hoyt thinks more money ought to be made."

"I hope they'll not cut the wages," said Mrs. Penryn in alarm.

"Don't borrow trouble," said Mrs. Penhall.

"I wish those rich men would think a little about us; they have so much and we have so little and sometimes it seems they want a part of our little," sadly said Mrs. Penryn as she thought of the little white house with the green shutters and the grape vine.

"Oh, that is only a rumor," interjected Mrs. Dolan. "Where's Nellie?"

Light steps were heard coming around the house and in a moment more in came the black-eyed, rosy-cheeked maiden, who smiled and nodded pleasantly.

"Ah, here is the fairy," said Mrs. Penhall.

Nellie laughed—a gay, ringing little laugh, that made music in the house, and then said: "Alice would like to see you about the dress, Mrs. Penhall."

The little party arose and after inviting Mrs. Penryn up to take tea with them, the two women departed.

## CHAPTER XII.

## MISMATED.

MARRIAGE is one of the most sacred institutions of God and is conducive to happiness and longevity. "It is not good that man should be alone," says the sacred narrative and yet better alone than a misalliance. A judicious amount of common sense before the contract is formed is far preferable to a whole cargo of the philosophy of experience; a benedict knows afterward what he should have known before. Are marriages made in heaven? Surely not always for it seems that oftentimes they are made under the dominion of his Satanic Majesty, who desires an outpost of his court here on earth. Marriages are made under the auspices of heaven when heaven is importuned beforehand as to the results, and then man is to use his judgment. The average course is not so, however. The fond lover,—either the Romeo or Juliet,—thinks there is heaven enough on earth during the period of doves and orange blossoms without ever beseeching a blessing from heaven in addition. And yet how much of evil could be averted, if in the primary stages judgment should be used, heaven importuned, and "Be ye not unevenly yoked together," dwelt on.

The qualities of mind and heart, the disposition and training, heredity and family traits, all should be considered. A wife suitable for a farmer would not suit a professional man. Neither would a spendthrift suit one desirous of having a large bank account. A Christian man with a bad cook for a wife will in time have dyspeptic religion, and a wife with

a shrewish temper will in time make her husband as shrewish as herself, or cause him to lose what little manly spirit he has.

Some marry for love and get what they seek and little else. Some marry for love and money and get neither. Some marry for love without judgment and receive a little of each in return. Tennyson's Northern Farmer was right, when he cautioned his son about marrying the parson's lass for the highly cultured girl would not have suited the country bumpkin. In all cases judgment should be used in reference to all things and especially to habits and training. A spendthrift man may have his habits offset by a saving woman but when both are spendthrifts,—the poor-house is in sight.

Ned Thomas, jolly, fun-loving Ned, scarcely came under any of these heads. He had not married for money for he had gotten little of that commodity, neither had she. He had not married judiciously. He had neither considered heredity nor personal nor family traits. Mrs. Thomas was infinitely below his own position in life and below the intellectual and social standing of his own family. Ned had a fair education; his wife had none. He was thrifty and generous,—yes, generous to a fault. Had a tramp asked him for a dime he would have given him a dollar. When a boy working in the tannery, he often gave half his dinner to a prowling, sad-eyed dog on the plea, that, as he said, "The dog must have dinner." Mrs. Thomas was just the opposite; she was selfish, indolent, extravagant, a poor housekeeper and a wretched cook and the result was that a bank account was a thing only existing in the imagination. Pay after pay came, and good pays, but, beyond handsome furniture, there was very little else to show. There was no surplus bank account to be utilized on a rainy day. Ned was always poorly clad and his clothes seldom mended. Twice as much food was used as would suffice a family twice as large,—the result of wastefulness and

extravagance. No other man but good-natured, humorous Ned would have stood it long and even his temper was, at times, sadly ruffled. But Ned could not remain angry long; that was contrary to his disposition. Ned's parents had warned him of the ills attending his intended misalliance, but Ned had not stopped to consider and so the marriage was consummated.

It was supper time at the Thomas home. The table had been set out in the kitchen and poorly cooked viands were heaped up in boundless profusion. The coffee had been burnt for half an hour and Mrs. Thomas, with her hair all tousled and awry and her form arrayed in a faded, slatternly dress, was ready for the evening meal. The children were clamorous for their supper and were reaching indiscriminately for the various things. The youngest child was sick with the measles and was bewailing itself in the next room. Ned was weary and cross, for in his changing to clean clothes, he found his trousers, that had been unmended for the week past, were still in their former dilapidated condition.

"Annie, why don't you mend these trousers? Here I have been for the last week wearing a pair that a Hunk would be ashamed to be seen in."

"Well, I will mend them tomorrow."

"Yes, that is what you said yesterday and the day before and still they are in the same old shape. There's no dependence to be placed in your word."

Annie said nothing in reply but moped in silence over her coffee. Her silence nettled Ned more.

"And why don't you try to hush that baby? This is a pretty home to come to after a hard day's work! There you are moping in that dirty, old dress. The children are never half dressed and my clothes are never mended. When I was single it wasn't like this. It makes a man regret that he ever married or had more sense in doing it."

"Yes, that's the way it always is," said Annie in a petulant tone. "I can't do anything to please you; I

know one thing, that I had it better myself when I was single and my troubles only began when I married into your family."

The last remark was like a firebrand to Ned, for if there was one thing that he was proud of, it was his own family, the family of his father. The Thomases could point back to a long line of ancestors on the other side of the water. Indeed there was a good bit of truth in the dim tradition that one of Ned's forebears was a knight-in-arms and an attendant upon the Black Prince.

"My family," replied Ned, with some heat, "is a great deal better than the family I married into. I, if I were you, would be the last one to talk of family, for every one knows what your family was and is. Family," and Ned snorted in disgust.

"I won't have anything said against my family," flaring up instantly, "they are just as good as yours and are just as much respected."

"Your family," said Ned with a sneer,—“Humph!”

Annie cast an angry, sulky look at Ned.

"There's my check," continued Ned. "There's only a dollar or so upon it to my credit. There would be a great deal more if you would be a little careful and wouldn't buy so much out of the store. Penryn drew sixty dollars after his store bill was paid, and we could draw as much if I 'ad a careful wife like Penryn has."

Annie pushed back her cup and began to whimper and cry, which Ned after a period of silence was unable to bear.

"There, there, Annie. Perhaps I was a trifle too hard upon you. Don't be crying now. I'm going out to mend my mining shoes and see if you can't clean up a bit while I'm in the shanty."

Ned kissed his wife but she made no move to fix up but sat in sullen silence. There was a clang of the front gate and Ned glancing through the window caught a glimpse of Mrs. Penhall and Mrs. Dolan.

"Here comes Mrs. Penhall and Mrs. Dolan. Try

and see if you can't stir around and tidy up a bit before they come in. We can't help the past but we'll try and do what we can in the future to save and make things more comfortable." But Ned's protestations were of no avail and, seeing that things could not be bettered, he hurried out to the shanty to repair his mining shoes, leaving Annie to do as she pleased. A few moments later there was a rap at the door and going to it, as she was, she opened it and greeted her visitors.

"How do you do, Mrs. Thomas. We thought that we would run in and see how the little one is," said Mrs. Penhall, as they both entered.

"Little Ned is about the same as he was," answered Annie as she handed her visitors chairs.

"Aren't you feeling well?" asked Mrs. Dolan as she gazed at Annie's tearful face and then swept a glance around the disordered room. The children had taken advantage of their mother's abstracted condition to help themselves more freely to the good things in sight. The sugar bowl had been upset in their efforts and having satisfied themselves with its contents they were proceeding to clean up the jelly bowl.

"It's Ned who has been scolding me," said Mrs. Thomas, with a whimper, as if she had been exceedingly ill-treated and forthwith, she began a long array of grievances against her husband, pouring her fancied wrongs into the ears of her auditors.

"Ned shouldn't have scolded you like that, but then, if I were you, I wouldn't give him a chance to find fault with me," said Mrs. Penhall. "Besides, poor Ned is tired; we must make a little allowance when a man comes home after working hard all day. Now, I would mend them trousers tomorrow and try and save some money this month. Don't buy so much out of the company store. The things are dear enough and when one buys so much there's little left. I would fix up a little too. I know how my Tom likes to see me tidied up when he comes home in the evening. A man that works all day likes to see his wife in a clean dress and

the children nice and clean. Now you try it and see if Ned doesn't stop scolding. Tom always likes to see everyone clean and nice in the evening. Why, even Allie must put on a clean dress for Tom when he comes home."

"Peter is just like that, too," said Mrs. Dolan, as she emerged from the inner room with little Ned in her arms, whom she had quieted. "He likes to see me and Mary fixed up nice when he comes home. He says that he sees dirt enough in the breaker without seeing it in the house, and even a pair of shoes out of their place makes him cross; we have got to be careful in buying or we wouldn't have a cent to draw on pay-day, too. McCue is very generous, though, and we don't have to buy in the store if we don't want to, or, at least, we don't have to buy as much as the people at the Lowland mines and the Meadow mines."

"I hear that McCue is going to leave," said Mrs. Thomas, trying to turn the conversation, for though she had a great deal of respect for Mrs. Penhall and Mrs. Dolan, yet she didn't relish advice from them for they seemed to be blaming her instead of sympathizing with her.

"I hope not," said Mrs. Penhall, "for all the men like him and he's the best superintendent that we ever had."

"True," said Mrs. Dolan, nodding her head affirmatively, "and I hope he stays. One can save money under him, and dear knows we need ready money as much as anybody. Mary must go off to school and finish her education, too, for she's through the common schools this spring."

"And is Mary going to teach?" asked Annie.

"If she can get a school sometime."

"Well, our Allie is going to keep on with her music. Whether she'll teach music I don't know. Tom would rather have her at home than away," said Mrs. Penhall.

The conversation drifted from one topic to another until it was in Mrs. Penhall's parlance "time to go."

"Did you ever, Mrs. Dolan, see things in a worse state than in that home?"

"I never."

"No wonder that Ned scolds her sometimes. I hope that our visit did some good."

"It's hard to bend a stick like that," responded Mrs. Dolan as they wended their way up the street.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## BOSS TOM'S LAST LESSON.

THEY boys are getting ahead of me, Allie, and I think that they can get along without my 'elp," said old Boss Tom one evening, as they were seated in the little cosy sitting-room. Mrs. Penryn was busy doing a few finishing touches to the kitchen work and Alice and her father were in the middle room. A knock was heard at the front door and the girl arose to open it. Jimmy and George were on the front portico.

"Is Mr. Penhall in, Miss Alice?" asked George.

"Come this way, lads," said the hearty voice of the boss from the sitting-room, and both lads followed Alice, and were greeted kindly by the old boss. "Now, Allie, no visiting during school hours," said her father, smiling, and Alice withdrew to the kitchen to assist her mother.

"We were just talking about you boys," continued Tom, "and I was a telling Allie I suppose we'd 'ave to give up the lessons and I suppose that this will be the last lesson."

"Why, how's that?" asked both lads in amazement and regret.

"Well," said Boss Tom, with a grin, "'ere I 'ave been teaching you lads for quite a time and now I believe 'ee knaw as much as I do meself and I doant think I can teach 'ee much more. Let see, 'ow far 'ave 'ee advanced?"

"We are now almost at the end of plain trigonometry in mathematics," said George, "but there are quite a number of things that we don't know very much about as yet. There's grammar, for instance."

Boss Tom burst forth into a laugh of merriment.

"Grammar, I'm afraid, lads, that I can't teach 'ee much in that line. So far our lessons 'ave been mostly in the line of figuring, but grammar,—no,—no,—lads,—I doant know enough about that,—nothing in fact meself and can't teach 'ee anything. Then there's book-keeping and a sight of more studies that come handy to bright young fellows like 'ee are,—but 'ee can only get they studies from the schools or from some one better informed than old Tom."

All were silent for a time and the youths had many regrets, especially George, who had enjoyed these quiet lessons on mathematics in the cosy sitting-room of old Tom. The same cosy room in which they had begun their lessons some years before, the same red-flowered carpet, the same bright designed table cover, were before them. Tom had not changed in his love of colors. Mrs. Penhall had often said that Tom had fallen in love with a pink dress she wore when young. Tom would only laugh when this was mentioned and give vent to his oft repeated expression. "Rud is a cheerful color and makes un feel good."

A mellow gleam of sunshine from the setting sun penetrated the half curtained window and deepened and reddened the designs of the carpet. The desk was standing in its accustomed corner and both lads remembered that Boss Tom sat in the very same position as he did when he proposed to them some years ago the bettering of their prospects in life. There was the same neat olive shade at the window and the same spotless lace curtains, and above the desk, gazing down lovingly like old friends upon the head of their master, were the same old leather garbed books on mining, engineering, surveying, and mathematical science in general. They were to leave all these things as pupils and both youths felt instinctively that an epoch had transpired in their lives, and they were to go forth into new fields.

A knock was heard at the door and Alice came

through the room to attend to the newcomer. As she swept by in her neat house dress, George thought that she had never looked so graceful and attractive, and there was a sharp pang in his breast as he realized that these lessons were to him something more than instruction in the mathematical sciences. He had always revered Tom's daughter, but now he became strongly conscious that that reverence had grown wonderfully in the last few years. The seeing of her every few days when he, accompanied by Jimmy, attended Tom's home for instruction, had been a growing sense of delight to him; now he thought there would be no further excuse for his seeing her and their paths would separate.

The newcomer was Mary Dolan who had called to see Alice upon some matter or other and, while Alice entertained her in the parlor, both lads began their last lesson under Boss Tom in the sitting-room. The boss found both lads dull that evening and slow of comprehension but he judged them by his own experience. He felt a sincere regret in his heart that these lads were going to leave him as pupils. He loved them like a father and had enjoyed their weekly visits and conversations about the mysteries of mining science and felt a pang to think that their relations and meetings were to cease. He was a little abstracted himself as he thought of these things, and imagined the lads thought likewise. Both lads did feel regretful to close their labors at Tom's improvised school but they were also thinking of other things. George had his mind partly filled with a vision of feminine drapery that had flashed by them to attend to the door and Jimmy was busy conjuring up in his mind the figure of the owner of a certain musical voice in the next room. The lesson at length was over and Tom began to give to his pupils of a few years' standing some advice about the future.

"Now," he said, as he leaned back in his chair, "I suppose that I'll 'ave to call 'ee graduates but I can't

give 'ee any diplomees 'cept I make them out upon blasting paper, for I 'ave used up all the paper about the place in figuring," and Tom gave vent to a peal of hearty laughter as he thought of diplomas made out upon blasting paper.

"Diplomees," he continued more gravely, "don't count for much after all. If 'ee 'ave learning in your 'ead, it won't take a bit of paper to tell that it es there, and ef 'ee doant 'ave learning in your 'ead, all the diplomees in the world won't put it there. So that's settled. Now I want to see 'ee lads advance still further. I want 'ee to not only be creditable foremen but to 'ave other learning besides, and 'ee must double your efforts at night school. Doant spend money in foolishness, but save up your money to pay for books and schooling. Study and work 'ard and see 'ow far 'ee can get up in the world. Be 'onest, lads, and sincere and ef 'ee ever get up to be foreman or 'igher and 'ave men to work under 'ee always remember that the men aren't machines. Be 'onest to the employer and to the men. Never do anything of which 'ee would be ashamed of. Doant cheat the men to please the company and doant cheat the company to please the men. I would rather lose my job than to cheat the most hignorant 'Ungarian under my employ, and at the same time I 'ave no use for a good-for-nothing, lazy man. And in all your work, lads, doant 'ee forget that God is a looking down upon 'ee at all times. Now," and Tom's face lost its grave form and expanded into a pleasant, humorous smile, "now since 'ee are graduates I suppose that 'ee ought to 'ave some speeches or horations to make. Hold on a bit; we must 'ave an audience," and Tom, going to the door of the parlor, flung it open and called to Mary and Alice and then to his wife in the kitchen.

"Now these lads 'ave been attending the school of old Tom and are graduates and as it's customary to make speeches on the last day of school, we thought we may 'as well 'ave them 'ere."

Both lads were embarrassed very much at this unexpected demand, and the audience and Tom were enjoying their embarrassment hugely. George managed to shake off his confusion and say something.

"Mr. Penhall, we didn't expect that this would be the last lesson and so didn't come prepared to give any speeches or orations; and we are not much accustomed to speaking anyway, and I don't know whether we could make them if we had them prepared." Here George coughed a little, as he was in a difficulty how to proceed and then he continued. "We want to say, Mr. Penhall, that we appreciate your kindness in starting us on the way to a higher education, for if you had not told us to study we would never have begun." Jimmy here nodded his head emphatically and murmured under his breath, as if in confirmation of what George was saying. "And we want to say," continued George, "that we shall always remember your instructions and kindness and the pleasant times we have had here, and if we ever do become anything in the future, it will be all due to the efforts of Mr. Penhall in these our early days. Jimmy and I were talking some time ago that we ought to pay something for the time and the trouble that you have expended on us, and we thought that we would speak of it tonight. We have been saving up a little money and we thought that you ought to be paid something,—a little better than our gratitude alone," and here George paused and fished up out of his coat pocket a few bills of unknown quantity and value. Jimmy also did the same and they made a simultaneous offer of them to Boss Tom.

It was Tom's turn to be embarrassed and what was in the beginning a confusing position for the lads turned out the same to the boss. To take money for the teaching of these lads was far from the thoughts of Tom. He would just as soon have taken money from a blind beggar.

"No, no, lads," he said as he motioned the money

away from him. "Keep that to buy books with and to pay your schooling at the night school. I will be more than repaid ef you lads make good and useful men and can get up in the world a little 'igher than I am at the present time. No, no, put up your money and ef I can 'elp 'ee in the future a bit I will and God bless 'ee," and the boss' eyes watered mistily.

"And I want to say, Mr. Penhall," said Jimmy, "that we think that there is no man in the town of Mayoton that is as good as old Tom,—I mane Mr. Penhall, I ask pardon, I forget sometimes me manners. And if at any time in the future we can do anything for him we will. He ought to be prisident of the United States now, and if he ever does come out for an office he will git the vote of Jimmy O'Donnel and George Penryn, too. We'll remember ye on Christmas, Mr. Tom-a-a—Mr. Penhall,—we will so, and ye will get something to remember us by, shure, and—and—" Jimmy sat down as he had exhausted his oratorical ability. Tom laughed as did the others at the mentioning of him being the president of the United States.

There was a pause for a moment and then Tom said: "Now I suppose that at graduating exercises that they 'ave a little music and I suppose that we will 'ave to 'ave it. Allie, suppose we 'ave some singing and we'll join in a bit and sing."

The suggestion was accepted and they all adjourned to the parlor, where Alice seated herself at the piano and asked, "Well, what shall it be?"

"Give us a little instrumental, first. 'Ow is it, Mary, doant they 'ave a little of that at the graduating of the schools?"

Mary replied that she believed that they did, where-upon Alice played a selection from Chopin. But it being a little classic, it didn't suit Tom's humbler taste. After it was finished, Tom expressed himself.

"Now I doant know 'ow that they can call that music. It seemed all rattle and bang from beginning to

end. Les 'ave 'Sweeping through the Gates of the New Jerusalem.' ”

“But they don't have that, father, at the graduating exercises,” said Alice mischievously.

“It doant matter. They ought to 'ave it anyway for it is the best tune out and a sight more sense to it than all the tweedle doos and dums and bangs of that there classic music of what do 'ee call 'im—Mr. Bang Bang?”

“Chopin, (Shopang),” said Alice correcting her father in the name of the composer.

“Show Bang,” reiterated her father, “well, it's a good name and I suppose that they call 'im that 'cause there's lots of show and bang in the music,” and Tom smiled at his own humor, and all present laughed.

The Sunday School hymn book was soon opened and they all joined in Tom's favorite melody.

“Sweeping through the gates of the new Jerusalem,  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb.”

Tom according to his custom where he failed to remember the words supplied the ever ready substitute of “dol de dol.”

After the singing, there were two other characters that came upon the scene almost simultaneously. They were Peter Dolan, the breaker boss, and Nellie Penryn, George's sister. If the two lads, George and Jimmy had grown in the last few years, Nellie had grown more so. From a little girl of nine years of age in two or three years she had grown exceedingly tall. Although now a girl of only twelve years of age she was fully as tall as many girls of fifteen. Her dark curly hair hung in clusters around her head and there was a certain shyness in her manner. She had come to have Alice help her over her last lesson and also to tell brother George that mother wanted him. Boss Dolan had heard the singing and had come in to hear what it was all about. He had been taking a walk and had wandered into the neighborhood of Quality Row.

“‘Ow are ‘ee, Dolan. Come in. Just in time to hear the graduating exercises of the boys.”

Dolan had known of Tom’s efforts in teaching the two lads.

“And so they have graduated and are through school now?”

“Yes,” responded Tom, “and we were just having remarkable speeches about the president of the United States and great subjects in general,” and Tom laughed his old hearty laugh. Just then he caught sight of Nellie who had stationed herself near Alice.

“Why, how are ‘ee, my dear; you came in so quiet like that I didn’t even see ‘ee. You move around as light as a spirit. We will ‘ave a song from ‘ee or an instrumental piece after a while.”

Nellie smiled and gingerly took Tom’s big hand that he had extended to her in greeting.

Jimmy was not overly pleased to see the entrance of Peter Dolan for it cut his expectations in the bud. He had thought that he would have the pleasure of taking Mary home and have a pleasant chat with her on the way. He leaned over to George and growled in an undertone: “Now bad ses to the ould mahoun. He is just like the divil always trying to take hiven away from us whin we hev a taste of it. He is that!”

Just at this moment, Belle Phillips came in with a note for Tom from her father, the gangway contractor, and Tom paused to read it.

“It’s all right, Belle. You tell your father that I’ll see ‘im in the morning. And now, George, you ‘ad better be a going for Nellie says that your mother wants ‘ee. Always remember, lads, what I told ‘ee and don’t forget to take up more studies. Both you, lads, are now capable of taking the Assistant Mine Foreman’s examination but ‘ee mustn’t stop there but study other things. Study history and science and learn to speak before the public. They speeches that ‘ee made ‘ere tonight were good for the first time,

but keep it up and go to night school and get ahead as far as 'ee can."

George had no further excuse to remain, and so with a good evening all around, he wended his way out followed by Belle Phillips, who, having the return message to take to her father, must needs go too. Indeed she was glad to go for was not George Penryn going her way and would he not be company for her? George was secretly vexed in his soul that such was the case for he was not only cut out of his merry chat with Alice but was thus constrained by courtesy to go part way with Belle, whose company he did not desire. Jimmy with still a remnant of hope in his breast that Mary would start home and that her father would remain to have a talk with Boss Tom, still hung to that thread of hope, pretending to enjoy the conversation. But Mary had no intention of going without her father and so after a time Jimmy, too, departed in some disgust and irritation at the shortsightedness of Mary and the "divilish perverse staying qualities of her dad," as he mentally called it.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE HOUSE "FORNINST THE BREAKER."

THE house "forninst the breaker" loomed up dark and unpainted in the evening air. It was almost o'ershadowed by its gigantic, rambling neighbor, that, now silent and deserted, was resting from the labors of the day. The monotonous chough, chough of the engine was silenced, not a cog or a rope moved, all was still,—preparing for the slumber of the night. The sun had just gone down and twilight was rapidly approaching.

On the other side of the breaker was a figure slowly approaching, seemingly bound for some destination beyond it. The moving figure seemed burdened with some mental argument. It was Jimmy O'Donnel. Defrauded as he thought he had been of a little chat with Mary the night before, he had resolved to call upon her that evening at her home "beyant or forninst the breaker," as he sometimes called it. Jimmy was in a quandary—a dilemma. He had never ventured to openly call upon Mary. He didn't know what "ould man Dolan" would think or possibly do in the event of his fathoming his (Jimmy's) intentions. He could call to see whether,—whether—whether. What pretext could he think of? But perhaps ould man Dolan would be away from home. No, for there he was in the distance, seated upon his front portico, his pipe glowing brightly in the dull evening light.

"There he is," said Jimmy, mentally, "like an ould hathen, like an ould he-lion a guarding his den." He thought for a moment. Yes, now he had an idea. He was going to pass the mine foreman's examination. He would ask Dolan whether there was no job in or

around the breaker that would be in better keeping with his future prospects. He hastened his steps and drew near the entrance.

He found the Dolan family all at home. The smaller children had retired while the larger boys were racing around somewhere in the neighborhood. Mrs. Dolan was busy in the parlor, knitting some warm, woolen stockings for Peter to wear in the coming winter and listening at the same time to Mary, who was essaying to play a little waltz that Alice had given her. Dolan on the front portico was dividing his attention between his pipe and a herd of goats that were wandering in dangerous proximity to forbidden ground,—either attracted by Mary's music or more probably by some luscious cabbages in Dolan's garden.

Jimmy was greeted in a friendly manner by Dolan and was invited inside by that worthy, who, however, put out his pipe before entering the sacred precincts of the parlor. Mrs. Dolan would not yield to Peter in this one respect.

She would have no pipe smoking in her best room and Peter, invincible in other respects, yielded in this one.

"I thought that I would come over this evening, Mr. Dolan, to see whether there were any positions that might be vacant that would suit the likes of me. Ye see, now that there is some chance of me passing the Assistant Mine Foreman's Examination, I thought that I should be a looking around to get a job more suiting to me education."

Dolan paused for a moment and then spoke.

"And have ye seen Tom?"

The question staggered the youth for a moment and then his native shrewdness came to his aid. "No, for I knew that Tom had no vacancies at the prisint time and so I thought that mayhap there would be a position over around here, so I did."

Dolan still continued in some thought during which Jimmy greeted the rest of the family.

"Good evening, Mrs. Dolan, and I hope that I see ye well. Good evening, Miss Mary, and how are ye tonight." Both responded to the greetings and shook hands with the lad, who was delighted to hold the hand of Mary a trifle longer than was necessary.

"No," finally responded Dolan, "there be no vacant jobs at the prisint, but there may be after a while. I agree wid ye, Jimmy, that the laborer in the mines after he has passed the examination ought to hev a higher job, but then there is something that perhaps ye have not thought of and that is that ye are a trifle young as yet to have a job over men that are twice yer age; but, av course, ye can remedy that in time, shure. That is wan thing that the public is against; now there's Mary, that in the point of education is fit to tach school but she's under age a bit."

"Oh, father, I shall be eighteen in a month or so, and then there are others that are teaching that are under age."

"Yes," said Mrs. Dolan, "and Mary is tall for her age and could easily pass for a year or so older than she is."

"No," said Dolan, as he shook his head in disapprobation of the thought implied in his wife's language, "I niver yet falsified before the Boord and I won't do it even fer me own daughter to get a school. I will tell thim the exact circumstances, and thin if they want to put her in, they may."

"There are a great many others that do a deal worse to get their favorites in. I know of some and so do you, Peter, that have their homes well furnished just by the applicants fer schools, and their education isn't nearly equal to our Mary's. There's even the township superintendent that —." Her conversation was here interrupted by an indignant snort from Peter.

"Ah! ye may talk about the rottenness of state politics and the rule of the machine but it's nothing to the corruptness of our Boords. I am sorry that I iver run and got ilited, so I am, for the public will think that

Peter Dolan, honest Peter, as they sometimes calls me, will be as corrupt as the rest."

Here Mrs. Dolan gave a warning glance at her husband for, though she had given vent to the same sentiments a short time before, they seemed more harmful coming from Peter.

"Ye needn't be afraid of Jimmy," said Peter, for he had seen the look of his wife. "Jimmy is honest and can be depended upon not to carry tales. Ye see, Jimmy, being upon the Boord, I know many things that could make a deal of trouble, and I were so minded to tell. But ye don't like to put your frinds in the law courts and disgrace thim foriver and so I have held me peace, but it's common rumor that the School Boords and the like don't do things straight, and it's done so quiet like of'times that the law couldn't hold thim if they were caught. Now there's even our superintendent, that's a man of some education, that suggested to me afore his iliction that perhaps I naded a new stove. I knew what he were driving at and I put him off. I said that whin I naded a new stove I had money to buy it. It were that that made me vote against him, fer I thought that a man that would even hint at a thing loike that weren't fit fer the job. And now," continued Peter, with a fine touch of sarcasm, "I notice that Hooley has a new stove and that Smith Jones has a new parlor carpet made prisints to thim, but no one knows who made the prisints."

"Yes, and some get presents of money, too, I'm sure of it," added Peter's worthy spouse. "Wasn't it Superintendent Gill that said, when he was a school teacher, that he would have a school if he had to pay fifty dollars for it?"

"It were that," said Dolan in answer.

"If I have to pay money to get a school I don't want any," said Mary in some spirit.

"No," said Dolan, "I niver took money for a school as a director and I would be ashamed if any rilitive of

mine would do the like. It is just as dishonorable to take money as to give in that case."

"It is so," assented Jimmy. This talk was not new to the youth for it was common rumor in the village of Mayoton and the surrounding districts.

"It's the fault of politics sometimes," added Dolan.

"How's that?" asked Jimmy with some interest.

"If the Republican party gets in power the Democrat tachers gets turned down, and if the Democrat party gets in power the Republican tachers gets turned down, and the tachers in some districts have got to give to a certain party fund. If they don't pay they don't get no job, unless they buy some director. Do you see? It's the same in the religions. If a Catholic Boord gets in power a Protestant tacher can't get in; and if a Protestant Boord gets in a Catholic tacher can't get a job unless, in both cases, money is used. It's a dhirty shame. It is so. A tacher can't stand upon his merit but must have money to back him. A tacher to win a school, now-a-days, mustn't have any politics nor religion."

"If they were all like you, Peter," said Mrs. Dolan admirably, "things would be honester run."

"They would so," said Peter, stoically and without a shade of appreciation for the compliment that his wife had paid him.

"Or if they were all like George Washington," added Jimmy, "He wouldn't put a man out of office though he were his enemy. The best man got the job."

"Where did you learn that?" asked Mary in some surprise.

"I'm rading history, now," said Jimmy, proudly, "and I come across a case like that when Washington had one job to give away, and there were two min that wanted the job. There was a frind of Washington and an inimy of Washington that wanted it. Every wan said that the inimy wouldn't get the job but he did get it. Washington said that his frind, though a

good man, wasn't fit for the position and the inimy was, and so he give it to the inimy."

"We nade min like that on the School Boords. We do so," affirmed Dolan. "A tacher ought to be appointed solely upon his merits and the boord officers ought to be paid for their services a fixed salary, and thin there wouldn't be such a temptation to receive bribes."

"I heard of some that received seventy and a hundred dollars for a school," ventured Jimmy.

Dolan nodded his head sagaciously. "Well, Mary sha'n't pay any money if she niver gets a school. I would rather give her the money and let her spind it in some other way."

"Mam, the goats are in," said a voice from the next room.

"Oh! Peter, the goats!" exclaimed Mrs. Dolan, and Peter with a smothered exclamation that sounded like "dommed bastis," hustled out, followed by Mrs. Dolan and the kitchen force to drive off two or three wandering Willies and Nannies from the cabbage patch in the rear of the house.

Jimmy never had very much of a regard for those bearded quadrupeds up to that time, but ever afterward he expressed gratitude for their evening visit to the cabbage patch of Peter Dolan, for it enabled him to have a short chat with Mary Dolan that was the basis for future conversations. When Dolan and his wife returned, Mary was a little red and confused but the expression of her countenance was not a displeasing one. Dolan, in the heat of his anger (for he too was beginning to lose patience with the "bastis") at the depredations of the goats, did not notice the manner of Mary, and his wife was full of indignation to think that two or three of her best carrots and cabbages were completely ruined. Peter must get a house down in Quality Row, he must for life with them goats around was becoming perfectly unbearable; Peter was half inclined to give up the contest and the conven-

ience of having a dwelling in the vicinity of his work, —the breaker.

Jimmy now arose to depart and bidding them all good evening started homeward through the gloom of night that had already cast its somber shadows upon the earth. To say that his feelings were a little exalted is putting it pessimistically. He walked along with a jaunty step, his hat far back upon his head, and at length broke out into a cheery whistle and when out of sight beyond the dark coal breaker paused a moment, flung up his hat in the air and executed a shuffle that was half a jig and half a clog. A wistful and sad bearded face peered out at him from behind some small buildings near the breaker, and caught his view for a moment. It was one of the goats that Peter had, no doubt, belabored in his wrath.

“Ah! ye beautiful image of the devil wid yer horns and wagging beard! Ye look frindly like, and true ye have been a frind to me this night. I take off me hat to ye and thank ye for yer services; but take care and keep out of the reach of Dolan.”

Jimmy bowed gravely to the goat, which, mistaking his courteous action for a movement of opposition, made off at a rapid speed.

“Ah!” said Jimmy to himself, “he’s afraid of the very name of Dolan,” and then a thought struck him. If Dolan was so cross with a dumb baste for stealing a cabbage, how much more would he be cross with a fellow for stealing his daughter and that, “unknownst to him.” The thought troubled him for a moment. He certainly wouldn’t like to be “basted like that baste was basted,” and Jimmy was silent for a time but the pleasure of the evening and the talk he had had with Mary finally occupied all his thoughts and he broke again into a cheery whistle and strode onwards toward his home.

## CHAPTER XV.

## OPERATOR HOYT AND OWEN GWYNNE.

I HAVE sent for you, Mr. Gwynne, to have another talk with you about the proposition that you made the last time you were here."

The speaker was Mr. Arthur Hoyt, and the scene was in the study of the operator's city home. The study was elaborately furnished as was indeed all parts of the house. A large rug occupied the center of the floor. A walnut desk, on which were a few books on mining and banking, was beside the window. A goodly sized book-case filled with classical literature, Greek and Latin and scientific text books, (for Mr. Hoyt had profited by their study in his leisure moments) occupied one side of the room. On the hearth mantle-piece was a bust of Lincoln and one of Washington, while the wall above was adorned with paintings of rare value. A couch and a few easy chairs were located in convenient places. At the operator's feet lay a noble mastiff, by name, Caesar.

Mr. Arthur Hoyt, though a few years older than when he last met Gwynne, appeared as young as ever. His dark locks were not a shade lighter and there was the same dignified poise to the classic head, and the same kindly, gentlemanly tone in his utterance.

Owen Gwynne, who was seated like the operator, was altered a trifle and he looked a little older than formerly. A stubby, iron-grey beard covered his chin and hid some of its square firmness.

"I have decided," continued the operator, "to make a change in the superintendency of the Mayoton colliery, and I remembered your remarks in the interview of some years ago, and thought that I would talk

it over with you again. Are you still open to an engagement with me and do you still think that you can make the colliery pay as you stated at that time?"

"One question at a time," replied Gwynne, smiling. "Yes, I am still open to an engagement and I still think that I can do now as I said at that time. But if you should decide to accept my services, you must give me a free hand to conduct matters as I see fit."

"Must?" interrogated Hoyt, slightly arching his brows. The tone disconcerted Gwynne and he hastened to answer.

"Well, I have certain plans that I know will succeed, if you allow them to go into execution. Of course, they will be all laid before you for your approval."

"I like that way a little better,—that is, the way of putting it," said Hoyt, a little grimly. "Now, though I generally give my superintendents a free hand, I like to see how things are going on occasionally, and have some say in the conducting of my own property, as a man generally likes to have in reference to his own. But your plans, if they meet my approval, will be most certainly put into execution. Of course, I don't like to be bothered with little matters, but have a general look at things in the abstract, and if they satisfy me, I am well pleased."

"I guarantee that you will be well pleased with the plans and especially with the amount of the increased profits."

"And how about the men? Will they object or kick at any of the plans?"

"You ought to be supreme in the management of your own property and, if I was the owner of the mine, I should want to run it instead of allowing the men to run it."

"True," said Hoyt, flushing a little. "No man shall say how I ought to run my own property; that is my own affair."

Gwynne had struck the right key-note in the breast of Hoyt. Though a just man, there was an element of

pride in him and especially in the management of his own affairs.

"But yet, I don't want any trouble with the men; I want to do what is right with them and they can't run my affairs, but I don't want any trouble. And you think that there will be no disturbance and the men will not murmur when these plans of yours go into effect?"

"They will not; that I can assure you. The plans, that are new or radical, will be put into execution gradually and not all at once. It will not affect the men much. Some of my plans are in operation in other collieries and some are new; the miners never complain when anything comes on them gradually. You see they become accustomed to it and hardly feel it or know it, and it will benefit the company a great deal."

"What do you propose to do if I give you the position?"

"The specific plans I cannot give in full just now until I study the situation, but I can give you the gist of my manner of procedure in short order."

"Well?" interrogated Hoyt laconically, as he lighted a cigar and leaned back lazily preparing to listen with attention.

"I shall endeavor at all times to have the chief thought for the company and its welfare above all things. The company owns the property and should receive as much profits out of it as possible. You know, Mr. Hoyt, I am interested in western mining stocks and mining somewhat, and I can draw an illustration from the mines of the west that will fit the case. You are well read, yourself, Mr. Hoyt, on the new methods used there at the present time."

Hoyt nodded slightly.

"Well, you know a great many mines out of which men made fortunes in the palmy days of forty-nine, and the early fifties were abandoned as being entirely worked out. Now, some of those same mines are the

richest and most productive of any in the region. Even the very refuse has been worked over and great profits have been realized out of the stuff that was formerly thrown away as useless. Of course, the advent of new and better machinery has been the cause of much of the profits, but the principle that was back of the machinery was the chief cause. They utilize everything that could be utilized. They suffered and do suffer nothing to go to waste. Every particle of ore, whether copper, gold or silver is taken out by the new methods."

"I see," said Hoyt, with a smile. "You intend to make everything pay and make profits out of every department and get the maximum of profits at that. Is not that your idea?"

"You have struck it exactly. Why, Mr. Hoyt, there are thousands of dollars that, due to mismanagement in the Mayoton colliery, are slipping through the hands of the company, that could be saved. The owner of a colliery today ought to have profits and the maximum of profits from every branch of the industry. You are not running the mines out of charity, but for profits and the best profits attainable. Now as soon as I get upon the field, I shall size up every department and see where the profits can be increased and stop all leakage. That is, of course, if you decide to have me in charge, and with my occupation of the position you will have over thirty thousand dollars extra profits a month beyond what you have been accustomed to receive."

Hoyt's eyes gleamed with enthusiasm under these words so glowingly uttered by the speaker, and there was that in the firmness of the tone of this man Gwynne, that seemed somehow or other to make him realize that he would do as he had said.

"This man is the very fellow that I have been looking for," thought Hoyt to himself. "He is bound to make those mines pay better." And then a thought of his superintendent then in position, McCue, came

across his mind and gave him a troubled look for a time. McCue had been a good man and a faithful servant for quite a time, and the miners and bosses all liked him. Would they like this new man and would things run smoothly under his dominion? McCue he remembered had worked with his own hands to get a Hungarian out of the mines when the mines were drowned out, some years ago. He had been a faithful servant and how was he going to reward him for his faithfulness? By turning him out of his position and setting him adrift in the world? No, he need not do that. He would see that he had a position of some sort or other. Then was McCue really fit for the position that he occupied? He had told him some years ago that he must make the mine pay better and he had given him a year of grace or two to come up to his ideal, and the result was little better. No, McCue was manifestly unfit for the position or he could make the profits as well as this man Gwynne, who had been speaking so enthusiastically. Then he remembered the words that McCue had spoken to him some years ago, about "running the mine honestly and justly." Yes, those were his very words, but though the remembrance gave him some painful reflections, he dismissed them by saying to himself that a man must take care of his own interests. He couldn't have all those profits wasted. No, McCue must go. He had settled the matter.

"Well?" said Gwynne, who had been watching the operator narrowly and had now seen that he had reached a conclusion.

"You shall have the position and may go into office as soon as I can make arrangements; I will let you know."

Gwynne, seeing that the interview was over, that he had gained his point and the position, arose to go and after a word of adieu left the house.

Mrs. Hoyt came in just after the exit of Owen Gwynne. There was a look of inquiry on her face

that her husband could not well avoid. Mrs. Hoyt, like her husband, was a little beyond the middle age. Wealth had not brought any unseemly pride with it. She knew her position, it was true, and the classic dignity and pride of her husband was set off by a graceful dignity of her own, but her pride was not an unseemly one. She was a Christian woman, and had a proper conception of her life and position. She viewed things in a little different light from her husband. He was a person of some culture acquired throughout the more than forty years of his life, of gentlemanly instinct and, though a practical business man, had lately spent more time in leisure than formerly. Like most wealthy men, wealth meant power to him and there was a secret pride also in his ability as a financier. Mrs. Grace Hoyt on the other hand viewed the good things of their position as talents,—as the goods of God and consigned to their hands as stewards and not as masters. It was due to her, so people said, that the nurses had been procured to nurse miners and their families during periods of sickness and that there was such a generous distribution of turkeys on Thanksgiving and Christmas.

"Yes," said her husband, in answer to her mute inquiry, "I have at length decided to hire a new superintendent for the colliery of Mayoton. McCue can't stand in the way of progress any longer. I am sorry to discharge him and yet I can't see that there's anything else to do. I am going to give him another position though, so that he will have something to do."

"Do you think that it is a wise thing to do?"

"Yes, Mr. Gwynne thinks that he can make the mine pay double what it does at the present time and I have been lenient with McCue long enough."

"How will it affect the miners?"

Mr. Hoyt was a little nettled. "Oh, I can't always consult their interests. Other operators never think of their employes first, and I can't either. I don't run

the mines out of charity. Grace, you are too conscientious,—but the men will be taken care of.”

“Oh, Arthur, I’m afraid that your natural desire for increase in the profits will cause them to suffer. I don’t like that man Gwynne, at least his appearance, and I’m sure we have enough without working things to the last cent of profit. And didn’t you tell me that McCue told you that the mines could be made more profitable only at the expense of the men and justice to them? I’m afraid, Arthur, that you are making a bad move, and one that your conscience will not approve of in the future.”

“Nonsense,” exclaimed Hoyt, growing a little red under the reproachful tones of his wife. “The Mayoton mines are not paying so well as the Meadow mines; the Lowland mines yield large returns and they laughed at me and McCue. I am just as good a financier as they are and I will show them. We must make the maximum of profits and McCue can’t do that or won’t do it. He has demonstrated that he is a failure and he must be succeeded by another and a better man. Grace, you ought to know me well enough to understand that I won’t see the men suffer.”

“Well, I suppose that you know best, but I have my doubts as to the outcome of it all.”

Hoyt, for the first time in his life, was a little nettled and vexed at his wife; and yet he didn’t show it but seized his hat, bade Caesar to follow, and went out for a walk.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## A SHORT CHAPTER OF SOME CONSEQUENCE.

ONE and,—two and,—three—and four and,—” was the monotonous chant that came from the parlor of the Penryn home one Saturday evening, and yet, monotonous as it was, it had a peculiar seductive charm for a figure bending over the table in the next room, busy diligently studying. The chant continued incessantly broken by pauses and a few words of correction, and then it would begin again in a low musical voice. The student paused for a moment at his desk or work table, and elevated his head as if listening. Then he dallied with his pencil and drew vague figures upon the table-cloth.

“George,” said his mother, who was seated near him stitching rags for a new carpet, “George, if you don’t watch, you will spoil that new table-cloth and we can’t afford to waste things like that.”

The youth started, and then seemed to be drawn away from his abstraction to things of the present time. He ceased to draw the pencil across the table-cloth.

“I was just thinking, mother, that I will be able to pass the Mine Foreman’s Examination if any one will. Tom told me the other day that he wouldn’t like to stand the same examination with me, as I was apparently quicker than he was in the theoretical work.”

“I hope that you will pass, my son; I know that you will,” said his mother, as she fondly gazed at him.

“I have worked hard and so has Jimmy. I can handle powder and work a breast like an old miner, father says.”

"Can Jimmy fire powder?"

"Yes, Jimmy is working with his father, too, now. I don't believe we can take the Foreman's Examination before we are twenty-one, though we know now more than most mine foremen."

"That's strange, isn't it?"

"You see we will be examined first for Assistant Mine Foreman then, sometime after that, we will take the Foreman's Examination."

"Are they hard?"

"The first is easy but the second is difficult."

"Well, you had a good teacher in Mr. Penhall."

"Old Tom is the best miner in the region. He knows nothing about grammar but he is good in mathematics and, think of it, mother, he learned it all himself."

"I hope you will get up to be as high as Mr. Penhall some day, my son."

There was silence for a moment, during which the "one—and—two—and" could be distinctly heard from the other room.

"Mother, how is the bank account growing? Have you enough to build a house yet?"

Mrs. Penryn stopped her sewing and smiled, a genuine, sweet, motherly smile.

"Nearly enough I think. Your father and I were talking about it last night."

"If I pass and get a position as Assistant Mine Foreman, then we shall have a home of our own in almost no time. My bank account is growing larger every month and I will soon have more than Jimmy. Jimmy doesn't save as much as he might, though he is careful."

Again came the monotonous chant from the front room. "One and,—two and,—three and,—four and,—" Would that lesson never end, thought George to himself. Alice Penhall was in the parlor giving his sister, Nellie, a lesson in music. He was trying hard to study but he found his mind constantly drawn away

from tangents, cosines, and theorems, by the one and—two and—three and, murmured softly by a sweet voice. A vision of a white dress and a pleasant countenance, o'erhung with a mass of auburn hair, low-lying in ripples on a broad fair brow, and the whole illuminated by winsome blue eyes, arose before him. He thought he would take a walk after the lesson was finished to freshen himself up a little in the outer air. Of course, he could go now but, no, he would wait for Alice Penhall and perhaps she would be going the same way. It wouldn't be nice to let her go home alone. He hoped that his sister, Nellie, would have sense to stay at home. There was air enough for three of them, but that didn't suit George's purpose. He had been cut out of having a chat with Alice the last time he had been at Tom's place by Nellie, and he had very reluctantly gone home with Belle Phillips. Did Alice know that he felt any—in anyway more than a friend to her? He felt his countenance grow crimson at the very thought. No, hardly that for he had only realized his own heart the last time he had been at Tom's when he had received his last instruction from the kind-hearted boss. If she did know that he liked her she would naturally think that his going home with Belle was a strange procedure. Belle had spread that news far and near, or rather her silly mother had, and he was teased by Jimmy the next day at the works about it. What vexed him particularly was that her father, Philip Phillips, the gangway contractor, had looked upon him kindly and had told him to call around some evening, that he had a few books upon mining that might interest him. As if he did not know that it was not for the books that Phillips desired him to call, but for another purpose. And Jimmy, the mimic, had told him in a good imitation of the fat little Welshman's tones, "'ou can call around some evening, George, and see some books that 'ou can have." Yes, and Ned Thomas had told him with a grin

that a vacancy would be soon ready for him in the gangway in the contractor's gang of workmen.

"Needn't be afraid of not 'aving a job, now, boy, for Philip will see that you are all right," Ned had said.

Alice was at length through with the lesson and the parlor door opened and both emerged into the sitting-room.

"How is Nellie getting on with her music, Miss Alice?" asked Mrs. Penryn.

"Nellie is going to make great progress and is going to be a musical wonder in time. Why, I have been teaching her only for a year or so and already she plays better than any in the town."

"Except yourself, Miss Alice," said George.

"She will beat me in time if she keeps on at the rate that she is going."

Alice put on her hat that Mrs. Penryn had procured for her, seeing that she was going. George also arose to take the walk that he had planned, but to his chagrin, Nellie also desired to keep company with her friend. The air in the parlor had been too close for her and she thought that a walk in the open air would do her good.

"And, Nellie," called the mother, after their retreating forms, "call at the store and bring back some sugar with you,—two pounds."

George was thankful for that last mandate from his mother for it insured the departure of Nellie at the store and he would have Alice all to himself. The conversation was mostly upon music, in which George mingled as much as his limited knowledge upon that subject would permit. At the end of the street, Nellie, true to her mother's wishes, left for the store and George accompanied Alice the rest of the way to her home. He wanted to see her father, he alleged, about the examinations and he would walk up to the house. Did she think that her father was home? Yes, she thought he would be, in all probability.

"Belle Phillips is quite a pleasant social girl," she

said, after the preliminary talk upon her father and the examinations had been exhausted.

"She is pleasant and social and pretty, too, but she has some drawbacks like her mother," answered George a little dryly.

Alice laughed at the tone of voice that he used and was not ill pleased, for she thought that George was too good a man to throw himself away upon a girl like that.

"All the people say, George, that we are going to have a match in you and Belle."

"The people are very much interested in my affairs. I suppose that some folks that I know wouldn't care if I would marry Belle," said George a little irritated.

"Every one likes to see you happy with the girl of your choice," responded Alice, a little mischievously, and with some of the humor of her father. Now this kind of talk was anything but pleasing to George. Alice, he thought, had no idea that he revered her more than any other or she wouldn't talk that way. She couldn't think very much of him anyway. These thoughts filled him with unpleasant reflections.

"It is true that I should like to marry the girl of my choice, but the trouble is that she doesn't know that she is such."

"You ought to tell her, but I believe that you are wrong there, for Belle most certainly thinks that she is, and I don't think that she would be surprised if you should tell her."

George protested in vain that he thought nothing of Belle, but Alice, in the mischief of her heart, wouldn't have it that way. She kept up the bantering talk all the way to her father's home and succeeded in making George more and more irritable and morose. When the gate was reached, he thought that he didn't need to see her father after all. He wanted to be away by himself to think.

"Aren't you coming in to see father?" she asked.

“No.” That “no” was short, morose and very sullen; and then, as if he was ashamed of his spirit he said that he thought he would come again. He hurried off, filled with unpleasant reflections and doubts. He loved her, he knew it, but she, did she care? No, that was evident. A miserable feeling came over him that was hard to overcome. Alice entered her home. She wondered for a moment at the manner of George and then quite forgot him and Belle in the conversation and daily evening talk of her own family. She had a good home, a kind father and affectionate mother and loved them both with all her heart. Affection for another had never as yet entered her breast.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE NEW REGIME.

MAYOTON was filled with evil rumor. Mayoton was sad and ill at ease. Mayoton was indignant.

McCue, the superintendent of the people, for they called him their superintendent, because they liked him, because he was fair, because he had the interest of the miner as well as the operator at heart, McCue, who had endeared himself to the people by hundreds of acts, notably the rescue of Gusha and the turning of the flood, McCue, the humane, was no longer superintendent of Mayoton. He had resigned, it was said, to enter into other business, but the general current opinion was that his resignation had been hinted, and McCue, forestalling the attempt to turn him down, tendered his formal withdrawal. The people were indignant for a time, but like all things, the passing months dulled their spirit. They remembered McCue kindly, and that was all. It was another case of "The king is dead; long live the king."

Owen Gwynne had been in office a few months and had ventured to make a few changes, but they were not radical. It was in the private office of the Mayoton Coal Company that Operator Hoyt met his new superintendent for conference.

"You said, Mr. Gwynne, when you assumed charge of this colliery, that you would increase the net profits of the company, and it was with that understanding that I put you in charge, yet here it is the end of the second month, and the profits are not much more than they were under the hands of McCue."

"Did you ever hear the story of the fellow that lifted the ox?" answered Gwynne with a smile, and, seeing that Hoyt was listening, he continued. "Well, he began when the ox was a calf and went on lifting it every day until it became full grown. If he had attempted it when full grown, he couldn't have succeeded."

"I see," said Hoyt, "you are putting in your plans gradually. But let us hear of your future plans." The operator seated himself more comfortably and, having lighted a cigar, handed the well filled case to his superintendent. Gwynne took the proffered case, extracted one carefully and lit it and resumed his remarks. "First you must reduce the wages."

Hoyt frowned and the unpleasant expression lingered for a time upon his countenance, and then, as rapidly passed away, though a thoughtful expression still remained.

"In the first place," continued Gwynne, "you pay more than the Lowland Company or other operators in the region and their miners are continually complaining. If we would have contentment among the miners, the men must be paid as in other mines. Give a miner an inch and he will take a mile. You don't want to be too generous or greater demands will be made by them."

"Will it not cause the miners to suffer?"

"Suffer? No. What does a dollar or so off matter to them? They spend it all anyway and they will not be the worse because they have a dollar or so less to squander. Then is it fair to pay higher wages than mines that are smaller than your own? The justice of the case to the other operators must be considered." Gwynne had struck the right chord in the breast of Hoyt.

"Very true."

"Precisely so," affirmed Gwynne, "and especially when you can increase your own profits by so doing."

"What reduction would you make?"

"Ten per cent.; that will bring the wages down to

what they pay. They intend to reduce the wages of their engineers so that they will receive the same as we pay ours."

"You talked it over with them?"

"Yes."

"Well, what next?" asked Hoyt, for he was getting interested in the schemes of this man, his servant.

"The men must buy more out of the store."

"How can you make them do that?"

"Discharge them if they do not," said Gwynne, and, seeing that Hoyt was thinking, he continued, "It isn't right that men who get their bread from you by you giving them work should not patronize you in return. The reason the store didn't pay as much as it should before was because some of the people scarcely bought a thing in it but purchased the majority of their things in the city. That leakage must be stopped."

"Well, go on," said Hoyt, pulling heavily on his cigar.

"I will procure a list of the names, residences and whether the employes are married or single. I must also get a list of the foreign boarding-houses and how many boarders they have. Then I shall try to make them buy six dollars' worth for every boarder that they have."

Hoyt smiled. "You are a good financier, Gwynne."

Owen Gwynne laughed, and then proceeded. "Our docking boss must be instructed to dock more cars than he does. He is too easy. Some men send out cars half full of slate and dirt and he doesn't dock them but one-fourth, and at times not at all; he must be discharged if he doesn't do better. Then miners must be compelled to top their cars. I think we ought to pay every month instead of every two weeks, also."

"It is against the law," said Hoyt.

Gwynne laughed and answered, "The legislature never intended it to be enforced."

"Will the men not object and possibly strike?"

"No, they have no money, or at least the majority have not. If they strike they will starve; beside they have no leaders and are not likely to have for a strike leader would not get any work in the whole region. Last strike I was superintendent of the Prosperity Mine and received the names of all the leaders, and they never received any work under me, that I can assure you. I also sent lists of the names to all the superintendents in the region and I doubt whether any of them ever secured work near here. Some didn't need a place to work in the mines as they managed to get enough out of the strike to set them up in business. The miner is a fool to be persuaded by unscrupulous men to strike when it benefits no one but the strike agitator. Well, what do you think of my plans?"

"You may go ahead, Gwynne; do what you think is best, only make the colliery pay well and be as easy as you can upon the men," said Hoyt, in a slow manner as he arose to go.

"Stop a moment, Mr. Hoyt; I think that we can do without some bosses. There is a boss here that I do not like so well, and we had best have harmony. He is far too intimate with the men and that is not for the best interests of the company."

"Whom do you mean?" asked Hoyt.

"Penhall, mine foreman of Number One."

"Best boss we have, Gwynne," said Hoyt, emphatically, "you can't discharge him; he is honest to the core."

"Yes, too honest. You don't want a too honest boss."

"He can't be discharged," reiterated Hoyt soberly, "he is faithful to the company and the men like him. He saved the lives of two men in this mine not long ago."

"How was that?"

"I think it was a fellow called Penryn who was driving a gangway. He had drilled two holes, prepared to fire them, lighted the fuses and then shouted 'fire'

and started to run when a piece of top came down and stunned him just as Penhall was coming in. Penhall called to him and receiving no response, suspected something wrong and rushed in. It was dangerous work for the holes might have gone off at any time. Penhall seized him and carried him out, but not in time to escape injury for the blast went off and a few of the flying pieces struck them both; Penryn was saved from certain death by Penhall's action. No, no, can't discharge Penhall, Gwynne."

"Oh, if that is the case I wouldn't discharge him either. I admire brave men and in the mines is where you will find them. I'll have to make Penhall my especial friend."

"It would be better so."

"I'll have to tell him though not to be too intimate with the men. You have a good boss in Pat Develry. He'll curse and swear at the Hungarians but he makes them work."

"A man will work just as well without the use of profanity; Penhall never swears, I'm told, but is generally singing some church hymn, and yet he gets as much work out of his men as any boss in the mines. I wish, Gwynne, that you would keep swearing out of the mines as much as possible. Dolan is a good fellow. How do you like Finn, the coal and iron policeman and Reeber, the paymaster? The former served the company ten years; the latter, twenty."

"Reeber is honest and Finn is well,—a good-natured fellow and as strong as a bull. Yes, they are good men. By the way, we must have a company butcher. The people buy their meat from the town butchers and we ought to have their trade. We lose two dollars a month from each family by not having one; yes, and sometimes seven dollars and more. Let's see," said Gwynne, thinking a moment, during which there was a pause and silence in the room. "Yes, we have over a thousand families in and around the town, to say nothing of the boarding-houses. We lose about

eight thousand dollars a month of trade and, since the profit is now a little over one-third, we lose, in clear cash, three thousand dollars a month. We can't afford that, Mr. Hoyt."

"Get one," said Hoyt, grimly smiling.

"And," continued Gwynne, "we need a company doctor. We lose something by not having one,—say about a hundred dollars a month,—ten per cent. for collection, you know."

"All right, get one," laughed Hoyt. "You can hire an undertaker at the same time. What do you say? Don't you think that we could make something by making them buy their caskets of us?"

Gwynne laughed. "Well, we keep out fifty cents to a dollar from each man's pay for preacher and priest. By the way, Mr. Hoyt, I witnessed an amusing sight in the pay office last week. We used to keep out of each Hungarian Lutheran's pay fifty cents for their minister. Their minister, a little red-haired chap, with a trifle of new beard around his chin, was in the office seeing Reeber. 'Mr. Reeber, you must not keep out fifty cents from each of my church people. I no like to be called "company preacher,"' he said. His members called him the company preacher."

Mr. Hoyt smiled and then grew grave again. "He's a good and sincere man, Mr. Gwynne. When we had the mines drowned out some years ago and a Hungarian was stopped in, he and his members gathered outside the slope mouth and stood there all night, in the rain, holding a service of prayer for the safety of the entombed miner."

"So," said Gwynne, in some surprise. "There was some Christianity in that."

"Yes," said Hoyt, "that was the time too, when Penhall saved the life of the second miner, that I mentioned and of which I forgot to tell you. Penhall worked twenty-four hours without rest or food until he was released. Indeed one may say he saved the lives of many at that time by his prompt and energetic

action. Well, I must go. I hope you will have no trouble with your new schemes."

"Oh, we'll have none," answered Gwynne cheerily.

Mr. Hoyt buttoned up his driving coat, pulled on his gloves and hastening out and getting into his carriage, drove rapidly away.

Gwynne had a clear field for his plans.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## SOWING THE TEETH OF THE DRAGON.

NOW, stand to, Jimmy, and heave together.”

The scene was in Number One slope, in one of the gangways. George Penryn and Jimmy O'Donnel were timbering. The stout young fellows of twenty-one or two could no longer be called boys. A few years had made great changes in them. Both had, after much arduous study under Boss Tom's instruction and attendance at the night school, passed the Mine Foreman's Examination, but there were no positions available to them at that time. They had had practical experience as miners, laboring with their respective fathers, and so they accepted positions as timbermen, knowing that the experience would benefit them. They were endeavoring to place a collar upon its legs. In gangway timbering the two upright sticks are called in mining parlance “legs” and the cross piece “a collar.” They were just now essaying to place the heavy cross piece in position and the task was no easy one as the collar was extra heavy. There was a heaving and straining of the stout young muscles, a quickness of breathing, and then a last final effort and the collar was in place. Both young men sat down for a moment to rest their flagging energies and to partake of something from the ever handy dinner bucket. It was approaching the dinner hour and both were hungry. Boss Tom was always very charitable to his men. He knew that they were not pieces of inanimate machinery that could continue at work constantly without a single breathing spell. He was no Egyptian taskmaster. “So long as 'ee do the work

speedily and carefully, I doant care, lads, ef 'ee do rest a bit," he had often told his company men.

"Are you going to the party that Mrs. Phillips is giving for her daughter, George?" asked Jimmy between his bites of pie.

"I have an invitation. Whether I shall go I do not know as yet," answered his companion soberly.

"If you don't go it will be a disappointment to Mrs. Phillips and to Bell, too, shure," said Jimmy. Jimmy, though he had advanced pretty fairly at the night school, yet used a few of his old boyish terms. "You have a fine chance there, George. Belle would like to go with ye and would jump at the chance. I heard a fellow say some time ago that this party was for nothing else but to catch George Penryn for Belle."

George was silent for a moment and Jimmy began his old bantering tone.

"She's mighty good looking and ye would be lucky, for she and you would make a mighty team, now, shure."

"Yes, she's pretty," said George, in a sober tone, "but I pity the lad that gets her. She'd keep him poor all his life with her spendthrift ways."

"She would that," answered Jimmy soberly.

"A fashion plate, nothing more," reiterated George, in some disgust; "but, Jimmy, she would be just the girl for you.—Fine cook, you know," and George smiled.

"Murder! No!" exclaimed Jimmy, holding up his hands in mock horror. "Afflict me in any other way! Would ye wish me to die before my time?" Both laughed.

"Now, there's Mary, shure; Belle couldn't hold a candle to her. She's a scholar, a good cook, a mighty fine girl and not one like her."

"I can't agree with you, Jimmy."

"That's for ye to say and not for me to argue," responded Jimmy; "every one to his fancy and it's lucky that all don't fancy the same, eh George? for in that

case there would be the old Nick to pay. It would so. But I'm thinking that in both cases, Belle isn't worthy to carry their shoes. Old Tom's daughter is a mighty fine girl and Mary is—a—a—as good as an angel. She is that."

"Right you are there. It's a good, sensible girl, a religious, careful, and a lady-like one, and one that isn't vain and foolish, that you and I are looking for. But did you get an invitation to the party and are you going?"

"Yes, and seeing as they have no designs upon me and with the protection of Mary, I think that I'll risk it."

"Well, I guess it's time to put in another leg," said George, arising; "I think we can do it before the dinner hour." Jimmy arose and both started into work with a vigor that proved their short rest had not lost the company any time or money. After the upright piece of timber was in place both took their dinner buckets and prepared to leave the place of work for the foot of the slope, where there was a better location and more company in which to pass away the noon-tide hour.

"Look at that rat, George. He has come out to get some dinner, too."

"Here, old fellow," said George to the bright-eyed little creature that paused some distance away from them as if afraid of farther approach; "here's something to prove that men are not so bad to your kind, after all," and he flung a small piece of bread to the animal. Instantly seizing it, the rat scurried away with it to a place of security.

"Rats are not so bad in a mine, except when a man's in the position that Mike Gusha was some years ago. Remember that time, Jimmy?"

"I do that; and ever since I don't like rats any more than I do rattlesnakes. Ugh!" said Jimmy, as he thought of the condition that Gusha was in when they found him. Both Jimmy and George had been in the

rescuing party of that time. "I wouldn't feed them if they were starving of hunger."

"You do the rats wrong, Jimmy, when you say that. Those rats do nothing more than some men do when in similar positions."

"Ah, come off now. What are ye giving us?"

"Fact," said George. "Why, Jimmy, I remember that Tom told me that when he came out from England they picked up a small boat with two men in it, that had been adrift on the mid-ocean for nineteen days without anything to eat and they had killed one of their number, a lad, so Tom said, to satisfy their hunger. They said that the boy was going crazy anyway by drinking sea water, and that he had no friends, while they had their families. It was an awful thing, but they were all half insane with their terrible experience. Don't blame the rats, for they are the miners' friends."

"How's that?"

"A rat is the friend of the miner and the sailor. A rat will never stay in a ship that is unseaworthy and he will never stay in a mining place that is unsafe; so that when he scurries off, it is a warning to the men."

At the bottom of the slope there was quite a crowd of men gathered to eat their dinners and enjoy each other's company.

"'Ere, lads, 'ave 'ee got any hoil?" asked Boss Tom, as George and Jimmy approached. "My lamp's almost out and you lads being company men, doant pay for the hoil any more than I do, so 'ee can afford to lend,—that es, ef 'ee got a plenty."

"Why, Tom, why didn't you say that you needed some oil? I'd let you have some of mine," said Ned Thomas.

"No, no, Ned; thee'rt a generous lad and would give away the last cent that 'ee 'ad to 'elp one worse off than thaself. If thee art a lemb of Satan in the joking line, 'ee 'ave a generous heart. No, I'm much obliged, Ned, but you're a miner and got to pay for the hoil.

Company men, we company men, are privileged persons," said Boss Tom, with a trace of humor. "That's why I doant ask miners. But, Ned, 'ast 'ee got a bit of 'bacca? I'll ask 'ee for that 'cause that's what we all pay for."

Ned handed Tom a small paper bag and told him to help himself, which he did in liberal quantities.

There were footsteps heard coming down the manway and the person, whoever he was, was close to the bottom of the descent when his approaching steps were heard, It was some one unaccustomed to the way—at least that could be told by the noise. All turned their heads to the bottom of the manway, and they were not kept long in suspense.

"'Tis Lew Wilt, the store clerk," said Ned; "I wonder what he wants down here. Hallo, Wilt!" continued Ned, "are you come down to take orders?"

"No," responded Wilt with a dogged air, "I'm come down to obey orders."

"Now, Wilt, what do 'ee want?" asked Boss Tom.

"I must get the names of all the men, whether they are married or single, and where they live or board," answered Wilt. "Here, you," addressing a Hungarian near by, "what's your name?"

"Number Thirty," answered the Hungarian.

"John Yasso," added Boss Tom.

"Where you live?" continued Wilt.

"Behind stable."

"Where?"

"Behind the mule stables," added Tom.

Lew Wilt wrote down the answers in his book and then continued his inquisition. "Are you married?"

The Hungarian looked dumbfounded for a moment, not understanding the question. He finally responded, "No standey."

"Got frau?"

"What for you want to know?" asked the Hungarian mistrustfully.

"John," said Jimmy, "no got frau, big boss get one for you. Big boss say every one must have frau. What kind you want—Irish, English, Hungarian?"

The Hungarian shook his head vigorously at the mentioning of Irish and English.

"Irish no douberie (good). English no douberie. Hungarian douberie—him carry water, cut wood, dig garden."

All laughed and the Hungarian finished with a shake of the head. "No got frau. No want frau now."

"What's that all for?" asked several men in unison.

"Gwynne wants it," said Wilt.

"Another dirty scheme," growled some of the men, for they had not taken kindly to some of his former plans.

"Does Gwynne want to know how many children a man has, Wilt?" asked a voice back in the crowd.

"What does he want of the names, Wilt?" asked old Boss Tom.

"I don't know. That's his business and I have only to obey orders." Wilt took the names of the men present and prepared to go into the gangways.

"'Ere, Wilt, I'll go with 'ee. You doant know where the men all are," and Tom, followed by Wilt, made the rounds of all the gangways and breasts. There was great curiosity on the part of the men and even a dim indistinct foreboding of something that was not to their welfare, but they received no information from Lew Wilt, the clerk.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## THE SAME OLD STORY.

IT WAS the last day of June, and, according to the calendar, summer had already started forth upon her mission, bringing sultry heat and thunder gusts. But this was not the fact in the little mountain village of Mayoton. Spring with its balmy breezes and sweet smelling fragrance was loath to leave the haunts that it had blessed for such a long season. It was evening. The sun had long since sunk to rest behind the western hills, illuminating sky and earth with a glory and wealth of variegated hues unknown to the artist's brush. There was still a purple radiance on the western horizon, like the first faint flush of a maiden's cheek, and from it emerged faint streamers of opaline and light saffron that seemed vainly endeavoring to drink in the pale azure of the firmament. Toward the east, the heavens were of a darker hue and yet a faint line of aluminum between the scrub pines of the hills indicated that a gentler effulgence would soon dominate and proclaim the night.

Old Boss Tom reclined in an easy chair upon his front portico. The day had been an arduous one for him and he was now resting and seemed lost in the pleasing meditation of nature around about him. A blushing crimson Rambler, that lovingly clung to a trellis work at one end of the veranda, breathed its affection in fragrance upon the air. There was a tranquil peacefulness upon the rugged countenance of the old boss, only seen upon the features of those whose career has been a course of rectitude. There was a stillness upon the evening air, only broken by the faint cry of the whip-poor-will, evidently the chorister pro-

claiming to his companions that the hour for the nightly practice was at hand. Old Tom was enamoured with the beauty and grandeur of nature and something else as his soliloquy evidenced.

"'Ow any one can be a disbeliever in God and his goodness, I doant know. 'Ow any one can be a bad, wicked man and live in forgetfulness of God, His blessings and His claims for service, I doant know. God is good, and His blessings are good and many," murmured the boss to himself, and then paused for a moment and continued in a low voice. "'And God saw everything that 'e 'ad made and behold it was very good.' Yes, the trees and the flowers and the air and yon little warbler a calling to his mates, are all beautiful and good and 'e made man to have dominion over the works of 'is 'ands, and yet 'ow thoughtless man is and 'ow thankless, too, not to consider 'is 'eritage. 'Lord, what es man that thou art mindful of 'im and the Son of Man that thou visitest 'im? And yet, Thou 'ast made 'im a little lower than the hangels and 'ast crowned 'im with glory and honor. Thou madest 'im to 'ave dominion over the works of Thy hands; Thou 'ast put all things under his feet.'" The boss paused for a moment and then continued. "'The lines 'ave fallen unto us in goodly places and a goodly 'eritage is ours.' And yet men fight and drink, and like Esau, sell their birthright for a mess of pottage, while all the rest of creation praises Him. There—" and Tom paused and listened attentively to a far-away call in the distance. "There's another of they birds a tuning. 'Whip-poor-will' they seem to say but who can tell but what they are singing 'praise God.' Yes, all nature, and they birds, and all, praise the Creator."

The old boss paused, for he had caught a gleam of pale moonlight that seemed like fretted silver through the trees of the hill tops—moonlight, crossed, re-crossed and penciled by intertwining, laced branches and pine needles. Again came the soliloquy:

“‘Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of 'er birth,  
Whilst all the stars that round 'er burn  
And all the planets in their turn  
Repeat the story as they roll,  
And spread the news from pole to pole;  
Forever singing as they shine  
The 'and that made us is divine.'”

But there were others abroad upon that beautiful evening, and Tom was made aware of it by the clicking of the garden gate, and a step upon the board walk. He turned his attention away from the contemplation of the heavens and the dulcet symphonies of feathered songsters, to welcome the newcomer.

“‘Ow are 'ee, George; come up and 'ave a chair. The evening es too fine to spend indoors, and so I like to sit outside,” and the boss shook hands with George Penryn in a cordial manner and drew up a handy porch chair for his use. George had been in a tumult all the evening,—that is, a mental tumult. It was an evening not only for nature meditation, but for lovers and lovers' themes, and there had been a wild, ungovernable longing in his breast to see the vision of his soul,—the azure-eyed, aureous-tressed reality of his imagination; so he had wandered in the neighborhood of Tom's home, expecting, hoping, to catch a glimpse of her and possibly a short period of conversation. He scarcely knew what to say to Tom as the reason for his visit, except that he was taking a walk, and he trivially made mention of the beauty of the evening and then relapsed into silence, hoping that Tom would say something of Alice, or that that worthy would herself appear. Tom gave him no trouble to express himself. So engrossed was he in his former thoughts that he paid no attention to George's listless manner, but continued the conversation thus started, on the line of his former reverie.

"Yes, 'tez a beautiful evening and makes me think of the days we used to 'ave in old Cornwall, when a boy. Only we doant 'ave the sea 'ere and the gleam of the water of the Mount's Bay."

Tom's birthplace in England, and the place where he had spent the greater part of his youthful days, had been in Cornwall, near the town of Penzance and he now launched into reminiscences of those times, which would have been very interesting to George at any other period than the present, when his mind was so wholly occupied with other themes. There was a latent suspicion in the breast of the young man, which had been growing for quite a time, and which this present occasion seemed to fan into a flame of torture. Why did not Alice appear? he thought. Was she away? He did not like to put such a direct question to Tom. Was Tom aware of what he thought of her and of the state of his feelings toward her and was he purposely keeping her out of the way so that he should not see her? Had Tom fathomed his mind and the passion that was consuming him and thought that it would not do? Was he purposely keeping her out of the way to nip his expectations in the bud, or in mincing parlance "to scrag his efforts?" Tom thought a great deal of him but he certainly would like to have his daughter marry some one above an ordinary timberman. He was thus in an indirect manner, and a kindly one, trying to hinder him in his aspirations. He remembered that once upon a former occasion he had called and found Alice not at home, and then at another time they had told him that she was not well. These thoughts and mental queries flashed through the youth's mind as he listened to Tom, relating the things of former times. Ah, it was perfectly plain to him now, he thought, and he felt more miserable and irascible than he had ever felt in all his life.

Tom, in blissful unconsciousness of his hearer's inattentive manner, still rattled on in the conversation, getting a brief "yes, sir," and "no, sir," from George

and thinking in his heart that he was entertaining him. In fact, the old boss was entertaining himself more than his companion, and he was not cognizant of the fact.

"Now, talking about they whip-poor-wills, they are nice and tunesome but nothing to some of the birds of old Cornwall. I tell 'ee, George, we 'aven't got a bird out 'ere, not even the robin, or that badly misnamed warbler, the cat-bird, that can compare with the songsters of the old Dart. Why, I remember 'ow I used to 'ear the wood-lark in the squire's woods early in the morning, and there's nothing like 'is song for music. They'll tell 'ee, too, that the sky-lark is the sweetest of singing birds, but doant believe that. The sky-lark is fine, but the wood-lark es sweeter. Now——," and Tom went off on a long dissertation on singing birds.

George was in an agony of perplexed thoughts. In the meantime, Mrs. Penhall, having finished her work in the kitchen, brought her sewing out upon the portico and joined the group. She greeted George in a friendly manner and asked after the welfare of the people at home. Nellie, was she well and how was she getting on in her music? Oh, and yes, how was he getting on in his studies? These were the queries she put in her kindly greeting.

Yes, Nellie was well and he was getting on fairly well, he had answered in reply to these questions. There was bitterness in his heart as he spoke, and then all apparently listened to Tom's speech about something he had accomplished, or something about old Cornwall when he was a boy there. George had a dim recollection afterward that it had reference to some church music or singing, he knew not what and didn't care, and as Tom still kept on about Cornwall, George had the uncharitableness to wish in the impatience of his irritated soul that Cornwall was at the bottom of the sea. "The delectable Duchy, bah!" he thought.

"Yes," he reflected, giving the full rein to his morbid suspicions, "now Mrs. Penhall has told Alice to

seclude herself and she herself has come out to help Tom wear and tire me out, so that I will leave and—but I'll not trouble them any further. I see the drift of the thing."

"Well, I must go," he said abruptly and arose accordingly.

"What, going so soon," exclaimed Tom. "The evening is yet young, and I must say that 'ee are splendid company, George, lad; I doant know when I 'ave enjoyed myself so well in conversation weth any one."

George pulled his cap down over his eyes with a jerk and bid a hasty adieu and departed.

"I doant know what 'as come over the lad to go off so sudden like. He can't be feeling well; must be taken sick or summat suddenly," said Tom, regretfully.

"I suppose he is," said Mrs. Penhall sharply, for she liked not George's sudden and unceremonious departure.

George had not proceeded far when he perceived a gleam of white lawn approaching Tom's gate and——

"Who is that with Alice?" he murmured to himself, while there was a strangling sense of tightness in his throat and a shooting pain in his chest. He turned a little, ostensibly to examine a flower-bed in a garden nearby, but really to cast a sly glance backward at the gate of Tom's house. The parties were now near the gate and were chatting merrily. A gay, ringing laugh floated out on the air in his rear, and the peal jarred upon him and seemed to turn his heart into a lump of ice.

Ah, it was Alice and young Gwynne, the son of Superintendent Gwynne. Young Gwynne was a law student—almost a graduate. Young Gwynne had money and was also the superintendent's son. Alice was not at home but they had wanted to get him out of the road anyway, for they knew that young Gwynne and Alice must soon be home. Ah, he knew. They couldn't deceive him. Now notice the smile of pleasure upon Mrs. Penhall's face as she

shook hands with the superintendent's son. Notice that obsequious, fawning grin on the countenance of Boss Tom, as he shakes hands with Gwynne in a friendly manner. They are anxious for a well-to-do son-in-law. Notice that welcoming look of Alice as she lets those sunbeam eyes smile into his. Ah—and he fairly crunched the top of the paling in his strong grasp. She had never looked that way at him. With a muttered oath, the first used in his life, he turned away with a bitter hatred in his heart for young Gwynne, Mrs. Penhall, and Tom, (yes, Tom, good old Boss Tom, his friend). He dragged his cap farther over his eyes and strode away into the gloom of the trees that darkly dappled the road.

Good, hearty, simple-hearted Boss Tom, who in the fullness of his kindly nature, had a smile and a cheery word for every one—yes, even the very mules of the mines! How George, in his jealous rage, had misjudged him!

And Alice, did he hate her? He did not know. He could not tell. He sat down when out of view on a log by the roadside and put his hot face in his hands, while the pale moonlight, through a rift in the trees, flooded his tangled black hair. Hate Alice! No, he could not hate her, no matter what she would do or with whom she would go. She might go with the devil and he could not hate her. True, he would just as soon see his Satanic Majesty with her as that smooth tongued, polished sycophant, young Gwynne. How he hated him,—bitterly, piratically. That isn't Christianlike, something whispered within him. He didn't care, he thought, whether it was Christianlike or not. He couldn't help it. And then a vision of the last scene at the gate—Alice smiling into the face of Gwynne—arose before him and his brows contracted as if in pain.

"Oh, Alice, Alice, Alice," he muttered, and he gripped his big hands until the nails fairly bit the flesh. He never knew how he had loved those eyes,

that rippling hair, ay, the whole personality, before; and now the thought of losing her, who had twined her life with his, throughout his boyhood days, was too much. He had never thought of her in any other light than as an associate of his own.

Then, saner thoughts came to him as he meditated. Was not Tom and his wife right in trying to better the condition of their daughter? What chance had he with Gwynne? Gwynne had a higher education and had a higher position in life than himself. Would Tom ever consent to his daughter marrying a common miner's son, a man of limited education and means, an ordinary timberman in the mines? The thought of it made him sick with disgust at the mines and his dirty mining life. Yes, but was not Tom in his youthful days an ordinary miner? But he was not a common miner now. But he himself need not be a common miner long. Had he not passed the Mine Foreman's Examination? Yes, but no position was open for him, and probably never would be. He had waited, and waited, and waited, and nothing came of it.

He would give up the coal mines and go to the Klondike, to California, Australia, anywhere to make a fortune. No, that would not do, for then that smooth-tongued Gwynne would have no opposition, and a mad rage burned within him and there was a fiery gleam in his eyes. He leaned his head farther down upon his hands as the impotency of his rage and anger revealed itself to him, and continued in this position as if lost in sorrowful, yet fierce meditation.

A lone whip-poor-will fluttered to a branch above his head and looked down in a startled, half-hesitating manner and broke the stillness of the place with a dismal "whip-poor-will," but he stirred not, and the bird flew away with whirring wings and left him to his solitude.

A melody from a piano floated out upon the still evening air, and then a mellow, bass voice sang. He knew that voice and that song too. It was Gwynne's

voice and the song was Ben Bolt. What right had he to sing that song, and above all, what right had he to sing that song to her?

"Gwynne, Gwynne,"—the words escaped from his lips in a harsh, half-audible guttural, and he again clenched his horny hands and mentally consigned the owner of that name to all the condign obloquy and opprobrium imaginable. Alice was too good for that polished son of the schools. Yes, for that matter, she was too good for himself to aspire after. But the asinine assumption of that—that—that—, what should he call him, was insufferable and not to be tolerated. He hated him and his dark eyes gleamed again with all the savage ferocity of the Celt. He—

"Why, George, why were ye not at the party at Belle Phillips' place? Belle was asking for ye, and looked mopish all the evening because you weren't there. What's wrong? Why weren't ye at the party?"

It was Jimmy O'Donnel that had spoken. Jimmy and Mary were on their way home from the party. Evidently Jimmy had obtained the protection of Mary, as he had said. They had come upon George before he was aware of their presence. Jimmy's question and sudden appearance was like the probing of a wound with a red hot iron.

"The party be damned!" said George, as he strode away through the woods.

"Now, what the div——Did ye ever hear a thing like that? What the world has come over the boy? I never heard him say a thing like that in all me life. He must be sick or out of his head. I'll ask him in the morning what ailed him, I will so," and Jimmy and Mary walked on, amazed, mystified at the unexplainable words and actions of George Penryn.

Young Gwynne, after a short stay at Tom Penhall's, took his departure.

"What kind of a fellow is he, Allie?" asked old Tom, and then immediately followed his question with another, "What es 'e doing in this section?"

"He is on a vacation, so he said, and he does seem like a gentleman. I met him at the preacher's house, and the minister's wife introduced him to me, and when I came home, he said that he would walk part way with me, though I didn't think then he would walk all the way home."

Mrs. Penhall seemed very much pleased, and said that she thought that he would be a good match for "our Allie," and then he was a lawyer and the superintendent's son. Alice flushed an angry red.

"Why, mother, every young man that sees a young lady home doesn't want to marry her!"

Old Tom put his arm around her and as he smoothed down her hair said, tenderly: "No, nor 'ee shouldn't have her if he wanted to. The best man in the world shan't 'ave 'er."

"The best man in the world has me already," said Alice, laughing, "and he is my 'dear old Tom,' as he calls himself," and the girl kissed her father affectionately.

"There, there, run away to bed for we must be all up hearly on the morrow."

## CHAPTER XX.

## TWO CHANGES OF FORTUNE.

**M**R. OWEN Gwynne was in the post-office. It was the superintendent's custom to investigate all the branches of the colliery work. Indeed he was such a methodical business man that every department of his work was thoroughly examined once or twice a month, to see how affairs were moving. Mr. Hoyt had made no mistake when he bestowed upon Owen Gwynne the superintendency, so far as that latter worthy's business capacity was concerned. He was a business machine and every department must pay to the utmost. No mine over which he had had the administration had ever proved a failure financially. The store, the slopes, the offices and even the post-office received his attention. Gwynne had seen that quite a sum of money was lost to the company by the post-office being in other hands. Through some means or other he had obviated the evil, as he called it, and managed to get it also under his authority. A clerk of the store was paid a little extra to attend to the daily mail and so a surplus went into the hands of the company. It was the post-office that was now attracting Mr. Gwynne's notice. With the eye of a practised accountant, he ran over the books, correcting an error here and there, and soundly rating the officiating clerk at the same time.

"You must be more careful, Wilt, about these little matters; they are little matters, but they all count up in the long run and amount to a considerable sum. Now, there, I'll wager that you didn't place or mark excess postage on that letter."

The letter to which he had referred was a bulky envelope in Tom Penhall's box, and which had caught his eye. The letter was withdrawn from its place and examined and weighed. There were four cents overweight charges to be paid before its delivery. Gwynne turned with a slight frown to the clerk. "This is a slipshod way of doing business. You put it in Mr. Penhall's box without marking the excess or weighing it. This can't go on long, Wilt."

"The mail just arrived a few moments ago and I suppose that I put it there in a hurry for there were many in the store and some were clamoring for their mail," said Wilt, trying to palliate his offense.

"Well, see that it doesn't occur again and don't neglect the postage when it is delivered. I'll just mark on it four cents due, as a reminder. We can't afford to let these little things slip."

Gwynne marked down the excess postage and, just at that moment, a customer coming in, Wilt hastened away to wait upon her, glad to get rid of any further lectures from the superintendent.

The eye of the man of business was caught by the signature in the upper corner, and he scrutinized it closely. "Trual and Trembath, Barristers, Dodmin, Cornwall, England," he read. "Now I wonder what Tom has to do with a law firm in England," he murmured to himself as he mechanically handled the letter testing the weight. It must be of some moment to Tom. "Trual and Trembath,—Trual and Trembath,"—where had he heard that name before? Oh, yes, now he remembered. It was when he was much younger, when his father was still alive. His father had received a little money from Wales, which inheritance through care and good judgment had formed the basis of his own little fortune. Yes, he remembered that Trual and Trembath had written to his father about the matter and his father had appointed them the agents. They were a firm that did a great deal of legal business in

Cornwall and had branch offices in Wales. Could Tom have any business of a like nature with them as did his father? He would like to know and yet it was an affair in which he had no interest. The temptation was strong to ascertain what the affair was about and yet it was a legal offense to open a letter. Legality,—bah—. It was but an empty term. Were they not now paying monthly, contrary to law, that said once every two weeks? Wilt was busy attending to the wants of a few customers. He would satisfy his curiosity; it might be of some use to him or to the company. With a lead pencil he deftly and quickly broke the sealing, and quickly scanned the contents. Ah! it was as he had expected. Whew! twelve thousand pounds coming to Tom from the old country by the death of a wealthy uncle. That was nearly sixty thousand dollars. A comfortable, snug sum. As deftly and expeditiously as he had opened the envelope, he secured the sealing of it and replaced it in Tom's box. His action was none too soon, for Wilt was through with his customers and was returning. Hurriedly cautioning him about being more careful about the details of profit increasing, he departed to the private office of the company.

"What an old skinflint," thought Wilt, as he entered the postal department alone, and then making sure that he had gone he uttered his remarks aloud, in a half audible tone. "He would bite a nail in two to make weight and skin a louse for the profit of his hide. I will just take that letter of Tom's and weigh it again and see if it is as much overweight as he said."

The letter was taken the third time from its place in the box and weighed. Yes, it was as Gwynne had said. It was four cents overweight and then, as he examined it, he started, for a little mucilage adhered to his fingers.

"That's strange," he said, and then he examined the post-mark. "England, that's strange, that a letter from away over there shouldn't be dry before it comes

to this office. It's not dry yet." A sudden suspicion entered his breast, and he examined the desk. There was a drop of mucilage on the desk and the mucilage-bottle was not in its accustomed place.

That letter was opened, and not so very long ago, as the nature of the sealing proved. Who could have done it? No one but Gwynne or himself, and he had not done it, he knew. There was no money in it or it would have been registered. Yes, it was Gwynne, and that was a criminal offense but he would not dare say anything for he had no proof, and he would probably be discharged if he breathed the affair. After all, it was only a little curiosity on the part of Gwynne and nothing would come of it. It was nothing to him anyway.

A customer entered and Wilt hastened off to wait upon her. She was an Italian woman from the quarters over behind the mule stables, and she wanted sardines and some other kind of fish. She had scarcely been waited on (which occupied quite a time as she seemed to haggle over the price) when Boss Tom came in for his mail.

"'Ave 'ee got any mail for me, Wilt, lad?" asked Tom, and then his eye caught sight of the bulky letter in his box. "Ah, there's summat there for me. Les 'ave it, Wilt."

Wilt nervously took out the letter. He was afraid that the sealing was still moist and that, if Tom should notice it, suspicion would naturally fall upon him. To his great satisfaction the sealing had become dry in the interval of time and he handed it over to Tom with a sigh of relief. "There is still four cents due on it, Tom, as it's overweight."

"It must be something very important," said Tom, as he fished up the required amount from his vest pocket.

When outside of the store he examined the post-mark carefully.

"A letter from England, ah!" said Tom as he began

to break the seal and peruse the contents. He had gotten over the first line when he paused and a suspicious moisture gathered in his eyes, which he wiped with his coat sleeve. "Poor uncle Tom is dead and gone, but he was a good man if he did have a quarrel with father," and Tom continued reading and then, after a time, paused again with an expression of wonder. "I must read that again, for I may 'ave made a mistake," he murmured, and then he again scanned the letter with renewed interest. "Twelve thousand pounds! Twelve thousand pounds! Why, that es a fortune! What a treat that will be for Allie and the Missis," and with no thought for himself, but for others, and the benefit it would confer upon them, Tom folded the letter and returned it to the envelope.

When he reached home he mentioned nothing to Mrs. Penhall or to Alice, but thought that he would keep the information to himself. There was some process of law to be gone through yet before he should gain possession. He would write and tell Trual and Trembath to take charge of the matter for him.

In the meantime, Mr. Owen Gwynne had retired to his private office. It was nearly time for closing, but he desired to see Mr. Reeber, the paymaster, and as that person was not on hand, he was forced to await him. A new timekeeper was needed as the former incumbent of that office had resigned. Gwynne had discharged the assistant paymaster on some pretext or other, but, underneath his action was the purpose to combine that office with the duty of timekeeper. He would make the timekeeper take charge of both offices and thus cut down expenses. True, the timekeeper would receive a little increase in his wages, but on the whole, it would be a saving to the company of fifty dollars a month. The old timekeeper did not see it that way. He had, by the change, to labor on the pay-rolls in the office, act in the capacity of under bookkeeper and trudge through the works twice a day to see if the men were on hand working, and he

thought the remuneration not sufficient and so had resigned. Gwynne was genuinely sorry, for he was an efficient man, but he was not sorry to the amount of any increase. The trouble was now to find a man capable of doing the arduous work that the former man had done.

While waiting upon Reeber, his thoughts went off in another direction and he thought of Tom Penhall and the letter he had received that afternoon. Why was that money not in his hands instead of Tom Penhall's? Tom, though skilled in mining science, was never likely to become anything more than an ordinary mine foreman. He was ignorant even of the proper use of the English language,—couldn't even speak a sentence without bringing in some of his outlandish dialect. That money added to the amount that he already had, would make him, Owen Gwynne, independent and would open up other fields to his ambitious soul. Was he always to be nothing else than a mine superintendent, a hireling of others? Then a thought struck him that made him sit bolt upright. "The very thing!" he said, with some emphasis, and then paused to think. William, his son, he knew had a tender feeling for Tom's daughter. He had fathomed that much only lately. Tom was ignorant, but what of that. His daughter was good looking, comparatively cultured, and was the only child and Tom was getting old. He had intended to prevent his son visiting Tom's place, but now that Tom had money—that was a horse of a different color and it might not be so bad after all. If William should marry Tom's daughter and inherit the amount, it would not be hard to combine capital and start in on an independent venture and he, Gwynne, would be the chief man of the company. It would pay to assist the case as much as possible and be friendly disposed towards Tom.

There was a rap on the office door, and calling to the person to come in, the door opened and the very subject of his thought stood before him, Tom Penhall.

"Come in, Mr. Penhall, come in!" exclaimed the superintendent, cordially, and he shook Tom's hand warmly. Tom wondered in the simplicity of his heart at this unwonted cordiality from his superintendent, who had appeared rather distant heretofore. So dumfounded was he at first that he could not speak.

There was a striking contrast between the two men. Tom, brown haired, his rugged, open face slightly marked with a blue coal cut here and there, and with honest blue eyes, that revealed the sincere soul within, was a striking type of the skilled scientific miner. Gwynne, dark, and of equal size, with dark eyes and heavy features, likewise represented the typical miner, but there was something of the veneer and polish that experience with the upper classes brings, and a certain shrewdness that even cordiality could not conceal. Tom found his voice at length. "I come in to see 'ee, Mr. Gwynne, about the vacancy in the timekeeper's position."

"Well," said Gwynne, "I was just thinking about that and was awaiting Mr. Reeber to see him in reference to it. Do you have any one to suggest, Mr. Penhall?"

"I 'ave," said Tom, coming to the point at once. "I think, Mr. Gwynne, that we ought to give the preference to our own men,—the men that 'as worked themselves up in our own employ and 'ave showed that they could be trusted. Now, we 'ave two boys, I suppose that I ought to say men, for they are men now, that 'ave passed the mine foreman's examination."

"O'Donnel and Penryn," interrupted Gwynne, for the fact that they had passed the mine foreman's examination was known to the whole village.

"Yes, Jimmy and George," added the boss, "and I 'ave taken a sight of interest in they boys since they were mule boys in the gangway, and would like to see them get up a bit 'igher."

"You are not aware, though, Mr. Penhall, that the position of timekeeper also includes the work of as-

sistant paymaster, and a knowledge of bookkeeping is absolutely essential. Do the young men of whom you speak know anything about the latter?"

Tom's face fell for a moment for he had cherished the idea that here would be a chance for one, at least of his favorites to better his condition. The studies that the young men had taken up did not include bookkeeping. Then he remembered that one, George, had taken up that study privately and he accordingly informed the superintendent of the fact.

"George has taken up the study, I believe, and knows summat about it, and I would take it as a favor, Mr. Gwynne, that ef the lad es fitted for the position, you can give 'im the lift, for it will encourage 'im. He's honest and steady and deserves a 'igher position than 'e 'as."

"Well, send the young man up here, and Reeber and I will see him. If he can do the work he shall have the position. I always like to do a favor to a friend, Mr. Penhall, whenever I can."

Tom was very much pleased to have things turn out so favorably. Gwynne had never treated him so affably before. He was a kinder man at heart than he had at first supposed. He appeared a little hard at first, but that was his way of doing business, he thought. He met George returning from work and told him of the new opening and urged him to go up to the office at once. George had not been at Tom's house since that memorable evening when he had experienced such a fit of jealousy at the presence of young Gwynne. He had even avoided Tom, himself, and had been silent and morose to Jimmy and others. That fit of jealousy had made a different man out of him, however. It had passed away and left in its place a calm, settled purpose of excelling young Gwynne, and he was working hard for the attainment of it. He was grateful for Tom's interest in him, and hastened off to meet the paymaster and superintendent in the office. When he emerged from the office

there was a glow upon his countenance that revealed that he had been successful. Tom was lingering around in the vicinity, no doubt awaiting to see the outcome. He approached and asked him and, having received the favorable news that he was expecting, clapped him on the back in his old hearty manner and bade him hurry home and tell his mother of his good fortune.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## APPLYING THE SCREWS.

ON THE following morning there was quite a crowd of men gathered around a notice posted up in the engine house. Engineer Bill Smith was at his post and had seen the notice first, and was reading it for the benefit of those that could not get near enough to peruse it themselves.

## NOTICE.

There will be a reduction of wages of ten per cent. on all company men; it will affect timbermen, roadmen, drivers, top-men, bottom-men, slate-pickers and loaders. It will go into effect on August 1st.

OWEN GWYNNE, Superintendent.

The reading of this filled the listeners with bitter thoughts toward Gwynne and those in authority. There were growling oaths from some, and scowls on the faces of others.

"Ten per cent. is not much to him, but it manes a good bit to us," growled a brawny Irishman.

"That doant affect we," said old Dicky Curnow, "but et is a shame, anyhow, so et is." Dicky had become tired of timbering and had secured a breast in Number One. He was now thankful that he had.

"An outrage!" exclaimed big Bill Smith.

"I'm glad I'm not a company man," said Ned Thomas, "I find it hard enough to get along on the pay I get now, and if it should be reduced——"

"Bide awee," interrupted Clyde, the pumpman, "the

miner's time will come. Gwynne is too fair a man to cut one and not to cut all."

"Fair!" exclaimed Jimmy, who was exasperated to think that his wages were to be reduced. "He's just like the great crow that divided the cheese between the two animals that come to him for judgment in the case. He nibbles off a piece on one side and then on the other to make the two even, and after a time he will be swallowing the whole for costs."

"Him not a good man like Boss Tom," said Tony, the driver. "Boss Tom not cut de pay."

"No, y're right there," said Jimmy.

Red Jerry Andra entered and also read the notice. "Putting the screws on all around?"

"Except on we miners," answered old Dicky.

"Yes, and the screws be on the miners, too; did ye hear the news?"

"How's that?" asked several.

"Black powder gone up to two dollars and ninety cents a keg and dualin powder gone up to twenty-two cents a pound."

"I told ye that ye wad get yer turn," said Mike Clyde.

It was the miners' turn to scowl and mutter. Old Dicky was aghast and Ned and others were emphatic in their denunciations of this "highway robbery," as they called it.

"Here, Tony, I want to see you," said a voice from the door. It was Assistant Superintendent Moore and Tony Luccaque, the Italian driver, went without to ascertain what was wanted.

"Now what does Moore want with Tony?" said Ned Thomas.

"Not to benefit Tony, ye may depend," answered some one. Then the conversation went on about Superintendent Gwynne and the reductions.

"Are your wages cut, Bill?" asked Mike Gallagher, timberman, of big Bill, the engineer.

"Not yet, but I expect them to be at sometime or other for I'm no better than the rest."

"Well, he can't cut mine, I can tell 'ou, for I'm on contract work," said Phillips.

"They'll cut 'ou too, never fear," said John Jones, another timberman.

"Is big boss' wages cut, too?" asked, innocently, Mike Gusha, who, being a Hungarian, failed to see the origin of the cutting of wages. All laughed.

"No, no, Mike," said Jack George. "They'll not cut his wages. He would hardly cut his own."

"Yes, but Hoyt will if he doesn't make the mine pay better than McCue did," said Jimmy.

"I heard that that was what McCue was sent off for," said Ned Thomas.

While this conversation was going on inside, Moore was interviewing Tony outside the engine house.

"Tony, you don't buy enough out of the store," began the assistant superintendent. "You buy too much at other places and if you want to keep your job, you will have to buy more from the company."

"Me buy five dollars and must pay board. No can buy more unless me give it away."

"Aren't you married?"

"No."

"Oh, that is all right, then. We thought that you were married. You had better buy a little more anyhow and perhaps you will get a better job," Moore said and then left him.

Tony entered the engine room a little sulky but much relieved.

"What's wrong, Tony?" asked several.

"What is?" asked Clyde.

"Him say I no buy enough in store. Him discharge me if me no buy more. I say I buy five dollars and must pay board and no can buy more. Him say then, —you no married,—and I say—no. Him say all right. Him thought I was married."

All looked at one another in a perplexed manner.

"Now, what does Moore mane by that?" asked Mike Gallagher.

"Maybe it is only an excuse to get rid of you, Tony," suggested Fatty Book.

"No, Tony is too good a driver for that," said Sandy, the driver boss; "since George Penryn and Jimmy there left driving, we don't have a better driver in the mines than Tony."

"Him say he no discharge me; it all right because me no married," said Tony.

"Es it come to that?" said simple-hearted Dicky Curnow, "that when a man gets married 'e must be turned off. I doant know what's to become of we, then."

Ned Thomas gave a sly wink at Red Jerry, and then chimed in soberly. "And it's not only that, Dicky, but I 'eard that Gwynne was going to dock a man in cars for the size of his family. Do 'ee see, Gwynne means to save wherever he can, and when a man that rents a house has a large family, the children tear it up so bad with their pranks that it is a loss to the company, and Gwynne means to dock a man to pay for the repairs. If he has five children in his family he gets docked so many cars, and if he has more than five he gets docked more cars."

Old Dicky, who had taken Ned in earnest, was horrified at such injustice. "Oah, oah, what are us coming to?"

Jimmy O'Donnel, who had been thinking soberly all the time, now spoke as if he had solved the problem. "I have it; Ned, do you remember when Wilt came into the mine some time ago?"

"I know now," said Ned, his eyes brightening with understanding.

"Well, what is it?" asked big Bill.

"Why," said Ned, "Wilt came into the mine some-time ago and took down the names of all the men and where they lived, and whether they were married or single. I see it all now though we all didn't know

what to make of it at that time. Wilt said that Gwynne wanted to get the names."

"Well, what has that to do with Moore threatening to discharge Tony?" asked Bill.

"Why, you ninny," said Ned, "it's as plain as a nose on a man's face. They mean to make every man buy more out of the store or discharge him if he doesn't. A married man must buy more than a single man; that's why they asked Tony if he was married."

"Gwynne would sell his father to make profit," said one.

"That's downright tyranny," said Bill, as he jerked up the oil-can and proceeded to oil the machinery. Some of the men said nothing, but it was plain from their looks that the news was anything but agreeable to them.

"Gwynne is all for profit," said one.

"That's why he discharged the old docking boss and put that man, Henny, in his place. The old docking boss didn't dock enough to suit him," said Clyde.

Just at this time Bill blew the whistle with a jerk and the miners and company men hastened to get into the waiting car. Gallagher, as he passed the notice of reduction in wages, ejected a stream of tobacco juice upon the offensive paper, which action was significant of the sentiments of the men in reference to Gwynne's new policy. Big Bill moved the lever, and soon the whole building was throbbing with the sound of turning machinery.

Outside the breaker was the sturdy figure of Peter Dolan. Boss Peter was alone, and the brightness of the July morning seemed to affect him pleasantly, for he was doing something that was rare for Peter. He was humming, half audibly, as he scanned the hills, an old song that seemed to bring back distant memories:

"By Killarney's lakes and fells,  
Emerald isles and winding bays,  
Mountain paths and woodland dells,

Memory ever fondly strays.  
Bounteous nature loves all lands,  
Beauty wanders everywhere,  
Footprints leaves on every strand,  
But her home is surely there.  
Angels fold their wings and rest  
In that Eden of the west;  
Beauty's home, Killarney,  
Ever fair Killarney.

"And it's so. Beauty smiles on every land, but it's Killarney that is her home," said Peter, as he sniffed the air and gazed on the hills. Peter's old home had been in the neighborhood of Killarney. While gazing at the landscape, a figure near by drew his attention. The figure was rapidly approaching; it was Pat O'Donnel.

"Good morning, Pat, and how are ye, and it's a pleasant day that makes one think of the ould country."

Pat didn't look as if the morning had been a pleasant one for him. There was an angry look upon his countenance that his first words supplemented. Pat was mad, angry, wrathful, as wrathful as an Irishman can be when under much provocation. If he had had a shillelah in his hand and he had met the object of his wrath, that person would have regretted it.

"The morning is nice, but I'm not after thinking of it, Peter. I don't naturally like to be chated and it is that that is stirring me timper until I feel like giving that new docking boss of yours a bating that will be after making him honest or make him give up his job."

"Why, what is the mater, now?"

"He is docking too much. He docked me tin cars!"

"Were they clean coal?"

"Some were a little dirty; but where can we put dirt?"

"Here he comes now," said Dolan.

Henny, the new docking boss, was seen approaching. He was a man about forty years of age and had been a servile tool of Gwynne in the Prosperity Colliery, where both had served the company in their present respective positions. His action there conjointly with Gwynne had caused the strike of some years previous. Henny was an American of German descent. He had been a strict adherent of the maxim, "Remember number one"—and his own material interest had always been on the side of the company. He was indeed a faithful pupil and follower of Gwynne, and that worthy knew that he could be depended upon to subject principle and all things to his interest.

"I want to know why ye docked me those tin cars of coal. O'Donnel is me name and the cars were just as good as any cars that iver come out of the mine. They were so."

"That is my business, Mr. O'Donnel," said Henny, a trifle shortly.

"Now, the foul fiend fly away wid ye!" exclaimed O'Donnel in a rage, and his face flushed with anger at this short answer. "Do ye think that ye can dock widout any wan asking a question? Do ye think that ye can rob a man and him not ask the razon why? I want to know why ye docked thim cars and I'm going to have me answer."

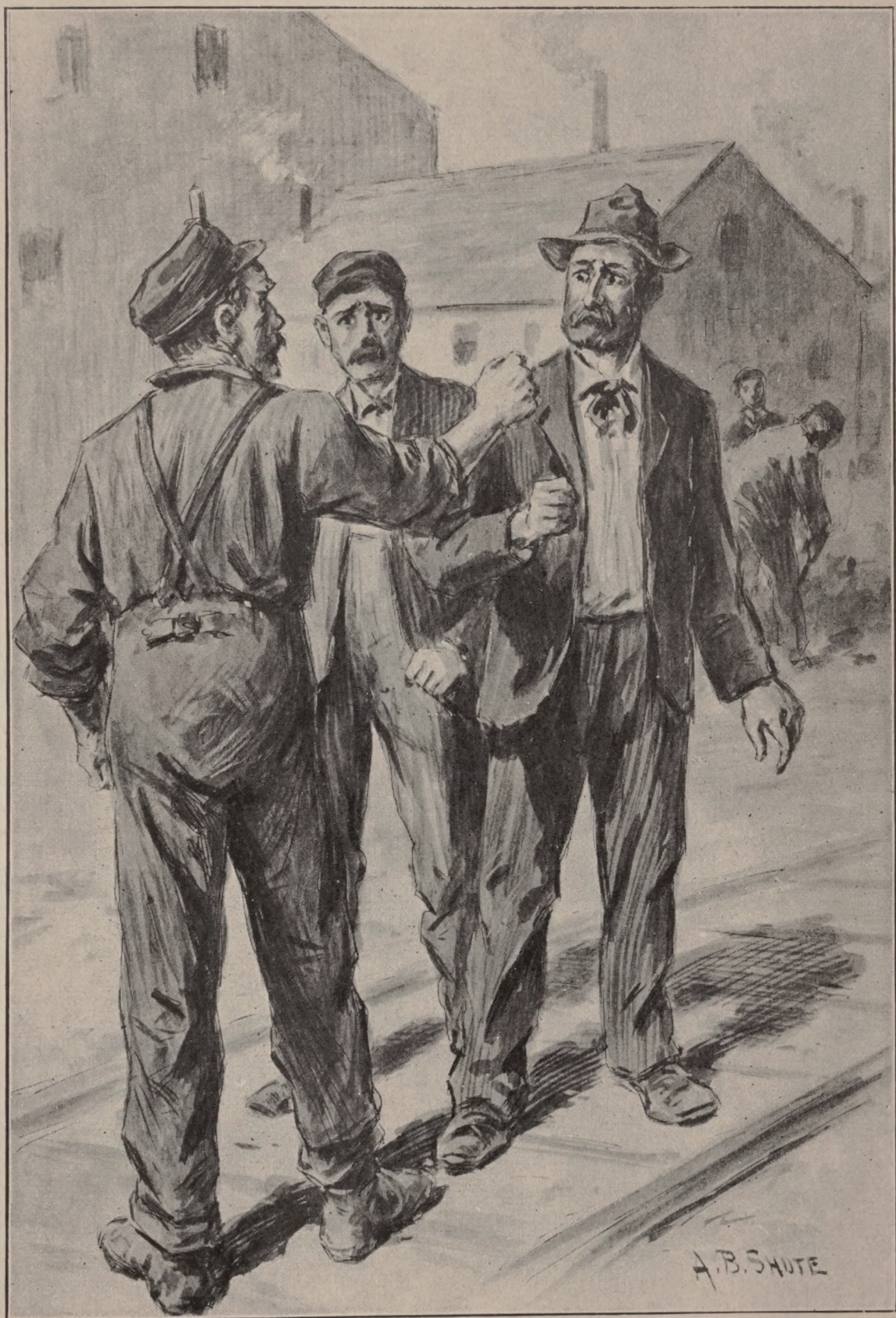
"Well, if you must know why I docked them cars, I suppose that I'll have to give you an answer that mightn't suit you," said Henny, constrained to answer by the defiant demeanor of O'Donnel. "Some I docked for light loading."

"Hold on! I niver sent a car out that wasn't loaded and well loaded at that."

"You did that very thing," reiterated Henny.

O'Donnel grew purple in the face, and he advanced to strike the docking boss. "Ye would make a liar out of me, would ye? Curse ye for the dog that ye are!"

Dolan stepped between the irate O'Donnel and the



“Ye would make a liar out of me, would ye?”

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docking boss. "Come, now, ye can't be after fighting here, O'Donnel."

"He called me a liar and would ye have me stand that, besides the chating and robbing me of thim cars?"

"That's all a mistake, Mr. O'Donnel, I didn't call you a liar," faltered Henny, who did not relish a conflict with the hardy, enraged Irishman. "I had no intention of calling you a liar, and perhaps there was some mistake about the cars. I'll look it up."

"There, he has apologized, Pat," said Dolan, "and now quit yer aggressiveness (Dolan had learned that word from Mary) and hold in yer timper."

Henny, in the meantime, withdrew from the scene which had threatened to be so disastrous for him and quickly, as if on business, disappeared in the breaker.

"There, ye have acted the fool, Pat O'Donnel. If ye hadn't been so aggressive, ye would have gained yer point anyway. Ye haven't gained nawthing and ye have made an enemy of Henny, and ye can look out for Gwynne, now," said Dolan.

"I wish that I had struck him, mane dog that he is!" said Pat in some wrath.

"No! it is better as it is; now take me advice and don't say nawthing about it."

Boss Tom Penhall, and a few others who had seen the commotion from a distance and had heard a little of the conversation, now approached.

"Now, whas all the row about?" asked Tom.

"Row!" said O'Donnel, for he was still smarting from the loss of his ten cars of coal. "That dog of a docking boss chated me out of tin of me cars of as pure coal as iver went out of the mine and I'll not stand it! I could stand wan or two, but the like of tin,—that is too much!"

"It's not him 'ou must blame, it is Gwynne. He's got to do it to keep his job with Gwynne," said Jones.

"Were they clean cars?" asked Boss Tom.

"A little bit dirty, but the most were clane coal."

Tom's eyes flashed in indignation, but he said nothing.

"He's a dirty cur, and so is Gwynne. I wish I had the chance to strike thim both," said Gallagher. Gallagher and Jones did not go down in the car with the others.

"Gwynne would discharge 'ou," said Jones.

"Let him, I can get work in other mines."

"Come, come, men, we mustn't 'ave any talk like that," said old Boss Tom. "The men will get their rights, but they can't get them by abusing the superintendent," and the men were silenced at Tom's rebuke for they respected him.

"Well, it is hard for a man to be chated of his just dues," said Gallagher.

"We'll 'ave to see about it," said Tom.

Gallagher and Jones withdrew to their work and Dolan and Tom were left alone.

"We are going to have trouble, Tom," said Dolan.

"It looks like it but we won't meet it afore it comes."

"Of course, we have got to be careful, or they will be on to us," said Dolan, reflectively.

Tom nodded, and then called to Mike Gusha, who, having failed to get a seat in the slope car, was proceeding to the manway to walk down. "'Ere, Mike, I want to see you a bit," shouted Tom, and then as he approached nearer at the summons, Tom glanced at him. "What is the matter with 'ee, Mike? You look so sour and cross?"

"Matte, me must eat more or big boss sack me!" exclaimed the Hungarian in an indignant tone.

"Eat more!" said Dolan, and he and Tom laughed at the lugubrious, sullen face of the Hungarian. "You look big enough already."

"Me buy thirteen dollars for store. Moore say me get sixty dollars for pay; me must buy for store thirty dollars. Me got one frau—and three babies, and boy work for breaker. No can eat more. Company

butcher, him say, 'What for you, what for you, no buy meat? Your man, him no get no work, him no buy.' "

"Where do 'ee buy, Mike. You eat more that that."

"Mike Garouski, him got store and meat; him give bottle beer, you buy one dollar."

"Oh, I see," said Dolan.

"Mike, when 'ee go down, tell Phillips I want to see 'im."

Mike, having received this word from Tom, departed and Tom turned to Dolan. "Thas a downright shame! Our turn will come next, Peter."

"They can't get much more from me; my family is large," said Peter.

"Well, my bill is small and I suppose I shall 'ear from them."

"'Ere come's Moore."

"'E looks mad like."

"Hello, Moore! What's the hurry?"

"Oh, bother the mine! You fellows have it easy and I have all the dirty work to do. I have a notion to tell Gwynne to let you fellows do this work."

"Better not," said Dolan.

"Gwynne will discharge 'ee," said Tom.

Moore looked excessively irritated and out of humor. "Here the men jump upon me as if it was my fault, and I can't help it. It is Gwynne that is back of it all. Well, I have only a few more names."

"How do Gwynne know who dales in the store, and who don't?" asked Dolan.

"You know the names that Wilt took?"

Dolan nodded.

"Well, here they are," and Moore pulled out a paper and handed it over to Dolan and Tom. The paper was arranged as follows:

Name	Res.	M. or S.	W.	S.	But.	Remarks.
N. Thomas	Mayoton	Married	\$60	\$45	\$12	Excellent.
P. Phillips	"	"	70	42	18	Good.
M. Gusha	"	"	60	13	00	Bad.

and so the list continued.

"Now," continued Moore, "Wilt gets the names, whether they are married or single, and the residences. Reeber puts down the amount earned for the last month. Brame, the store superintendent, puts down the amount of the store bill; and the butcher, the amount of the butcher bill, and Gwynne does the remarking. I have to do the dirty work."

"Mine there?" asked Boss Tom.

"Yes," said Dolan, "but neither yours or mine have any remarks.

"I suppose that ours will come a bit later on," said Tom.

Moore went on his way, pursuing his unpleasant duty.

"Well, between 'ee and me, Dolan, I shan't alter my way of dealing nor I doant think that I shall buy any more either, than I do, no matter what they shall do."

"Nor I ather, Tom."

"Gwynne may think that this will increase the profits of the company, and so et will, but I'm afraid that in the end et will be a strike and perhaps worse. Men won't stand all things. Of course, Dolan, I wouldn't talk like this afore the men, but you and I know that et esn't right. Well, we must 'ope for the best."

The two bosses talked a little longer and then separated to their respective places of work.

"Whas the matter Jones?" asked Boss Tom of that timberman in making his way down the slope. Jones was in a rage.

"Matter! Brame, the store superintendent, was around to see the wife, and asked her why the store bill last month was twenty dollars and this month it was only ten. She said that last month we had bought dry-goods and we didn't need dry-goods every month. Well, he said that she would have to buy more out of the store or it wouldn't be well for her husband. He said that the store wagon would be around tomorrow with peaches. They are a dollar and a quarter a basket, and 'ou can

get them anywhere in town for eighty-five cents. He said that every family would have to take a basket. If I had been there I would have given that fellow a piece of me mind, and perhaps a piece of me fist, too. It's an outrage. It has been making me mad all the morning, but I held my peace until Moore just told me the same thing, although he said it wasn't his fault as he had to do it."

"And where are 'ee going now?"

"I nearly forgot about what Phillips told me to tell 'ou. He can't get away for a minute or so, and told me to tell 'ou."

"Thas all right; I'm going down there anyhow."

Boss Tom, followed by Jones, pushed on down the manway, Jones growling to himself, and Tom thinking and it was not hard to surmise the nature of his meditations.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## MARY DOLAN'S SCHOOL.

**T**RUE to his honest nature, Peter Dolan, breaker-boss and school director, had proposed his daughter's name for the primary school of Mayoton; but in that proposal he had not concealed any facts as to his daughter's age, neither had he used any undue influence upon his fellow directors. They had decided unanimously to bestow upon her the position notwithstanding her age.

It was the opening of Mary's second term. So successful had she been in the first that her election to another year's service was universally demanded in Mayoton. She was engaged in her work one afternoon when a rap was heard at the door and, upon opening it, the smiling features of Jimmy O'Donnel were seen. Jimmy had worked only half a day that day, and made use of his spare time to call at the schoolhouse. It was wonderful to think what interest Jimmy took in school affairs ever since Mary was installed as primary teacher. He would linger there frequently and in passing the school, even when upon pressing business, he would lag in his progress and proceed slowly, listening to the tones of the teacher and the suppressed murmur of the score or so of scholars.

"Good morning, Miss Mary, and do ye allow visitors outside of the board men to call?" Jimmy had been in the habit of addressing Mary by the title of Miss Mary before the scholars. The more familiar name of Mary he reserved for other occasions. Mary had treated him a little coldly the last time he had met her, and he decided that he would ascertain the cause and remove it if possible.

"Certainly, Mr. O'Donnel, come in," said Mary, and Jimmy entered and took the proffered chair invitingly drawn forward for his use.

Mary handed him a book and went on with her instructions, while the visitor looked on, more interested in the teacher than in book or scholars. She certainly looked most attractive in her neat, but plain school garb, and Jimmy thought that he would like to be one of the small urchins under her instruction. That little one, for instance, he thought, upon whose head she had placed her hand and smiled. How nice it would be if she would place her hand on his head and smile like that. If old teacher Mooney had done like that when he was a boy, he thought that he would be the best scholar in the school. He would so; and then he almost laughed as the mental image of old teacher Mooney's grim "mug," as he called it, being shrivelled up in an imitation of Mary's smile, came before him. Yet, if teacher Mooney had been a bit kind with him, he would have attained to a higher position in life than he occupied. True, old Tom had helped him and he was now getting on fairly well. He had, as well as George Penryn, passed the mine foreman's examination, but there was no position open to him. He had not been so fortunate as George, who had secured the position of timekeeper and assistant paymaster. Boss Tom had told him that he would have been sent for but he knew nothing of bookkeeping, and so could not fill the vacancy. He had taken up bookkeeping at the night school since that time, and he, in common with George, had taken up the studies of grammar and rhetoric, which they needed so badly. They had even made some attempts at starting a debating society on an extensive scale. They had secured the names of quite a number of young men of their own age and had the organization about consummated, when a place of meeting was proposed at the town hall. The hall was owned by the company, and Gwynne had control over it. He, thinking that a society of that nature

might be the fomentor of strife between the men and the company, especially since the putting into execution of some of his schemes had stirred up much dissatisfaction among the men, refused the desired permission and the society fell to the ground. George and Jimmy were not discouraged over this. They started a society on a small scale at each other's homes. Pat O'Donnel never participated in the debates which were held. Neither did Ned Penryn. However, Ned Thomas had joined the society, and at times would take part in the discussion. Boss Tom would frequently come over to the Penryn home to see and listen, and he and Dolan and O'Donnel would act as an audience. Those meetings had benefited them very much and had improved their speech, although, at times, it seemed that a little of the old boyish dialect would cling to Jimmy and manifest itself.

Yes, if teacher Mooney had taught him in as kind a manner as Mary was teaching these little fellows, he would have liked school. "I'll wager," thought Jimmy, "she doesn't speak a cross word to them at all. She is that kind like and docile with them that they just obey because—because they have to, constrained by the gentleness of her manner." Jimmy was disturbed in his reverie by a sharp command in which there was little of docile tenderness.

"James, bring that here, this instant!"

Jimmy arose instinctively in his seat. Could it be that Mary would speak so sharply to him? No, it was a little fellow called James,—Jimmy Gallagher was his name among the boys,—James was the stately name by which he was known in the school. Jimmy O'Donnel, having arisen at the sharp command, looked around a little sheepishly and then, to hide his confusion, ostensibly examined a wall map, when having satisfied his curiosity in regard to the Great Sahara Desert, he sat down again. Could it be that the tender Mary could speak as sharply as that? That was the way that teacher Mooney had

spoken to him when he was small. No, he thought, it was not like that. There was something in Mary's tone even when she was angry that was beautiful. He even envied the little fellow that was rebuked so heavily for not attending to his lessons and playing with an apple.

How much she had improved in the little time she had been teaching school. It seemed that she had budded into the smart woman of affairs all at once. She indeed looked like an empress, Jimmy thought, as she rebuked James Gallagher for wasting his time in school hours. Jimmy had never seen an empress, but he had often read of them and thought the description fitted Mary very well. That queenly attitude of hers was something that he had not observed before. It had taken the school to bring that out, he thought. He must study hard or Mary would become so far above him that when the time would come to—to—to yes, propose, she mightn't listen to him. He must be better educated than he was and must get up in the world farther or there wouldn't be any chance with Mary, sure. She was not like teacher Mooney, after all, he thought, for even when she was cross she didn't punish. That was the way to teach, to rebuke sharply but not to "wallop a fellow around." Mary had an ideal way to be sure. What a brutal method was the old way of teaching; when a little fellow would offend, they would "whack him over the fingers" with a ruler or on the shoulders with a birch rod. Now Mary, in the kindness of her heart, would never—

He was again interrupted in his thoughts by a sharp expression from Mary. A little fellow had upset his ink, and the stroke she gave him with a ruler came clear and distinct to Jimmy's ears. Jimmy was constrained to give vent to a half audible chuckle for the thing brought back to his memory a similar scene, in which he and another boy, a Pennsylvania German, by name Peter Reese, had participated. In Jimmy's school days it was customary for the pupils to bring

their own ink, and Peter had brought in lieu of ink a bottle of his mother's blueing, secured with a paper stopper as a cork. They used to have a game between themselves for they were seat mates; Peter would hide the ink here and there around the desk while he would shut his eyes. When it was well hidden, Peter would say, "Now you can't find it," and he would hunt for it and when found would say, "Yes I can—I got it." The occasion that Jimmy thought of, was when Peter hid the ink bottle in, as he thought, a secure place, and gave the accustomed invitation to hunt for it. He had searched in vain through the desk for it, when he observed an expression of blank dismay, horror, and alarm, spreading over the broad features of Peter, then came the sound of drip,—drip,—drip,—upon the school-house floor. Peter had placed the bottle in the capacious pocket of his blue drilling trousers and the paper stopper had come out. He remembered how teacher Mooney, with a horrible grin on his face, had jerked them both out upon the platform and given them both a whaling, as they termed it in those days.

The chuckle was heard by Mary, who gave him an awful look that drove all the laugh out of his throat. He thought that she must be offended with him. It was not such a bad thing, after all, since Mary did the punishing, to get a crack with a ruler. And the little chap was crying, too. Jimmy was indignant; he ought to be glad that Mary, in the kindness of her heart punished him. How Mary comforted the little lad! He believed he would rather get a rap like that and then get patted on the head and smiled at, than get the reproachful look that he had received. Yes, he thought, he would upset an ink bottle every day of his life to get treated like Mary was treating that lad after she had rapped him. He would so, he mentally said.

But the hour for closing had now come, and the books having been laid aside, Mary prepared to dismiss the scholars. Now, thought Jimmy, as the little pupils walked in orderly file out of the schoolhouse

door, he would have a talk with Mary and tell her why he had laughed, and perhaps he would walk all the way home with her. But he was doomed to disappointment, for Alice Penhall met her without the school, and began a conversation before he had gotten in a word. He trudged alongside hoping, trusting that Alice would leave, but there seemed no termination to the talk.

There was a muddy pool of water directly in the road. Here was a chance to show his devotion and gallantry to Mary. Would she take his arm? he asked and received the laughing, provoking answer that Mary had an arm of her own. Then would she allow him to carry her umbrella? No, she thought she might need it for it might rain. Jimmy trudged on in silence. He was getting a trifle cross. He couldn't understand why Mary treated him in that manner. She had been cold to him of late. Maybe she thought that now as she was a school teacher, she was above him. To be sure she was for that matter. There was a twinkle in Mary's eyes, and she looked a little roguishly at Alice. The conversation drifted upon young William Gwynne, the law student and superintendent's son, who was going away soon, his vacation nearly ended. He was a gentlemanly young man and well educated and knew how to behave so well, said Mary. He had called at her school the other day. Jimmy started as if he had been shot, and the fiery twinge of jealousy, never experienced before, shook him.

He had come into the school, continued Mary, and he had behaved so well. He did not laugh at the scholars or teacher, and had made such a nice speech before the school had closed. He had smiled and raised his hat to her the other evening, also. She thought that he was a perfect gentleman.

Jimmy became more reticent and gloomy. He talked to Alice a little, but said not much to Mary after that. He was going away, he said, going to leave the town,

there wasn't any work there that he liked. He finally left them at the office buildings, and wended his way home.

"Mary, aren't you ashamed! Poor fellow, how can you tease him so?"

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## CHOIR PRACTICE.

**I**T WAS the night of the practice of the Methodist Church choir. Old Boss Tom, partly because he liked the singing, and partly because he liked the company that the practice brought, had invited them to meet at his home, offering as an inducement that if they would meet there during the nice days of the early fall, they might also meet there during the cold, inclement weather of the following winter. This was quite an allurements to the choir members, as the church was not well heated on many choir practice nights of the winter season. And so they had all assembled at Boss Tom's place. There was the leader, old Dicky Curnow, and the basses—Boss Tom, big Bill Smith and Ned Thomas; there were the tenors, Philip Phillips and George Penryn, all present. The alto was represented by Nellie Penryn, who had developed a sweet, strong voice, and was also the assistant organist, while Alice Penhall, who officiated at the organ, carried the soprano. Belle Phillips was also one of the soprano singers but, being unwell that evening, was unable to attend.

Ned came into the choir sometime after the concert of some years before, as a substitute. Old Dicky, though he had cautioned him to sing soft like, as he expressed it "an then if 'ee do make a mistake nobody would 'ear 'ee," found out that Ned had a pretty fair voice and so allowed him to remain as a permanent member. There was another reason that Dicky never mentioned to any one, and that was on account of Ned's joke about the tickets. Dicky thought that Ned would do less harm in the choir than outside of it and

his presence would end his practical jokes at his expense.

The hymns for the following Sabbath had been handed to the leader, by the minister, some time beforehand, and they were hymns that delighted Tom Penhall's heart.

"I do like they hold hymns," Tom was saying. "Now there's 'Come ye Disconsolate,' and 'Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing,' they can't be beat. Nothing like them in the new fangled music."

"Tez so," affirmed old Dicky Curnow, "there's nothing like the hold tunes for music. Now there's Haydn's Creation——"

"To do de do de do de do de do de do de do de do de," interrupted Tom, running off the bass in the last stave.

"'Old on, Tom, wost tha until we hall gets started," exclaimed old Dicky, the leader, and Tom ceased his efforts at solo singing.

"Must obey orders," said big Bill.

"We obey 'ou in the mines," interjected Phillips, "but in the kier we must obey Dicky."

"Thas all right," laughed Tom, "all right now, Dicky, go ahead, but Oh, I forgot, I mustn't give orders to the choir." The hymns were sung with fervor and then Tom wanted his favorite song sung, and all concurring, sang:

"Sweeping through the gates of the new Jerusalem."

"Now," said Tom, wiping his eyes, "that was better than Handel's Messiah."

Old Dicky was shocked at Tom's expression, for to say that anything was better than Handel's Messiah, was equivalent to the rankest heresy to him.

"Oah! Oah! Tom, Tom, I'm afraid that hall my teaching of this choir es of no account. Thee'rt not any funder on now than when I began to teach 'ee the rudiments of singing. To say that an old Sunday school piece es better than the Messiah! Oah! Oah! Thee doesn't knaw nawthing."

There was a burst of merriment in which Tom joined.

"He means that it was better than the way the Messiah was sung at the concert a year or so ago, Dicky," said Ned. Dicky shook his head. "I'm surprised at you, Tom, to say that. There's nothing grander than the Messiah of Handel, and I like another piece of his too, and that is the Twelfth Mass, or something like that I believe they call it," said Ned.

"Oah! Ned, thee are getting wuss and wuss. It wadn't Handel at all that wrote that; that was Mozart. Thee knaw as much about singing and music as I do about 'rithmetic."

There was more merriment at the expense of Dicky and then the anthem was sung and resung until the old leader was satisfied, with all but Ned, who sang too loud for the others.

"Doesn't thee, Ned, baal out too strong like that, and 'ee too, Tom and Bill, doant 'ee sing as if there were a couple of 'undred on the soprano; 'ee baal and thunder like bulls of Bashan and drown the tune. Sing a bit softer." The basses promised to follow Dicky's instructions and the anthem was sung to Dicky's satisfaction. Ned Thomas had to leave after the anthem was practiced and so took his departure; the rest of the choir took a short rest before going over the music again. The chief topic of conversation was the rumor of a strike, that might tie up the whole region. The men were getting dissatisfied with the existing state of affairs in every mine of the district, and there were flying rumors of a shut down in the future. Tom, being a boss, was very reticent on the subject, except to express his sympathy with the suffering that would surely come as the result of a strike.

"Some won't suffer at all, and there are others that will 'ave a 'ard time of it. Take poor Ned Thomas, for instance. 'Is clothes need mending all the time, and then it is 'ard for 'e to save money and a strike is 'arder upon that kind than all the others. I tell 'ee it

is 'ard for a man to save money when 'e doant have a saving wife to lay by something for the 'ard times."

This conversation was going on between big Bill and Tom, while the others were engaged in some theme between themselves. Tom winked upon Bill and having enjoined secrecy told him how Ned tried to save money so that his wife shouldn't know it. "Ned turns in to his laborer five days more than his laborer works, so that it will appear on his check and then the laborer gives him the money and he banks it."

Bill expressed his sympathy for Ned. "Ned deserves a better wife, and she deserves a hammering." The others heard Bill's expression and joined in the conversation between him and Tom.

"Mustn't whip a woman," said George.

"Sometimes they deserve it," responded Bill.

"Well," said Nellie, "when I get married I will treat my husband nice. He shan't have to complain of me not saving up money, and then he will have to treat me nice, too. He will have to wipe his feet when he comes into the house and I shall have his supper all ready for him and I shall be tidied up when he comes home and so will the house; and then after supper, and the things are all cleaned up, I will sit down and play to him on the organ, and sing to him and make him forget that he is tired at all. And if he wants to smoke in the house, he shall, and I will fill his pipe for him and light the match and—"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Bill, interrupting her, "I believe that I will have you myself, Nellie, if that is the way you are going to treat your man."

Old Boss Tom and the others burst into a laugh that was loud and long, and Nellie was somewhat confused and then she laughed too. "Oh, you wouldn't do at all," said Nellie.

"Why not?" asked Bill.

"Well, in the first place you are too old, and then the man I'm going to have must have a carriage to drive me around, and a horse—"

"Why," said Bill, "I'm not old at all yet. I'm only twenty-seven, and as for the horse and carriage, why, Tom would let me have a mule out of the stables of the company any time. Wouldn't a mule do?"

"A mule! No!" said Nellie in some disdain, while Tom and all the company laughed again and again.

"Bill, why don't you get married? You are old enough," said George.

"I can do most anything but propose, and that somehow or other I never could do," responded Bill.

"If all were situated like Bill they wouldn't need to get married, either. Bill 'as a good sister and a comfortable home that 'is sister makes for un. She's a good sister," said Tom.

"Yes," said Bill, soberly, "the best girl in the state."

"That's what young Gwynne thinks of Alice," said Nellie, trying to tease Alice a little.

"Don't you have him, Alice, if he is like his father, for he's a terror," said Bill.

"Allie don't want any one but her father," said the worthy Tom, "but speaking of—"

"If Alice has anybody he ought to be a preacher," interrupted Bill, to which statement Alice only shook her head.

"But speaking about Gwynne," resumed Tom, "I can't understand 'im at all. He seemed very gruff to me at first but now 'e is as pleasant as you please and even gave George there a job in the office, because he said he liked to see the young fellows of the mines get up and be promoted. I believe 'e 'as a kinder 'eart than we all give 'im credit for."

"I don't believe that he ever did anything but what he was looking to his own interest," answered Bill shaking his head dubiously.

"He does seem 'ard at times," continued Tom, "and I doant think that I wud do all the things that he does."

"No, no," interjected old Dicky, "thee wudn't do as 'e does, that I knaw. Thee'rt too much of a Christian

for that. It wud be a good thing for the company and the men too, Tom, if 'ee wud be in his plaace." Tom shook his head, the significance of which motion, no one knew.

The practice now again began and after a time the company broke up, each one going to his or her respective home.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## OFFICE SCENES.

**G**EORGE, I see that you have given those stripping men credit for twelve hours work last night."

The scene was in the paymaster's department of the coal company's office. There were only two present, George Penryn, the timekeeper and assistant paymaster, and Owen Gwynne, the superintendent. It was the latter that was speaking. He had, according to his custom, been examining the books of the company and delving into every department. Nothing was suffered to pass unexamined by this indefatigable man.

"I told Pat Develry, the stripping boss, not to allow the men to work any more than ten hours last night."

"They worked twelve hours," answered George.

"Well, that was the fault of the foreman and not the fault of the company, and the company is not going to pay any more than is necessary. Give them, when you hand in your report to the paymaster, but ten hours. They have no business to be working overtime. We have got to economize as much as possible in the running of the mine."

"But that would be cheating the men, Mr. Gwynne," answered George.

Here a rap was heard at the door, and upon its being opened the heavy form of Tom Penhall was seen on the threshold. "You sent for me, Mr. Gwynne," said Tom.

"Yes, yes, come into the private office, Tom, I want to have a talk with you." Gwynne had fallen into the habit of calling the boss by his first name, as did all the men in the mine with the exception of the driver

boys and the foreigners, the Hungarians and Italians, who called him Mr. Tom to his face and Tom behind his back.

Pausing a moment to tell George to do as he was ordered, Gwynne led the way into the private office of the company.

George Penryn was in a dilemma. He ran his hand through his dark, curly hair and meditated for a moment. Should he obey the superintendent? If he did, his conscience told him that he would be doing wrong. Had not Tom cautioned Jimmy and him, when he had given them their last lesson, that he must be honest to the company and to the men. On the other hand, if he should refuse to do as the superintendent told him to do, Gwynne would discharge him. Yes, he would, for other men had been discharged for less offenses since Gwynne had come into power. Well, what would it matter if he was discharged from the office, he would get a job in the mines once more. He didn't care for this office work anyway. Then something told him that if he did not obey Gwynne and he should get his discharge, Gwynne would be his enemy and he wouldn't get a position in the whole mine. He knew that Gwynne had power in other mines or with other superintendents—that there was a sort of a spotting system between all superintendents and operators. He knew that Gwynne had spotted several men that were the leaders of the last strike when he was the superintendent of the Prosperity Colliery, and those parties had not secured positions in the whole coal region. If Gwynne did that with him—the very thought of it made him sick with apprehension. What was he to do? He knew not. He could not afford to be without a position just yet for a time. They needed his help at home, and he could not afford to throw away his present prospects. The wages were good, in fact, much better than he had ever received, and even more than his father's wages. No, he could not afford to throw up his position and be out of work

throughout the whole region, perhaps. On the other hand, would it do to sacrifice his principles that had been the pride of his younger years; those principles that had been instilled into his mind by parental training; principles that his friend Boss Tom had so thoroughly emphasized in all his teaching; would it do to throw them to the winds?

George, notwithstanding his feelings against Tom heretofore on account of the presence of young Gwynne on that memorable night, was once more on good terms with him. He was more sober since that time and his soul was possessed with a great purpose, the equaling of young Gwynne in scholarship, if that was possible. It was that purpose that made him propose to Jimmy the organizing of the debating club, and the study of grammar, rhetoric and the higher branches. Yes, and Alice had treated him kinder since that memorable evening. He realized that Tom in securing for him the position in the office, was as interested in him as ever. What would Alice think of him if he should do a piece of injustice like the one that was required of him? He knew, or thought he did, for she was the exact counterpart of her father, and he knew what Tom would think if he should bow to the force of circumstances to keep his position with Gwynne. Tom would have no more respect for him, and Alice,—ah! Alice, for whose love he had been striving for such a long time, though unknown to her, how he would sink in her estimation. She could never love a craven-hearted tool of Gwynne. He would forfeit all that and then what was infinitely worse he would forfeit his own self-respect. On the other hand, if he should disobey Gwynne, he would keep his self-respect, the respect and esteem of Boss Tom and perhaps in time the love of Alice, but his position would be gone, and perhaps none to take its place. The home, that his parents had been picturing in their minds and had been longing for—the home with the green shutters and the grape vine near the door—

would perhaps never be realized. He would disappoint his mother and he could not bear to think of that. And the higher education that they meant to give Nellie would be a mere phantasy, a dream. He knew how but lately his father and mother had been talking about sending Nellie to a great musical school,—The New England Conservatory, he thought was the name of it, and it was away up in Boston and it would take a large sum of money to go there, but the talents of Nellie they thought justified the expense. They had planned this when the position in the office had come to him and he knew how Nellie had been building her hopes upon it. Nellie was now near sixteen, or was it fifteen, he had forgotten, but she was tall for her age and had progressed rapidly in her music under the instruction of Alice. No, no, he could not sacrifice all his parents' plans; he could not disappoint his sister, Nellie; and on the other hand, he could not forfeit his respect for himself and the esteem of old Tom and Alice. And yet it was only a case of two hours. Tom might never know nor Alice, either, for that matter. Who was to tell them? No one. He had been strictly honest to the company and to the men heretofore. He called to mind that, not long since, a Hungarian had accosted him, asking him to give him more time on the books. "George, you give me more time on the books, and me give you box of cigars."

He had refused to thus cheat the company and had mentioned the matter to old Tom and he remembered how Tom patted him on the back and praised him. Yes, and he had evidently told Alice of it for she had treated him better than she had ever treated him before. What should he do? He bowed his head down upon his desk in an agony of temptation and stayed thus for quite a time. Then he arose and almost capered around the floor. "Fool that I am," he at last said aloud. "I can not only be honorable and honest, but keep the letter of the instructions as well. I'll do it."

A plan had matured in his head and he now put it

into execution. He hastily erased the twelve hours and inserted ten in the same place. His plan was to give the men ten hours as Gwynne had required, and then at some future date give them the two extra hours of which they had been deprived. He would thus outwit Gwynne, keep his position and his respect, and be honest to the men. The plan was a feasible one, and he laughed to himself as he thought of the simplicity of the thing.

Meantime, Superintendent Gwynne was having quite an interesting talk with Boss Tom. Mr. Gwynne was seated in his office chair, Tom near by. The superintendent had evidently some difficulty in starting the theme of conversation, but at length he succeeded. "Tom, you and I are good friends, I trust, and I know that you want to see the company prosper, and if there is anything that is right, you will do it for the good of your employers. Is it not so?"

Gwynne paused for an answer.

Tom's rugged face looked a trifle perplexed when he heard this query. What did Gwynne mean by the question? He had done him a favor in giving George a position in the office and he had felt grateful for it.

"If there es anything that es right that I can do for the benefit of the company, I will do my best," simply said Tom.

"I thought so," said Gwynne. "The colliery has not paid as much as it should in the last few years, and I've been trying to increase the profits as much as possible. Now that is what every just man should do. He should do his best for his employers. The miners must live and to live they must eat, and to eat they must buy. Now it stands to reason that they should patronize the men that give them employment and yet a great many of them don't do it or do it but meagerly. They, that is some of them, buy their meat of other butchers than the company butcher, and purchase their goods of other stores than the company store, and that won't do. Now, the bosses ought to

set them an example in this matter. You don't buy of the company butcher, Tom."

The point had come at last.

Tom flushed a little and then answered:

"I want to do what is right by the company, that is true, but then I want to do what is right by other people too. I never looked at it in that light. If I thought that the company was going under 'cause the men didn't buy enough, I would do all I cud. But I want to be true to my friends. Now it is this way, Mr. Gwynne. I buy my meat of Lear, a poor man, that is trying to get along in the world, and es 'aving a 'arrd time of it. I 'ave bought meat of Lear for quite a time, and once when I was in bad circumstances, Lear trusted me and stood by me, and now I doant think that I wud be doing right to not patronize 'im. He needs the money more than the company does."

"Yes, but, Tom, if it was the case of you alone, it wouldn't matter, but here are other men that are following your example and not patronizing the company butcher, and that won't do. The bosses must set an example to the men in this respect."

"I can't see it that way, Mr. Gwynne. The most of the men, I believe, buy of the company butcher after all."

Gwynne was growing a little irritated and showed it. "Well, a man ought to assist the company that gives him work and a chance of earning a living, whether he is a miner or a boss. There are other men that would be glad to have the position of mine foreman of Number One and—"

Tom was upon his feet, his face flushing and glowing with anger. It was the first betrayal of anger that he had shown thus far in the conversation. He could not speak for a moment.

"Mr. Gwynne, I 'ave tried to do my duty in the mines and out, and I'm always ready to do a favor to anybody, but I'm a free man and won't be threatened. I consider it my duty to 'elp the man that 'elped me."

Lear trusted me when I didn't 'ave the money to pay, and now I'm going to 'elp 'im with my trade. If my work is not satisfactory, or if I got to buy of the company butcher to keep my job, I prefer to resign and to leave. 'E art the first man that threatened me, and 'ee can 'ave my resignation for I won't work for any man that wud threaten me. I—"

"Sit down, Tom! Sit down, Tom!" exclaimed Gwynne, a little hurriedly. He saw that Tom was not to be shaken and that he was getting a little angry. This man was a little too independent to be bullied, and he remembered that Hoyt said that he could not be discharged. Hoyt was Tom's friend, it appeared, and then he remembered the incident about the letter. Yes, this man was soon to be the possessor of twelve thousand pounds. It would not do to antagonize old Tom thus. Tom was a power among the men, and there was quite a little dissatisfaction at the present time among them. "Sit down, Tom."

But Tom did not sit down but remained standing. He was tingling with indignation.

"Of course, I did not mean to threaten you, Tom, or to ask for your resignation, or even to compel you to buy of the company butcher. But I wish for the good of the company, that you could do a little thing like that."

"I 'ave given my resignation," said Tom, a trifle haughtily, and his face was still flaming with suppressed indignation.

"Yes, but I won't accept it," said Gwynne. "You made a mistake. You thought I threatened you when there was nothing of the kind. If, now, you could just buy occasionally from the company butcher, it wouldn't look so bad, and it would be an example to the other men. You needn't sacrifice Mr. Lear at all, but as a personal favor I wish you could buy a little of the company man. Of course, you needn't do it if you don't want to; you are perfectly free in the matter, but if you would do so, it would be a favor to me and

a return of the favor I did you when I gave George Penryn the position of timekeeper."

Tom was mollified and his anger vanished. Gwynne had at last struck the right chord in the honest man's heart.

"Well," said Tom, slowly, "I think that I could do that and ef it will be a favor to 'ee, Mr. Gwynne, I will buy a little from the company man, now and then, but I don't want to sacrifice Mr. Lear."

"That's all right, Tom, and that is all I wanted in the beginning, only you misunderstood me a little, that is all."

Tom had his doubts whether that was all that he had wanted, but he said nothing. He wended his way out carrying his doubts with him. He had seen too much of the forcing system in his contact with the men.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## PHILIP PHILLIPS' HOME.

PHILIP Phillips was in a quandary, or at least he seemed to be, for there was a worried look upon his rotund features. He was upon his way home from work and had just passed around the offices of the company and was wending his way to the row of houses in the rear of Quality Row, where was situated his home. This row, though not nearly so pretentious in appearance, or containing buildings so spacious as those in Quality Row still contained comfortable dwellings, and were far more sightly than the buildings behind the breaker where Boss Dolan lived. Like the other houses in Mayoton proper, they were all red-ochered and had a fair portion of green sward in front and garden in the rear. Phillips was a man who loved a comfortable home and neatness within and without. The various garden beds with their flowers and plants, the climbing rose vine that sheltered the side window from the sun, and the grape vine in the rear of the house, all attested the fact.

Mrs. Phillips was a woman after his own heart in these respects. She was interested in flowers and the things of the garden and nobly did she second her husband's efforts. Indeed one of the reasons of his early attraction for her was the fact that she seemed to love flowers and kindred things that were attractive to him. Their ideas in these directions were mutual. But there were other things concerning which they differed radically. Philip realized that in his case marriage was somewhat of a lottery for he had received more than he had bargained for. Mrs Phillips, though she loved flow-

ers and nice things in general, loved these things at the expense of her husband's pay and economy. Frequently did Philip remonstrate with her for the extravagance with which she did her purchasing, and there were many promises to be careful in the future, which promises were only to be broken at the first opportunity that presented itself to her. Whether it was some peddler that presented some attractive, handsome shawl or piece of dress-goods, or whether she would notice the same in the company store, she was by nature bound to purchase it. Sometimes it was handsome furniture or bric-a-brac. Whenever Mrs. Phillips went to the store, the clerks were sure of selling a good bill of merchandise. Some said that it was due to this extravagance of Mrs. Phillips that her husband always had a good position, but Mrs. Phillips would have bought as much had her husband no position at all, provided that she could have secured trust. One thing there was that Phillips had to be thankful for, and that was that Henrietta was a good cook, though he often groaned mentally over the size of the grocery bill. It was not any wonder that Gwynne had placed opposite his name on the list that Wilt had secured the single word, good.

Philip was troubled about the rumors of the strike that was threatening soon to envelope the whole region. At this present time he knew that things would go pretty hard with them. He hoped that it wouldn't come for a month at least. His home was nicely furnished from kitchen to attic, and within and without everything was clean and attractive, but he knew that besides a few dollars that he would receive from the company after his store bill should be paid, they had not a dollar in the world; how were they to face a strike that might be of several months' duration? He groaned within himself as he thought of it. Ned Thomas had told him in a burst of confidence of his plan of saving up a few dollars every month by turning in a few extra days to his laborer and receiving the

money, thus unknown to his wife, and banking it. He had about decided to try the same plan, but if the strike should come upon them before they should receive the next month's pay, the plan would be of no avail to stave off the wolf from the door.

"'Ear the news, Phillips?" asked Ned Penryn, who had overtaken him on his way home.

"What's that?"

"The men of the Meadow Mine and the Lowland Mines have gone out on strike this morning."

A white look came into Phillips' face. He knew that they had been talking strike for a month past, but he had no idea that they would come out so soon.

"The Prosperity miners 'ave gone out on strike too, and they are going to try and make the miners of the whole region come out and make hit a general strike to compel the hoperators to come to terms," continued Ned.

"What are they demanding? What do they want?"

"They said that they wanted a reduction in the price of powder, an increase of ten per cent. in wages, and no company store," responded Penryn.

"We ought to have that too, Ned. The prices are high,—higher than they ever were, but I hope they won't strike here yet a bit. God pity some of the poor families that have no money for the future."

"Thas so," said Ned, and there was a note of sympathy in his tone for he knew that among that number would be Phillips, himself. The strike would affect every one and he knew that though he would not be in any danger of starving,—thanks to his saving little wife,—there would be many that would have a severe time of it.

"If the mine operators would only think of the poor that will suffer by a strike, they would not allow one to come to pass. There's the widow McGlyn and her two little boys. They work and support the whole family. They 'ave it 'ard enough when the mines

are working full time, and what will it be to them when the strike comes?"

"It's little to them, the operators, is a raise of ten per cent. and they could afford to give it."

"Well," said Penryn, as he turned in at his gate, "I 'ope that Mayoton won't strike yet a bit."

"Was there any rioting?"

"I 'eard that there were two men that got terribly beaten at the Lowland Mines; one was a coal and iron policeman."

Penryn entered his home and Phillips continued on his way. "I will have to tell Henrietta to be saving," he thought. The troubled look that was upon his countenance vanished as he turned in at his own gate and the appetizing odor of a well-cooked supper greeted him. It did not take him long to change his clothes, and around the loaded table, with its various fragrant dishes, he soon forgot his apprehensions. Mrs. Phillips was pouring out the tea and Belle, his eldest daughter, was attending to the wants of the younger children and talking to her mother, at the same time, about certain dress goods. She had noticed Alice Penhall in, as she thought, a new lawn dress and was filled with the desire to have one, if not like it, yet better. It was late in the season for lawn dresses, but Belle was determined to have one if possible. Alice Penhall was an object of emulation to her. She had often compared herself to her and that comparison was favorable, she thought, to Belle Phillips. She knew, or thought that she did, that Alice was no better than she was, in looks or anything. Alice, to be sure, was light haired and she was dark, but when she was dressed in her best, she could "cut the shine out of her," as she often expressed herself to her mother. Then there was George Penryn. Alice was the only rival that she had. With the intuition of a woman she had discovered the feeling that George entertained toward Alice. If there was any one that was her rival it was Alice Penhall. Alice was designing, she thought. She had

made that dress simply to be considered nice in the eyes of George. She knew. Well, George thought something of her, too, for had he not seen her home once, but that was some years ago. Yet he had not come to her party. She did not know the reason, and yet George treated her just as well as he treated Alice Penhall, for he had not come to a party that Alice had given. They said that George had to attend to the examination in some studies or other, but that was no doubt a subterfuge. She was not going to allow that Alice Penhall to "outshine her." She would have a new lawn dress and it should be a better one than Alice Penhall's. How strange are the misjudgements of jealousy! Alice had no thought of gaining the notice of George Penryn, or if she had, she was not aware of it and as for the dress,—an old resurrected lawn made over.

"You shall have a new dress, too," said her mother, in the midst of her labors. "What kind would you like to have?"

"I think that a pink lawn would suit my complexion and—"

"Perhaps the dress that 'ou mentioned that Alice Penhall had was an old one made new," meekly suggested Phillips, striving to stem the tide.

"No, it isn't; it is a new dress," protested Belle.

"Yes, you shall have a new dress and it shall be a better dress than the one Alice Penhall has. It shall be of lawn,—a pink lawn," affirmed her mother.

"And a pink hat to match," said the girl.

"And it shall be trimmed with lace, fine lace and insertion, and we will get five yards of ribbon for the neck and for a sash," said her mother.

"Oh, mother," said the girl in an ecstasy of delight at the thought, "won't it be grand, and I shall look a great deal better in it than Alice Penhall does in hers."

"I tell you—" said Phillips.

"We will get it this pay, too," said her mother in-

interrupting Philip. Henrietta was as much enraptured over her daughter looking fine as Belle was herself.

"I tell 'ou," said Philip, a little out of humor and managing at length to get in a few words, "that there shall be no new dresses bought this pay, nor next pay neither."

Belle sulked a while and then withdrew from the table and began to cry in vexation. "You don't want me to have nothing! You always want me to go a-a-around in my old, shabby dresses and to look worse than any other girl in the town."

"There, Philip, I'm surprised at you," said Henrietta; "the poor girl must look a little respectable. There, you have made her cry."

"A little respectable!" exclaimed Philip, with an angry snort, "why 'ou know now, Henrietta, that she has more dresses than any other girl in the whole town. She has silk dresses and satin dresses and what not else. Respectable, humph! she has more dresses now than she can wear. And as for them being shabby, they are just as good as any I ever saw in the town."

"Well, Philip, you know that the poor dear wants to look as nice as other girls, and if she is to ever get a young man she must dress as nice as the other girls dress. You know yourself, that when you used to come to see me, you used to like to see me dressed up well in a nice attractive gown—"

"Yes," growled Philip, "I was a fool at that time or I should have known better."

"You can't think of a single reason why the poor dear shouldn't have a new dress," went on Mrs. Phillips, in an argumentative tone.

"A single reason!" thundered Philip. "Why there's the strike, woman."

"Is no strike," jerked out Belle between her sobs.

"There's one coming and I can tell 'ou it will be a hard one, and how are 'ou going to live through it without a dollar in the bank. 'Ou will have to live on 'ur fine dresses then, and I can tell 'ou the living will

be mighty poor. They have already struck at the Meadow Mines and at the Lowland, and beat a policeman down there, and they say that the strike will be in the Mayoton Mines soon, for they intend to cause a strike over the whole region. We don't have a dollar in the bank at the present time, and how we are going to live through it, I don't know." Henrietta and Belle too were a little sobered at this outbreak from Phillips, and the gravity of the situation was pressed home upon them.

"Well, I suppose that I'll have to be a little saving," said Henrietta.

"Yes," said Philip, "if 'ou had done that right straight along, we would be better off now. I wish 'ou were a little more like Mrs. Penryn and that Belle was a little more like Alice Penhall. They're careful and saving. I think that 'ou will find that that dress of Alice's is an old one made over. Penryn has several hundred dollars in the bank, all through the saving of his wife. Belle will never get George if she isn't more saving. He doesn't want a fashion plate; he has too good an example of what a good wife should be from his mother at home."

Henrietta and Belle were thoroughly sobered. The bright dreams of dresses and finery vanished from their minds under this reproachful speech of Philip, and the rebuke was more so since Philip had allowed them to get what they pleased heretofore.

"Well, we will have to be more careful for the future and Belle will have to do without the dress. It is a little too late in the season, anyway, to have lawn," and Henrietta kissed her husband. Belle, though still a little sulky, dried her tears and finished her supper.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## A PORCH ASSEMBLAGE AT BIG BILL SMITH'S.

“THERE’S a breaker burning, Beatty,” said big Bill Smith to his sister Beatrice. Bill had been at work late that evening, repairing the engine, and had just finished his supper and was preparing to fill his pipe to have a comfortable smoke upon the front porch of his home. Big Bill, as he was commonly known, was, with the exception of Finn, the coal and iron policeman, the largest man working at the Mayo-ton Colliery. Finn and Big Bill were in some respects similar in their physical make-up. Both were strong men. Bill’s parents had come from the Lizard Point, Cornwall, England, but Bill, himself, had been born in the United States and was proud of the fact that he was an American citizen. But notwithstanding the country of his birth, Big Bill could not deny the country of his ancestry. It was seen in the huge frame of the sturdy engineer. It was a noteworthy fact, that that section of the land of England is distinguished for the height and frame of its people, many of the women attaining to a height of six feet or over. Big Bill was six feet, two inches in his stockings, and measured forty-six inches around the chest, and tipped the beam at two hundred and fifteen pounds. Finn, though about the same height, was a trifle less in weight and chest measurement than the sturdy engineer. Bill scarcely knew his own strength and the people frequently had jokes at his expense in the matter. It was said of him at one time, that he had taken up in both hands a four hundred pound coil of wire-rope and had offered it to an employee of the breaker, telling him to run up into the breaker with it. The new man, not esti-

mating it to be as heavy as it was, from the easy manner in which Bill handled it, took the burden in his own arms, and upon Bill's letting go, had fallen to the ground, burden and all. At another time when Bill had been working for Dolan, the breaker boss, a barrel of lubricating oil was needed at the breaker and Dolan had told the store superintendent that he would send one of the breaker boys over for it with a team. Bill went over for it with a sled and a mule. The clerk was having quite a difficult time getting the barrel on and had called for assistance. Bill, leaving the mule to stand by himself, approached the barrel.

"Catch hold at that end," said the clerk, but Bill, grasping the barrel at both ends, with apparently no effort at all, heaved it into the sled, much to the admiration of the bystanders. That was when Bill was young, that is to say, when he was under twenty years of age. Brame, the store superintendent, had said at that time that if that was one of Dolan's boys, he should like to see one of his men.

Bill was now about twenty-seven years of age and had been promoted, through the influence of Dolan, to the position of engineer, which he had held for quite a few years. His parents were both dead, and he and his sister, Beatrice, were keeping the old home place together. Bill had often said that if it were not for the comfortable home that Beatty, as he called her, made for him, he no doubt would have married long ago. Beatty was a model sister and a model cook also, and Bill was not going to exchange a good cook for a worse one, not if he knew it. There was some one else, however, that would have liked to have a cook like Bill's sister, and that was Mike Clyde, the pumpman, who frequently came over to Bill's home of evenings, ostensibly to talk over the topics of the day and sample Bill's tobacco, but really to get a sight of Beatrice. Once, to Clyde's intense delight, she had brought out a piece of pie, and it was apple pie at that,—and that had given Clyde a higher opinion of Beatrice than he

had ever had before. Clyde was now seen approaching as Bill called Beatrice's attention to the glow in the east.

"Beatty, there's a breaker a burning," said Bill, again, as he rose to get a better view of the flame in the distance. Beatty came out of the house at her brother's exclamation. She was tall, and robust as well, and was the counterpart of her brother, rosy and pleasant.

"It's a breaker, edn't it, Bill?" asked old Dicky Curnow, who lived next door to Bill and was likewise attracted by the lurid light.

"It must be a breaker," said Phillips, who having finished his supper and his lecture to Henrietta and Belle, was also viewing the sight.

"It is a breaker," said Bill, "or I don't know a thing when I see it. It must be the Meadow Mine or the Lowland and that means that they strikers down there are going it pretty high. I hope that they won't try to make us go on a strike too. We have many reasons why we ought to strike, but the people aren't ready for it yet; they are too poor."

"Well, I 'opes that they won't strike yet a bit," said old Dicky, "for us can't stand a strike now."

"How are you, Mike?" shouted Bill to Clyde, as the latter approached the gate, "come in and have a chair." Mike entered and having saluted Beatrice and nodded to Curnow and Phillips, who were seated on their respective front porches, took the chair that Bill had offered him.

"That's a fire," said Clyde to Bill.

"A breaker," said Bill between the puffs of his pipe. Beatrice brought out a chair for herself, much to her brother's displeasure, and notwithstanding what her brother thought, began to knit vigorously on the heel of a stocking that Bill was supposed to wear the coming winter. Now Bill, though not objecting to smoking when he was alone with his sister, did when there was company. With a finer sensibility than his big

self would warrant, he thought that it was derogatory to his sister to have her in the presence of smoking men. He didn't like to offer Clyde a pipe in the presence of his sister, nor did he feel like smoking without offering Clyde the customary courtesy, nor did he desire to forego his evening enjoyment. He thought that Beatty was needed in the kitchen, but since he had called her out to see the fire, he could not blame her for her presence.

But Beatrice did not care to go within, for was not Clyde there, and he had been coming quite frequently to see Brother Bill of late, and he had praised her pie that she had given him the evening or so before. Clyde thought that Beatty's face was a little red as she sat busily knitting, but then she was always noted for her red cheeks and her healthy, buxom appearance.

Bill was in a dilemma and puffed on in silence, occasionally making a remark, and then again relapsing into silence. Clyde was not abashed at Bill's silence. Beatrice's appearance was welcome to him and he enjoyed watching her industrious movements. Mike Clyde was of an age nearly akin to that of Bill's. He was, if the record spoke aright, a year or so older than Bill and had passed the period of life when one is ruled by love alone. He gazed more upon the practical side. What Mike wanted was a wife that was a good cook and a good all-around housekeeper, and he was constrained to think, by his observation, that Beatrice filled the requirements to perfection. Then too, though that idea was the last to be thought of in his estimation, she was fairly good looking. He thought once that she was the human ideal of a red rose. But what would Bill say? Bill thought a great deal of his sister and had no prospects of marrying, so it seemed. It would be a cowardly thing to take Bill's housekeeper away from him in that fashion.

"Beatty," said Bill at length, "are the dishes all washed?"

"Indeed, I forgot all about them," said Beatty and excusing herself, she hastened within, much to Clyde's inward dismay.

"One can never smoke when a woman is around," said Bill, "and I knew that you were just aching for a smoke, Mike."

Clyde took the offered pipe and having filled it, and lighted it, sat back in apparent contentment. Old Dicky Curnow came over to join the company, as also did Phillips. The strike was still uppermost in Dicky's mind.

"It will be 'ard times for we, if they strikers make us strike. Us 'ad better arn summat, than nawthing at all."

"Yes," said Phillips, concurring with Dicky's statement.

"Well," said Bill, after a pause, "I don't want any man to tell me when I shall stop work or when I shall begin, except the man that I'm working for. I'm an American citizen and want the right to quit work when I please and work for whom I please. The company don't treat us right, but then I want to quit work of my own accord and no man from the outside shall tell me how or when to stop."

"If the men from the Lowland come over and try to make 'ou, what will 'ou do then?" said Phillips.

"No man shall stop me from working, if I can help it," stoutly asserted Bill.

"Strikes are a hinjury to the country," said Dicky.

"Sometimes they are a benefit though," said Red Jerry Andra, who had come up and leaning on the fence, joined in the conversation. "They doant treat the miner right; they charge too much for the powder and rob him at the store; they blow the whistle five minutes before seven o'clock in the morning to get a little extra time, and there are other grievances like the docking. Henny, the new docking boss, docked ten cars of O'Donnel's the other day, and they had almost a fight over it at the breaker. I would 'ave 'ad

my rights if I had to knock his head off, then and there."

"How many did he dock him?" asked Clyde, who seemed a trifle absent minded.

"He docked him ten cars out of sixty," continued Andra, "for Jones, the timberman, was there and heard the whole affair and told me."

"Here comes O'Donnel, now," said Phillips. The figure of Pat O'Donnel, bony and tall, was seen approaching.

"How are you, Pat?"

"How are ye." Pat slowly came up to the fence and leaned on the upper rail near Jerry Andra.

"And how many cars did ye send out today, Jerry?"

"Twenty-five cars, but one was docked by the boss for slate."

"'Ow many cars did 'ou send out, Pat?" It was Phillips that spoke.

"Thirty caars."

"Any docked?"

"No."

"I suppose that Henny is afraid to dock you now, Pat, since you gave him the racket some time ago," said Bill.

Pat's face flushed. "They did dock me more than was fair, but he gave me some of thim back, pretended that he had made a mistake."

"What was the trouble between you and him, the other day?" asked Big Bill.

"It was that same thing. He had docked me tin caars out of sixty, and I gave him a piece of me moind on the subject; however I'm not going to spake anything about it," and Pat continued smoking his short clay pipe.

"Well," said Ned Thomas, who had come up at this time, "John Jones told me about it and I thought it was a shame. That's the worst thing in docking that ever was in the mine of Mayoton since I'm here, and I don't blame you, Pat."

"It's no wonder that the people strikes," said O'Donnel, "whin they oppress a man loike that. Strikes are sometimes necessary for the freedom of the working man."

"Yes, but us 'opes that that will be the last thing," said old Dicky, in which thought Ned and Phillips silently concurred.

Clyde was not taking much interest in the conversation, but was smoking silently and meditating. At length he said: "Bill, I believe I'll go around and get a drink of water from the well."

"Tell Beatty to give you a glass," Bill said, and then continued in the conversation that was now in full blast.

"I didn't make out very well, this last month," began old Dicky, "only sent out twenty-one cars."

"How's that?" asked Red Jerry.

"It's a poor plaace to load. The vein doant pitch scarcely at aall, and us 'as got to shovel the coaal two or three times afore us can get un in the car."

"We're beginning to draw out; the breast is about worked up. Penryn made a hundred and forty dollars this last month; he's drawing out, too," said Jerry.

"I don't care if the strike does come for I drew out me last caars of coal today," averred O'Donnel.

"I never had such a breast in all my life as the one I have now; I didn't make out at all this month; the breast has petered out," said Ned Thomas. "It has become too narrow and small for a man to make anything except by the yard."

"You had better stayed with me, butty," said Jerry, referring to the fact that Thomas had been a partner with him some time ago.

"I wish I had," said Ned, regretfully.

"It 'pears to me," said old Dicky, "that the cars are getting bigger and bigger every year, and us doant get any more pay fer them either, and then us 'as got to 'eap them up so as they 'ave never been 'eaped afore. It edn't right."

"Gwynne thinks that it is just as easy to load a large car as it is a small one," said Ned.

"McCue dedn't think that, but 'e was a good man and they turned un off; I can tell 'ee too, that it edn't so easy to load when one 'as a flat plaace like I 'ave, it's back-breaking all the time. I doant think that it's right to go on a making the cars larger and bigger, like they does."

The fire in the east was still glowing and painting the heavens brighter and brighter as the darkness came on apace. Occasionally there would be shoots of flame that would penetrate farther into the darkened heavens and then there would be a dying down of the fiery hues until nothing but a crimson glow remained, only to be succeeded by a heightening of flame as perhaps, as Bill expressed it, "some new part would catch fire." Long did the group near Bill's porch view the picture, painted by the infuriated wrath of strikers upon the expanse of heaven and to their eyes queer shapes and forms wrought themselves out of that fiery leaping mass, which the gathering darkness but enhanced. The porch assemblage was silenced for a time by the sight. There were fiery air ships, marching columns, armies of marching men in the lurid reflection, and then as some low-lying cloud would be illuminated with additional splendor, various ejaculations came from the watchers.

"It's like a furnace," said O'Donnel.

"Yes," ventured Jerry.

"The daay of judgment," murmured Dicky, humbly.

"The day of judgment for the operators," asserted Jerry.

"The men must be Bedlamites," said Bill, "they are cutting off their noses to spite their faces; what good will it do them to destroy the property? If their demands are granted tomorrow, they can't work for many days by burning the breaker. It's to their interests that the property is safe as much as it is to the

operators. "That's rank foolishness," and Bill tapped out the ashes from his pipe rather a little sharply.

Meantime Mike Clyde was busy, not at the well, but for a time at the kitchen window. In passing the window he had seen Beatty, washing the dishes, and of course had to stop, as Bill had told him, to ask for a glass to get some water; and even after the glass was given to him he had to linger to talk to Beatty, and the more he lingered the more did he desire to linger. His eyes, genial and smiling, took in the whole surrounding of the kitchen in their comprehensive survey, and he marked with inward satisfaction the neatness and tastefulness of the interior. Seeing his disinclination to leave the window, Beatty filled the glass for him, and then suggested that perhaps a piece of apple pie would not be a bad accompaniment to the before mentioned beverage. Clyde was not a bit loathe to partake of the pie, and, to partake of it more to his satisfaction, entered the kitchen domain.

"That's good pie, Miss Beatrice," said Clyde, between his bites, his attention evenly divided between Beatty and the luscious baked affair that he was devouring; "and Bill is certainly lucky to have such a good cook and housekeeper as he has got."

Beatty kept on washing the dishes with greater vigor than ever, though there was a heightened pleased color in her face as she said that Brother Bill was pretty well satisfied, and of course, Clyde being Bill's friend, and she being Bill's sister, it "was just natural like that he should say so." Clyde didn't know whether the phrase "just natural for him to say so" was a modest depreciating of her own merits or whether it would be unnatural for him to say so, were he anything else than a friend of Bill. He, however, didn't say much more, but kept on munching his pie and feasting his eyes on the buxom form of Beatty, as she bustled around the kitchen, setting things to rights, as she termed it.

Mike, fearing that his protracted stay getting a drink

might elicit some disparaging remarks from Bill, arose to go and thanking Beatty for the pie, hurried around the corner, pausing for a moment at the window to catch a last lingering look at Beatty, who, pretending not to know that any one was watching her, still kept bustling around and in the midst of her work began to sing in a not unmelodious voice. "No wonder," thought Mike Clyde, as his mouth still watered over the reflections of that pie and his genial eyes looked cannibalistically at the hustling form,—“no wonder that Bill is happy and contented with a cook and housekeeper like that,—I—I—would myself.”

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## THE STRIKE.

**I** F I can catch him I'll kill him, cur and dog that he is!"

The words were spoken by a red haired miner whose cheeks and protuberant chin were flushed to crimson, and whose grey-blue eyes were gleaming under the dual excitement of wrath and drink. There was a self assertive, positive tone in the man's speech, tinged with suppressed passion, that made the listeners' nerves creep. It was Red Jerry who in the drawing out of his coal had been docked twelve cars, and there was vengeance impending over the head of Henny. Jerry had been drinking slightly during the morning and it had not caused him to be any more moderate in his demeanor. It was Ned Thomas to whom he was speaking, and who was endeavoring to persuade him to be careful.

"Careful! Because he cheats other men, do you suppose that he can cheat me? I don't mind one being docked, but a dozen cars that I had to labor to fill!" and the countenance of Jerry was typical of his name. The more Ned tried to dissuade him, the more his ire increased, and Ned was just thinking of telling Boss Tom, when full in front of them stepped Henny, the docking boss, coming from the slope mouth. He had not perceived them until he had almost brushed against them. Ned leaped forward to stop Jerry, but it was too late. With a muttered, muffled expression, Jerry confronted Henny.

"Ye docked me twelve cars!"

The exclamation was deep and sinister. The flushed

face, the vibrating passionate tones were a warning to Henny.

"A mistake!" exclaimed Henny, and dodged to one side.

But Henny was not quick enough, for with a roar like that of a wild beast, Jerry leaped at him. The concentrated passion of wrong, hate, and drink-inflamed wrath was centered in one quick flash of a bony, toil-hardened hand. There was a cry and Henny went to the ground in a heap, and there was a mass of red, tangled hair and whirling limbs on top of him. Red Jerry had become a fiend incarnate; the fiery nature had burst forth like a volcano; the blood of Jerry was like molten lava. There was no separating those whirling forms and from the mass at times would come passionate expressions, "A mistake! liar! thief! fraud! hell-hound! blood sucker! cur!" punctuated with resounding blows.

"Help! help!" shrieked the half murdered company's creature.

"Jerry! Jerry!" cried the pallid Ned, for he was afraid that murder would be committed. "Jerry, don't kill him! Don't strike a man when he's down."

The last expression had the desired effect, for there was a pause, and then Jerry leaped to his feet, jerking the docking boss to his feet also.

"No! I'll not strike a man when he's down, and ye'll 'ave to stand up," and with that the battle, or farce, as it might have been termed, for Henny was too dazed, stunned, helpless to defend himself, began anew, Henny being knocked down only to be jerked to his feet, and knocked down again and again. Thomas was sick with apprehension and had about decided to interfere, much as he knew his inability to cope with Red Jerry, when there was a shout from the breaker and a great hulking form, flashing from the shadows into the sunlight, darted past him and two great arms with the force of a hoisting derrick grasped Jerry,

raised him aloft and shook him until his grasp was released.

"In the name of heaven what are you at? Do you want to be a murderer and be hanged, Red Jerry?"

It was Big Bill, the engineer, and the only man in Mayoton that could have done the like. Ned, in after time relating the story, would shudder at the passion of the drink-infuriated Jerry, and relate with admiration how Big Bill had lifted Jerry aloft as a boy does a kitten and shook loose his deadly grip upon the half dead docking boss.

Red Jerry hardly knew who had him, for he struggled and then was silent for a moment as they all looked at the prostrate form of the stunned man,—a battered heap of bruised humanity, tattered, torn, gashed, and with swollen, blackened eyes.

"In the name of common sense, what led you to do a thing like this?" asked Bill, as he viewed Jerry with horror and indignation.

"He docked me twelve cars! Cheated, robbed me," said Jerry with still some trace of passion and anger.

"Yes, and he loses his job if he doesn't dock; that's what he's paid for. It's not his fault; it's Gwynne's," said Bill, as he knelt down beside the prostrate man and felt his pulse. "He's only stunned, but perhaps hurt worse, who knows?"

"It's Gwynne that is back of all the injustice," said Ned, not thinking what effect his words would have.

A crimson flush came across the drink-inflamed features of Jerry, and then with a muttered exclamation of "Gwynne, yes, you're right and Gwynne shall answer for it," he rushed off in the direction of the offices.

"There, he's off on another tear, but Gwynne can take care of himself and this man needs our attention. There, Ned, bring us that door and we can get some one to carry him home."

The door was taken from its hinges and two Hungarians impressed into service of the hour, and, Dolan

taking charge of the affair, Bill returned into the engine room and Ned to his work in the mine.

Owen Gwynne had been all the morning in the office working and consulting with his paymaster, Reeber. George Penryn had been given a day off, and had utilized the time in various ways. It was about ten o'clock in the morning when he passed the office in the company of Alice Penhall. Reeber, casting a glance out of the window, had remarked that he thought that that would be a match some day. Alice was a model girl, and George was as steady a young man as there was around the mines. Gwynne had nodded his head in a seemingly careless manner, but certain thoughts ran through his mind which Reeber's assertion had started. If that was the case, those twelve thousand pounds, which Tom was to receive, would never come into the possession of the Gwynne family. He must do something to prevent the fulfillment of Reeber's prognostication. His son William came in at that time and he was glad of his presence.

"Come into the private office, William, I want to see you."

William followed his father out of the pay office, across the little narrow hall-way and through the shipping-clerk's department, into the office of his father beyond. Gwynne did not sit down, but leaned against the open brick fire-place, while his son took the office chair, near the large desk.

"When is your vacation over, William?"

"Day after tomorrow."

"Could you prolong it for a time?"

"I suppose that I could, but I should miss some things at the opening."

"How would you like to work a month here for us, assisting the shipping-clerk. He is overburdened with work now, and needs some help. You could easily catch up in college matters."

William flushed with gratitude, for the one thing that he was regretting was the early commencement of

the college term, and his heart was in the town of Mayoton.

"I should be glad to take advantage of the offer."

"Well, that is settled, then. Now, there is another thing that I was thinking about. What is this thing that I hear about your frequenting Tom Penhall's place? The talk is that Superintendent Gwynne's son is trying to steal Tom's daughter, and you know how I'm opposed to your marrying a lady without any finance back of her. Tom's daughter hasn't a cent to her name, has she?"

"I thought that it would come to this," said the young man bitterly; "you don't want me to marry where my heart lies. Alice Penhall is poor, or at least has no money to boast of, and yet she is a lady and is cultured and refined. I knew that you would not approve of it, but I can't help that. I can't give her up unless she refuses me." The young man's face had the same hard, determined look that characterized his father's at times.

"Have you spoken to her about it?"

"No, not yet, but I mean to before I leave for college."

"Has she given you any indication that your sentiments would be reciprocated?"

"No, I can't say that she has, but she has always treated me kindly."

"And what about George Penryn, my timekeeper?"

"I don't know anything about him; he seems like a nice fellow and is a friend of the family, but I don't think he has any more show than I have myself."

"And how does Tom and his wife appear toward you and Penryn?"

"I think that Mr. Penhall thinks so much of his daughter that he would fire any young man that would even intimate his desire of taking her from him. Of course, he thinks that Penryn comes there to see him, and I,—I am just a caller upon the whole family."

"And Mrs. Penhall?"

"Well," and the young man smiled, "I think in her case she favors me. The land is clear there, but I don't care for either the father or mother, if the girl likes me."

"And I suppose that you don't care if I don't like it either," said Gwynne, grimly.

William said nothing to this telling shot from his father, but the set look that was upon his face was answer sufficient.

"Well," said Gwynne, as he surveyed his son for a moment, "I admire your grit and you have my permission to go ahead though you didn't ask for it as you should have done." Gwynne held up his hand for silence, for he saw that William was going to interrupt him, and then he continued: "You no doubt thought that it was strange that I asked you to stay home longer than the extent of your vacation. I could have secured some one else to assist the shipping-clerk for that matter, but I want you to have your chance with Tom's daughter, which chance you certainly won't have if you go off to college now. Tom is not a poor man by any means. He is worth, or will be worth, in a short time, the sum of sixty thousand dollars, or possibly a hundred thousand dollars, or even more, and Alice is the only child, and Tom is getting old. I know from good sources that Tom has given the bulk of his fortune by will to his daughter. Do you see? If you marry her, with the little capital we already have, we could go into independent ventures instead of being hirelings of others as we have been. Go ahead and make hay while the sun shines."

"I don't desire to marry her for her money."

"Well, marry her for love, or for anything else that you want. The money will come along with it. You can go now."

William was elated. The thing that he most feared,—the opposition of his father,—was now a thing of the past and he had no doubt of his success.

Not so his father, however. Seated in his private of-

fice, he thought of the matter. The chief opposition to William was George Penryn. Tom liked George for his sterling qualities. If George was out of the way, or at least in disfavor with Tom, that would settle the matter. The girl was the counterpart of Tom, and any one out of favor with Tom—he broke off his meditations and looked at his watch. It was time to look over the books of the office according to his custom. He had investigated the books of the company store and the post office, and today was the time to attend to the accounts of the office. He left his station by the brick fire-place and passed out of the private office, through the shipping-clerk's department, where he paused for a moment to give a few directions to the incumbent of that office, and then through the hall into the main office.

The company offices at Mayoton were in a small, narrow, one-story building of some extent in length, and situated opposite the company store. It had formerly been divided in the center into two lengthy rooms by the hallway; a year or so after it was built the apartment toward the store was again divided to make room for the shipping-clerk. The long apartment west of the hallway was utilized for the main office and paymaster's department. A long oaken table ran half way down the center and was continued from there down to the pay window by a high desk at which a few clerks were accustomed to labor. The apartment was vacant, save for the presence of Reeber, who was busily engaged at some accounts. The paymaster assisted his chief in his work of examination. All the work was gone over assiduously, and the timekeeper's books were considered. It was not Gwynne's custom to review the books of any employe without that person being there to assist.

"Oh, it doesn't matter whether he is here or not," Reeber said, in reference to George's absence. "We can look over them anyway. I doubt, though, whether there is a single error, for he is the most accurate man

that we have had for the last three years in that department."

"Writes a plain hand," said Gwynne, as they went over the books.

"Yes—a clear hand."

"Hold on! What's this?" They had come to an item very late in the month's report. "If I mistake not there's an error there. I saw Pat Develry this morning and he said that the men worked only eight hours last night and here he has given them ten hours apiece and that is an error that means a loss to the company."

"Perhaps it was a mistake."

"If it was a mistake, we can overlook it, perhaps. Here he comes now and we will ask him how he managed to give the men two hours extra."

George entered the office to secure something he had forgotten the evening before.

"George, you have made a mistake here; you have given the stripping men, under Pat Develry last night, two hours more than they ought to have received. Was it a mistake?"

Now, George had endeavored to give back to the men the hours of which they had been cheated some time before. Asked thus plainly whether it was a mistake or no, he could not but answer in the negative and did so. An ugly look came upon the countenance of Gwynne.

"You admit that you have cheated the company?"

"No, sir, I do not admit that I have cheated the company. I was only endeavoring to—"

"You gave the men two hours extra intentionally?"

"I did, but—"

"That will do. Mr. Reeber, you can give this young man his wages and he needn't come back to the office."

It had come at last—his discharge. Gwynne turned his back upon him and walked into the shipping-clerk's room. "I am sorry for you, George," was all that Reeber said as he handed him his pay. There was an element of coldness in his tone that George could not

well avoid noticing. George took the money and went home with a load upon his heart that he could scarcely bear. He felt that they both knew the whole affair, and it needed no explanation. Gwynne knew that he was honest and that he had but intended to give the men that of which they had been unrighteously deprived—and Reeber must have known it, too. He did right, he thought, in not offering any words of explanation; they were determined to discharge him because he was too honest. He said nothing to any one about his discharge and, it being his day off, no one remarked his presence away from the office.

Gwynne thought, as he entered the private office, he had made a good stroke of fortune. That would settle that aspiring youth so far as Tom Penhall was concerned. There was a ring upon the telephone and Gwynne went to answer it. "Hallo! How's that? The strikers coming? When will they be here? All right."

There was a rap upon the office door. "Come in," said Gwynne. It was Tom Penhall. "Ah, Tom, the very man that I want to see; come in. There's going to be trouble, I fear, for I just heard on the 'phone that the Meadow and Lowland strikers are on the march to shut down the mine here. They shut one colliery down already and compelled the men to march along with them. Do what you can, Tom, to keep the men at work. The men all like you and will do most anything for you. Try and prevent trouble."

"Is George here?" asked the boss.

There was a look of displeasure on the face of the superintendent, as the name of George was mentioned.

"Don't mention him at all; George Penryn is not employed in the office any more. I would be glad for your sake, Tom, to keep him in the office and give him a chance to rise, but when an employe proves dishonest and a positive injury to the men among whom he works, he must be discharged."

The old boss' countenance was a picture of amazement and doubt. "What! what! George dishonest! It

can't be possible! There's some mistake, Mr. Gwynne. There must be some mistake. The lad is too honest to do anything wrong. 'E 'as 'ad too good a training to prove unfaithful. 'Ee do 'im wrong, Mr. Gwynne." The old boss shook his head, expressing his firm belief in his protege's honest character.

"He cheated the company designedly in favor of the men. If it was a mistake I would have been glad to overlook it, but he admitted it before Mr. Reeber and myself, and said that he had done it intentionally, and, of course, we can't excuse a thing like that."

Tom sank into a chair, as if dazed. He had loved George as a father, and he had tried to inculcate good principles within him in the period of his teaching.

"I knew that you took an interest in the fellow, in fact, that was one of the reasons that I gave him the position of timekeeper, and so I thought that I would give him a chance to explain to us, but he brazenly admitted his dishonest intentions. I supposed he allowed his biased sympathies for the men to pervert his good judgment. I will call Reeber over and you can hear what he says." Gwynne called Reeber from the hall doorway and that worthy came over from the office beyond.

"Mr. Reeber, I was just telling Tom, here, about that affair of George Penryn. Tell him about it."

"He gave the men of Develry's crew two hours apiece more than they were entitled to have. They worked eight hours and he gave them ten hours. We thought it was a mistake, but when he came in here, and we asked him about it, he said he had given them the hours intentionally." Reeber gave his statement in a simple matter-of-fact tone.

"And I have no doubt that if he cheated once he cheated twice, and perhaps oftener," added the superintendent.

The answer was enough for Tom. The testimony was so strong and incontestable that he could not help but believe it.

"I never could 'ave believed it. Who could 'ave thought that the lad would 'ave done such a thing?" and Tom shook his head in sorrow. There was a pained, drawn expression upon his face that was a reflection of what was going on beneath the surface.

"Well," said Gwynne, dismissing the subject, "I am glad you have come in, Tom, for those strikers are coming over here today, so they say. If they do come, I want you to do the best that you can for the protection of the property and keep the men at work if it can be done at all."

Tom signified that he would do the best that he could, and withdrew.

Gwynne still worked on for a time and then, leaving affairs in the hands of Reeber, started home. He had just got into the buggy when, passionate, flushed with anger and drink, his eyes gleaming like polished steel, and his hair like a bloody aureole around his head, Red Jerry hatless and fresh from his morning fray, his nerves tingling with the sense of former conquest, approached. With clenched fist, threateningly raised, he menaced the oppressor of Mayoton.

"Ah! I have found you, liar, cheat, and fraud. I have licked the tool, and now I want to lick the master. Who cheats the poor men? Who robs the miner and 'is family? Who is the cause of all the tyranny at Mayoton? Who, if it edn't Gwynne. Come down out of yer kerridge for five minutes and I'll prove it to the satisfaction of all. Ah! ye needn't pucker up your ugly eyes and look mad; come down and damme! if I don't make that face a picter fer a rogue's gallery! Cheat! robber! thief! dog!"

Jerry was becoming more excited but was cut short by the action of Gwynne. It was a case of Greek meeting Greek. The frown was blackening and deepening upon the face of the superintendent. With a swift motion, he wrenched the whip out of the socket and aimed a cut at Jerry with all the power of his arm. The horse, a mettled, nervy animal, heard the swish

and with a leap, mad with terrified apprehension, tore down the road at a break-neck speed. The whip fell and there was a scream of pain and wrath, but not from Red Jerry. The action of the horse carried the rig beyond the intended mark and the blow fell, the whip encircling the head and shoulders of Tony Luc-  
caque, the Italian driver, who was standing near by. With an expression of wrath, Tony howled, and leaping forward, threw a great stone after the rapidly retreating rig. Jerry contented himself with shaking his fist after the disappearing rig, and then rambled off swearing to himself in his disappointment.

An excited crowd gathered around Tony, the idol of the Italian element. The word soon got to the mines and but for the intercession of old Tom, the Italian force at Mayoton would have taken a holiday. As it was, some threw down their tools and left, and the others were but half-hearted in their services.

"Gwynne has done more to make a strike by this last act of his than by all the others," said Tom to Dolan.

Meantime, Reeber worked on in the pay-office for an hour or so, and then went to answer a call upon the 'phone. It was in reference to the coming of the strikers from the Lowland and Meadow mines. They had been stopped from passing through the neighboring city by a force of police and constables but they had managed to take a roundabout way and emerged again upon the public road beyond, and were now in full march for the town of Mayoton.

"Are there any Americans?" asked Reeber, and the answer came, that, though there were some Americans among the number, the majority were foreigners and were led apparently by foreigners. Reeber made some calculations and thought that they would arrive possibly by half past one in the afternoon. He gazed up at the clock and finding it after one, he hastily closed the ledgers and locked the safe, secured all desks, put

up the shutters, and departed, locking the office door behind him.

There is always an unsettled, uneasy feeling when something momentous is expected. There is a timid apprehension shown by the women and feelings run riot. The more masculine of a community shake off the fear with words and a brave show of indifference which they rarely feel. The girls are filled with vague alarm and yet with mingled curiosity. Perhaps the bravest are the boys, the wild, young Arabs, who are glad to take a holiday on any occasion and anything out of the ordinary is as good as a circus to them. There was a vague feeling in the town of Mayoton. Ever since the morning there had been rumors of the coming mob, and various conjectures were made concerning them. Some in dread, feared they would burn the houses and wreck the whole town. Some feared a pitched battle, and already visions of ghastly wounds, cut heads, hurtling rocks and flying clubs assailed the imagination of the timid. Others laughed and treated the whole affair as a joke. Nothing would come of it. And so it was that the half of Mayoton was out that bright day of September, watching with varied feelings for the approach of the crowd. The record of that march and attack has gone down in the annals of Mayoton and will never be forgotten by the inhabitants. Telephone poles were hatted with ambitious lads, anxious to catch the first glimpse of the approach of the van, while around the foot they were booted with leaning, older parties. The pine trees were animated with eager lads, livelier fruit than they were accustomed to bear, and their branches groaned and protested against the strain. The common and road-side were checkered with caps and sun bonnets. School! there was no school that day. It would have been impossible. There was too strenuous life and expectation in each youngster's breast. The truant officer would have had a month's labor to accomplish in a single afternoon had

he tried to perform his duty, and so he wisely let it alone.

"There they are!" screamed a youngster, perched on the top of a lofty telegraph pole. He was pointing excitedly to a cloud of dust in the distance. But it was a false alarm from the youthful whaler of the crow's nest. It was only the first cortege of buggies, horsemen and bicyclers that had come over from the neighboring city to witness the fun, as they alleged; and as the time dragged with slow steps, more and more came. On horseback, in vehicles, on bicycles, and on foot, still they came—boys, men, women, girls and even dogs.

Meantime the breaker was still working, the steam shovels were still "choughing, choughing," and rooting, the engines were still groaning, the ropes and drums creaking, and cars rattling up and down the slopes and planes as if nothing out of the ordinary was in progress. At the stripping works, Pat Develry was improving his choice vocabulary of strenuous, work-inspiring words, in which he expressed certain wishes condemnatory to the limbs, optical organs, souls and spirits of foreigners and kicking mules. Notwithstanding his efforts, there was but a half-hearted service from Pat's workmen. Their attention was half divided between their work and the coming of the mob. They were in a dilemma. On the one hand, they did not dare to leave, for Boss Pat had consigned them to the hot place, so frequently heard of before from the boss' lips with the additional threat that if they should leave they could not get their positions back; and then on the other hand, they were in mortal terror of their countrymen, who were the leaders of the mob. The Americans and English and others worked on steadily, saying little, but thinking a great deal. And so the work went on—the blasting, loading, tugging, and straining, while on the highway the sightseers and others watched, and the crowds grew. There were jokes and

laughter and among some of the townspeople inward qualms.

"They are coming!" piped a lad's voice from the top of a tree, far up the road.

"There they are!" screamed another.

People craned their necks. Far off a greater cloud of dust than ordinary, rolled and tossed, arose and fell, like the smoke of battle, coming nearer and nearer, and then came the hoarse murmur of many voices like the distant low murmur of the tide in cliff caves. Nearer and nearer came the roll of dust and murmur of voices and tramp of feet, until finally, forth from it, stalked a man of large proportions with the flat face of the Slav, and bearing aloft a huge pole from the top of which flapped, limply and forlornly, a soiled red-bandanna kerchief. Then four miners, marching abreast, then another four, and another four, and then a heterogeneous mass that paid no attention to the regular marching of the leaders, emerged and passed. There were Hungarian faces, American, Irish and others. Some of the sturdy fellows were clad in clean clothes; others, in inky mining garments, as if just coming from labor; some carried clubs; others, simply their dinner buckets. There was a variety of feelings expressed on the passing countenances. Some were laughing and joking, as if upon a summer picnic; some were sober and stern looking; others scowling as if anticipating opposition.

As if by a preconceived plan, as soon as they reached the mule stables, part of the crowd swept down upon the stripping on one side, and another part into the works on the other side. A motley crowd rushed down into Number One slope; another into Number Two, and still another into the engine house and breaker. There were yells, and the whistling of flying rocks, flung from strong hands at reluctant workmen. The awe-inspiring spectacle was too much for the workmen of Develry, and though he swore, and fumed, and cursed, and stamped, they fled like a whirl-wind, up

and out of the works like a pack of sheep. The mules, as if appreciating the era of freedom, kicked themselves loose from the hateful cars, and galloped riotously away, switching their leathery flanks with their ropey tails, and kicking up their heels as if the year of jubilee had come.

"Strike! Strike! Stop work—no work!" was shouted in a babel of tongues.

The whole mine seemed to swarm with them, like ants in an ant-hill. Down below in the gangways, breasts, slopes, in the stripping, in the breaker, and out, swarmed the horde of human locusts. In some sections, the very zeal of the mob defeated its purpose. A Hungarian, battered and wounded, sought refuge in the powder house of the stripping, and a perfect fusillade of stones and clubs crashed down upon its roof. Several times did the fear-crazed man attempt to gain the ranks of the strikers, but had to seek refuge in the house from which he had come.

In half an hour all the works were shut down. The steam shovels ceased rooting, the engines stopped choughing and hissing, the great drums and wheels were silent and lifeless, and the throbbing noise of machine activity was affrighted into death by the appalling terror and violence. There was a babel of feelings among Mayoton's men. The Hungarians laughed and joked, or looked scared; the Italians were jubilant, for they had desired to quit since the striking of Tony by the "Big Boss;" the English speaking miners were silent. Some were glad; some were indifferent; others were angry. Among the latter was big Bill Smith. There had been quite an exciting time in the engine room. While he was engaged in hoisting a car out of the slope, a strange Italian of goodly proportions came into the engine room and shouted what sounded to Bill like "Straghk—noa work," and made motions to Bill to stop the engine. Bill, thinking it worthless to stop the engine before the car was out of the slope, gave no heed to the command, and the latter struck

him with a club. The car was up the next minute, and Bill, stopping the engine, turned upon his tormentor, who fled before his anger. Burning with resentment to think, as he said, "that a dirty foreigner had struck him," he was after him as fast as he could move his great frame, and though the Italian was fleet, the rage of Bill made him speedier and he caught him by the neck at the slope mouth. With one hand almost choking the life out of him, and with the other grasping his nether quarters, he whirled the startled foreigner up over his head, and would have cast him headlong down the slope, had not others interfered. It would have fared ill with the others had they not been Boss Tom, Dolan, Jimmy O'Donnel, and Clyde.

"I am an American citizen, and I'll allow no dirty Hunk or Hike to stop or strike me," Bill had exclaimed, while his eyes flashed and his great red neck and face flushed still more crimson in his indignation. A great crowd of strikers surrounded Bill and his friends.

"Now, Bill, go home," Boss Tom had said; "there'll be no work here today; there can't be, for I'm not going to see men hurt and property destroyed. 'Ere, Clyde, you and Sandy see Bill home."

Jimmy and George followed them as they moved on a few steps.

"I can go alone; you needn't go along," he had said, and then as quickly turned again saying that he was an American citizen, would have his rights, and would remain where he was.

"Beatrice will be worried about you, Bill," George said, and Bill deliberated for a moment. "I'm just as willing to strike for my rights as any, but I won't have any dirty Hunk or Hike strike me and compel me."

"Him no work!" shouted the crowd of foreigners, and they drew near in a threatening manner. "Get out of here!"

"Go home, Bill; will 'ee, we doant want a riot," said old Tom.

"We don't want to work!" shouted Gallagher to the threatening crowd.

"Let go of me, Clyde, and we'll soon see who will get out of here. Let go of me, I say!" said Bill to Clyde, who was holding him. Bill would have precipitated a riot then and there. There were a number of men standing near by who would have fought with Bill anywhere against the odds of a mob, for he was dear to the men of Mayoton. What might have been a formidable affair, terminated peaceably enough, however, for the Hungarian leader of the foreign striking element approached and drew his men off to another place. George and Jimmy wanted to see Bill home, but that worthy stoutly asserted that he would go alone.

"Let him go, boys; he is big enough to take care of himself," said Clyde. And so Bill went home, but notwithstanding the words of Clyde, George and Jimmy followed him at a distance.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## ORGANIZING.

THE foreigners and striking miners, from the Meadow and Lowland mines, having accomplished their work in shutting down the mine of Mayoton, sat down upon the culm banks and around the works, eating their dinners that they had brought along with them. They were tired and soiled after that march of nearly fourteen miles. Some were laughing like school boys, while others were morose and silent. A great mass meeting was held by the foreigners near one of the refuse coal banks, while a similar one of the English speaking element was in progress near the schoolhouse steps. Though not willing to strike at the first, a great majority seemed disposed to make these circumstances a chance for the redress of their grievances, and resolved to organize and remain firm.

Jimmy O'Donnel was elected chairman of the meeting, and George Penryn was appointed secretary. There was a great hubbub and the jangling voices of altercating parties until the chairman drew order out of chaos. The question was, should they join the strike begun by the outside miners, or should they go back to work? Should they make use of the present circumstances to gain some relief from the things of which they were complaining or not? The meeting was a stormy one at the first, as there were some in favor of one thing, and some of another, and there were many speeches of an exceedingly violent nature, especially from the outside miners. Some remarks were of such an incendiary kind as to disgust the more conservative, while others were more moderate. Nothing would

have been accomplished had it not been for the coming of labor organizers from the striking sections. A buggy arrived with two occupants.

"Reese! Reese! Reese!" shouted several men.

"Mr. Chairman," said George Penryn, "there is with us here, the district deputy of the Miners' Organization. He has the interest of the miners at heart, and knows what is best for their welfare. I suggest that we hear from him, and give him the floor."

There were calls of "Reese, Reese!" and then the district deputy arose. He was a man of the ordinary size, and from the appearance of his hands and countenance, was a hard working miner. But there was that in his face and demeanor that placed him above the ordinary mining class.

"Mr. Chairman, and fellow workmen, the history of the human race has been a history of the oppression of the poor, and the revolt of the poor against that tyranny. Today, the struggle is for wealth, and the more a man has, the more he wants to have; and he is perfectly right in increasing his wealth if he does it by his own labor, and not by stealing his increase out of the pockets of the poor man. But that is what employers have been doing for quite a time. Now, years ago, there was not much chance of a poor man gaining much redress, because he was ill informed, and the power of the rich man was too great for the individual poor man, but now we have arrived at different times. The poor man is wiser than he was, and has the weapon within his grasp with which to accomplish his desires. It is only by the combination of small strands, that the mighty ropes are made which support suspension bridges, and it is only by the combination of individual miners against the operator that strength is acquired to resist and conquer. For that special purpose the Miners' Organization was perfected in other sections, and it has done wonders for the mining class. Now, I have come into this section for the special purpose of organizing the miners into this compact body

for the better purpose of resisting the tyrannical aggression of the operators, and securing to the miners their rights and privileges; and finding that you have already gone upon strike at the solicitation of your fellow workmen, I desire to impress upon you that you can't accomplish anything unless you become organized. It is the most foolish thing in the world for the miners of an individual colliery to go upon a strike, unless they are organized into a compact body with their fellow workmen from other collieries.

"You have grievances of which you complain, and they ought to be removed,—yes, they must be removed or you will be crushed still farther down into the mire. You are oppressed by the company store system, by the docking system, and by the cutting of wages, when there is no earthly reason why they should be cut. I tell you, men, that you are getting robbed, and you do not know it, at least, to the extent to which it is carried. Talk about slavery before the war! The existence of the slave was a paradise to the life of the miner in these times, and yet, I am told that some of you don't want to go upon a strike, do not want to ask for a redress of these grievances. They cheat you in every way conceivable and you earn a mere pittance, sufficient to keep soul and body together, and will you, like cowardly dogs, lick the hand that beats you, and the foot that spurns you? If the operators were making out poor themselves, and the mines of the region were not paying, there might be some shadow for a continuance of work, some reason, but the exact opposite is the case. I am told by an employee of this company, and one who ought to know, that the profits of this colliery this last month was sixty-six thousand dollars, ten thousand dollars of an increase upon the profits of the month preceding. Where was that increase taken from? Why, from the pockets of the miners of Mayoton. Your children had to go hungrier and shabbier for that profit. Your pocket-book was emptier; you were cut down in your wages to make

the increase possible. And what was it done for? In order that the operator might roll in more wealth, that he might heap up for himself new pleasures at the expense of the poor working man. In order that he might buy more steam yachts, and build new and palatial stables for his trotting horses. Yes, my fellow workmen, I have seen the operator's stables, where he keeps his fine horses, and they are palaces in comparison to the poor man's home. Yes, the horse of an operator must have a more comfortable dwelling-place than the man who works for him and makes his wealth a possible fact.

"Yes, but some say, we are governed by the sliding scale in our wages. The price of coal has gone up at tide-water, three months ago, and have the wages of the working man gone up with it as they should have done? No! But on the contrary, I am told here, that you have received a cut in your wages of ten per cent. What justifies that cut in your wages? Poor times and the price of coal? No! No! Nothing but the avaricious grasping of the insatiable, blood-sucking operators, your employers. A man does not deserve the name of man, if he does not resist tyranny like this. They are ready to tell you of a decrease in the price of coal, but they never tell you when the price has arisen. Oh, no, you are left to find that out for yourselves."

Reese paused for a moment to gain his breath, for he had been speaking rapidly, and passionately, and there was a low murmur of anger among the crowd that was listening to his burning words, and especially at the revelation that the profits of the company had been increased ten thousand dollars in the last month; that the price of coal had gone up at tide-water, and they had received a cut in their wages of ten per cent. instead of a raise.

"To h—— with the operators, and Gwynne!" shouted some one, in a hoarse voice, in the rear, and the exclamation was taken up by others.

Reese waved his hand and continued his speech, making every remark tell upon that excited, determined audience. Toward the close, they gave redoubled attention.

"You are entitled to a raise, and the only way to gain it is to strike for it, and to come out in a body. But you can't do this unless you join the Miner's National Organization."

"Why?" shouted a voice.

"Why? I am glad that you asked that question, and I can give you a most effective answer. Why is it that the operators don't want their employes to join the National Organization? It is because they realize their inability to cope with a strong body like it, and because they can successfully cope with individual strikes. Strike now, without joining the Organization, and you will be marked men by the coal companies. Do you know what it is to be a marked man? It means that you can't get a job in the whole hard-coal region. The operators are all organized and have strike leaders spotted. A man that is a good man in the coal companies' estimation, is a man who will work and say nothing, no matter how he is oppressed. Let him once ask for a redress of grievances, and he becomes a troublesome fellow, and one to be got rid of as soon as possible. Without the Organization this is possible, but with the Organization, this is not possible, for the Organization sticks by a man if he is in the right and supports him. A marked man, before our Organization became a power, would go to another colliery to secure work because he couldn't secure work at home. How long would he remain in the position he would secure elsewhere? Only as long as it would take to get news from other companies, and then he would receive his walking papers, with no information except that he was not wanted. Strike, men! Join the Organization, and make this strike effective, and show these bloodthirsty tyrants that you have a power back of you that can make itself felt for the right."

The labor agitator sat down with a round of cheers from nearly all the men present.

The second labor agitator leaped to his feet at the conclusion of Reese's speech, and even before the cheering had ceased, had gained the Chairman's recognition, and was essaying to be heard above the din. When the confusion had ceased, he could be heard speaking in an impassioned manner, and emphasizing the remarks of the former speaker.

"Boys, they give you turkeys on Christmas and Thanksgiving Day and pay nurses to nurse your children when they are sick,—then they lower your wages and increase the price of goods in the company store, to make up for it. You pay for it all, the turkeys and the nurses, you pay for. Let them give you fair wages, and you can buy your own turkeys and hire your own nurses. You don't ask for charity. You are not beggars. You don't want gifts and favors. All that you want is justice and fair wages, and the only way to gain that is to strike and join the Organization."

There were more murmurs of approval at the termination of this speech, and there were several men upon their feet, but George Penryn was the first one to be heard, and showed by the speech that he delivered that he had profited by the study of rhetoric and kindred studies.

"Men, it is needless for me to add anything to the speech that we already have heard, and in fact your own thoughts are sufficient to convince you, even the most reluctant, that we have been ill treated, and robbed, and been bound down in a slavery infinitely worse than the bondage of the olden times. The company and operators, in general, are morally robbers, though not legally so. Let me enumerate some of the offenses of which we are complaining, and see if we can afford to bear them any longer.

"The company charges us too much for powder, and we all know what powder is to a working man,—the miner. Against an ordinary profit, no man of reason-

able judgment could take offense. A man must have profit in his business or he cannot succeed. We do not object to that, but when it comes to making one hundred, yes, two hundred per cent. on a keg of powder, that is sold to a poor miner, it no longer becomes profit, it is highway robbery. This thing is a grievance that must be removed. Then there is the iniquitous company store system that has well been called a 'pluck-me store.' How they have doubled and trebled prices that at one time were fair, you are well aware. Some of the articles they sell at an advance of over a hundred per cent. more than an honest store would make. A fellow showed me a hat that he had purchased at our store for the sum of one dollar, and the same hat could be bought in any of the neighboring city stores for fifty cents. The increase in price would not be so evil if we were allowed to buy where we pleased, but that is not the case. You know, men, as well as I do, that unless a man buys enough out of the company store, he cannot retain his job long. How long was it since Moore, the assistant superintendent, was around to see you or your wife about your not buying enough out of the store, with the threat that if things didn't mend in the buying line, you would be out of your position?"

There was a pause for a moment and there was an angry murmur of approval from the crowd.

"Then what have you to say in reference to the docking system, that is in vogue here at the present time? Have they not cheated us and robbed us? Ask O'Donnel whether he was not docked once to the amount of ten cars of as pure a coal as ever went out of the mine. Why? Simply because a car was dirty, and he had sent out eighty cars and they thought he could afford to be docked ten. Ask Red Jerry whether he was not docked twelve cars a short time ago?"

"Jerry docked the docking boss for it," roared a voice, "and almost docked Gwynne, himself."

"Yes," continued George, "Jerry did that, but it was wrong, but he was under strong provocation, for the

docking system that we have now in vogue is nothing more than another system of thievery.

"Take the sliding scale system, that we have been working under. Another piece of trickery, unworthy of a righteous man. They promised to regulate the wages by the sliding scale; when coal went up at tide-water, we were to receive a corresponding increase, and when it went down, we were to have the corresponding decrease. We agreed to the proposition, but how was it carried out? The company were faithful enough in one part of the agreement. When the price went down we heard of it, and the reduction came as certainly, but when the price went up, we scarcely ever heard of it. Take the instance of this last three months when the price of coal went up and we, instead of receiving an increase,—oh! crowning act of dishonor! received, instead, a cut. They were not satisfied with our ignorance, not satisfied with gaining the increase that naturally should be given to us, but must augment it by curtailing our wages. I ask you, men, if, in the face of these things, there is anything for which we should strike?"

"Yes! Yes!" came an angry roar from the crowd. "Strike! Strike! Strike!" came from all parts of that assemblage, and there were but few that were silent. Phillips was the first of that number that arose to his feet in protest.

"Men," he said, and then paused. "Men, I am no speaker, like the others, but I have a word to tell 'ou and then I'll say no more. The company has been treating us bad, but there are many of us here that are too poor to strike, and have no money, and how are we going to strike and live?" I am opposed to a strike because I have no money and my family must live. I think that if we must have a strike let it be the last thing. Hoyt—"

The speaker was interrupted by a storm of hisses at the mentioning of Hoyt's name, but his rotund face glowed and he resolutely held his ground, plucky,

little Welshman that he was, and refused to be hissed down. The hisses ceased and he continued.

"Hoyt is a much fairer man than we all give him credit for. I know that he does not willingly oppress the men, but the whole blame rests greatly upon the lesser officials, that are trying to hand over as much as possible to the company. I think that if we would go to him, and tell him, he would give us our rights. If we try to push him he is stubborn. I hope, if we must have a strike, we will send a committee to him beforehand to see what he will do."

Phillips was silent. He had spoken the sentiment of many of that crowd, but the majority was against him as was evidenced by the hisses and angry looks that greeted the termination of his speech. Reese, the organizer, held up his hand and again spoke.

"Do not hiss any one for speaking his honest convictions. The man that has just spoken is an honest, hard-working man like the rest of us, and the only reason why he doesn't want to strike is because he fears that his family will suffer. Now, I want to tell you all that if you strike and join the Organization, the Organization will see that you are not starved and that your families are taken care of. We will also send a committee to Hoyt and make our wants known to him."

Just at this moment there was a movement on the outside of the crowd and Father Phelan, the Roman Catholic priest of the city, pushed his way to the front. He was a man a little above the ordinary height and of a thin, pale countenance, and wore spectacles. His manner was dignified, yet pleasant and affable and he was a great favorite with the men, not only those of his own faith, but also with Protestants. His urbane disposition, and the fact that his father had been a miner, and his beforetime position as a friend of the working classes, had made him a host of friends in the section. He had heard of the march of the strikers upon the mines of Mayoton, and also knew some of their griev-

ances. It was a kindly spirit that had moved him to come. "Father Phelan! Father Phelan! Father Phelan!" was heard on all sides, and then similar expressions of "Speech, Speech!" The priest arose to meet the demand.

"Mr. Chairman, and gentlemen, you are about to commence a struggle for your rights, for a redress of the grievances of which you have been complaining so long, and it is needless for me to say that I sympathize with you in this contest. I know as well as any one, the things of which you complain. I am not a stranger to mining villages and to mining life. As many of you are aware, I was raised in a mining village, and am the son of a man that wielded a pick and drill, and I have experienced all that you are experiencing at this present time. My heart goes out to you in your oppression, and I feel for the suffering and sacrifice that may ensue. I have learned a little wisdom by my coming in contact with strikes, and I want to give you a little of that this afternoon. Let me counsel you at the present time to remain strictly within the law. In this, your struggle, do not, on any occasion, violate the law. It is the capitalist and mine owner that is glad to take advantage of the slightest outbreak on the part of strikers, for they have in that case the plea for state aid and what is doubly more fatal to your interest the public sympathy for you and your cause will depart from you, and without public sympathy you cannot expect to win. Do not allow any rash, foolish spirits to inveigle you into breaking the law by outward violence and incendiarism. In this struggle be upright, honorable citizens, peaceable and law abiding. Select a committee from the midst of you and send them to the operator, Mr. Hoyt, and let them present their demands. I trust that the strike will end soon with the possession of your rights. If you wish me to see Mr. Hoyt, (cries of "Yes, Yes.") I will do so, or anything else that I can do will be willingly performed. I will

see Mr. Hoyt then, in your interests, since some have signified their willingness for me to do so."

"Hurrah for Father Phelan!" shouted some one in the crowd.

The priest continued: "Now, keep cool. Do no rash act. In fact, to tell the truth, I have such implicit faith in the good citizenship of the miner that I know that you will do nothing but what is creditable. Miners of all classes are always disposed to listen to reason. I thank you for your attention." The priest closed with a few more words of good advice, the whole of which was well received, and then left the assemblage.

A vote was taken to determine whether they should strike or should return to work. The majority voted with a hoarse roar for the strike. There were a few of those present that voted against it, voicing the courage of their convictions, but they were as a drop in the bucket. Others said nothing, neither one way nor the other. The strike having been definitely settled, the miners joined the Miners' Organization,—a local branch having been started, of which George Penryn was elected president. A committee was appointed to interview the superintendent and operator, on which were appointed O'Donnel, Jones and Gallagher to act jointly with a committee of the foreigners, consisting of Mike Gusha, Adam Bogel and Tony Luccaque. The committee went to the office, but found that no superintendent was awaiting them, and so they had to be content until the morrow.

Big Bill, the engineer, was not at the meeting. He had desired to go, but on account of some business, was detained. Being curious to ascertain the action of the meeting, he accosted a little Irishman, but lately over from the old sod.

"What was done at the meeting, butty? What did the majority decide?"

"Well now, there was wan majority that was for worruk, and there was another majority that was for stopp, and they sint a majority to the superintendent to have the thing sittled."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## HOME OPINION ON THE STRIKE.

O H, MOTHER, we are going to have company, for the cat is washing her face, and they are going to be welcome, for she is using her right paw," said Nellie Penryn to her mother, the evening of the strike. Nellie, ever since childhood, had a love for kittens. The cat was her favorite friend and oracle. For the cat to wash her face with the left paw, was a certain indication that the company, thus prophesied, would be unwelcome, and for the right paw to be used, meant the exact opposite.

"And, Ned, you say that they are going to strike and that the men have joined the Organization," said Molly, paying no attention to the remarks of Nellie upon tabby's prognostication.

The kitchen stove had been removed from the shanty into the back room of the main building, according to the autumnal custom, and a slight fire was burning in the grate, for the evenings had set in cool. Ned Penryn was resting, in a recumbent position, upon the lounge, on one side of the room. His good wife, Molly, was in the rocking-chair, knitting industriously. Near the table, upon a chair, was Nellie, bending over slightly, her attention absorbed in watching the slow movements of Tabby's paw, that gravely went up and down her face, apparently beating time to the song of the clock. The few years that had transformed Nellie from a child into a young woman, had likewise changed the kitten of former years into a mature, stately tabby with dignified movements, when not in pursuit of game or frolicking with her mistress. A plain, oil lamp, with

a colored paper shade, illuminated the whole scene with a mellow glow.

"Yes," said Penryn, raising himself upon his elbow; "and it will be a long strike, too, and much suffering; yes, a passel of suffering among the poor, who doant 'ave any money. It's a good job that we 'ave a bit of money laid by, and yet, ah is too bad to think that Nellie 'as got to be disappointed in going off to school, and I suppose the new house of our own will be as far off as ever ah was."

"We shall be better off than the most of the miners' families, and we ought to be thankful for that. We shan't want for something to eat."

"A bad job for that poor Ned Thomas, for I doant suppose that they 'ave a bit of money in the 'ouse, or in the bank either, laid up for a rainy day. A careless woman! 'ow 'e ever come to marry 'er, I doant know. Poor spendthrift, as she is."

"And there's Phillips' family—"

"Phillips didn't want them to strike at all."

"I suppose that he had good reason to want them not to strike for they don't have a cent to bless themselves with. Mrs. Phillips spends every cent that he earns, poor man, and I shouldn't wonder that they didn't have a bit of fruit done up for the winter."

"I doant know about that. I 'ave no doubt that 'er 'as summat done up for the winter, for what does 'er spend 'er 'usband's pay for?"

"For dress, to be sure."

Penryn gave up the argument and started upon a new personage. "Then there's the widow McGlyn, with her family; 'er will 'ave as 'ard a time as any one, unless the Organization help the strikers out."

"Help the strikers out," sniffed Molly; "I don't believe they will do much helping any more than the what-'ee-call-them, did in the eighties, when they 'ad a strike then."

"The Knights of Robal," suggested Penryn.

"Yes, that was the name that they called themselves

by, and a most suiting name too, for they did rob all and starve all too, at least, the committee did; and the committee now has stores and wagons and are out of the mines. You know what we got then. They gave us nothing but a sack of flour and a little coffee, and some of that was destroyed. Since that time, I'm not in favor of strikes. If you doant have money, you're almost starved, and if you do have money saved up for the building of a home for oneselves, then it takes all the money that you got to tide you over the idle times. Strikes! Strikes are no good!"

Penryn's wife was a better philosopher than he was, and a far better talker. After this last broadside, there was silence for a moment, during which nothing could be heard save the click, click, of the needles, the tick, tick, of the clock, and the purring of Tabby.

"Well," essayed Ned, making another stand, "the men had grievances, and they ought to be righted, and the only way that they could be righted was by striking."

"What were the grievances, Ned?" The needles still clicked on.

"Well, Molly, you see it's this way. The men first want the powder to be reduced. The company's charging two dollars and ninety cents a keg, when in other places 'ee can get it for a dollar and forty cents. Then they are charging twenty-two cents a pound for Dualey powder and it ought to be about ten cents a pound. Then they do dock a man so much."

"What is docking?"

"'T'es another word for stealing, my dear. You see, there es a man on the top that looks at the cars to see if they have too much slate in them, gob they call it, that es dirt, slate and useless stuff, and if a car 'as too much, then the miner that sends it out doant get any credit for it. But the miner es careful not to place hardly any slate or gob in the car but saves it up so that he can send out a car full of slate sometimes and then when that car is docked, he doant lose anything

for it, except the labor of filling it. But the docking boss 'as got into the habit of docking a man if he sends out too many cars of good coal, on the general principle that he can afford to lose one or two of them and, of course, the company profits by it all. And there es the company store, and the compelling a man to buy whether he wants to or not, and then to cap the climax, they gave us a cut of ten per cent. when the price of coal es 'igher today than ah ever was afore."

"Well, they ought not to do that, but then a strike don't do no good anyway, for if they win the strike, or if they lose the strike, they lose by it. Now, they talk about oppression and not being able to live. Ned, if you and I can live and save money, I'd like to know why others can't do the same."

"'Cause I 'ave a good saving wife, and I suppose that I'm a tolerable good miner," responded Ned.

"Well, the people lose by a strike, no matter which way it turns out," resumed Molly, returning to the attack. "Now, suppose the mines are idle three months, we lose by it your pay for that time, and you, Ned, 'ave been earning on an average of sixty dollars a month; that would be a hundred and eighty dollars. Then we 'ave to live through the strike, and that may take up sixty dollars of our savings or, perhaps, more. That would make two hundred and forty dollars of our money, to say nothing of the money we lose by not having it on interest in the bank. Now, suppose that the men do win the strike, and the powder is brought down, and the men do get all that they want, how long do you suppose that it will take to make up the money that is lost, to say nothing of the time?"

Ned was floored, and shook his head. "I doant knaw, Molly, you'll 'ave to ask George, for I'm not much of a scholar."

"Strikes don't pay and I would like to ask the leaders what they would make out of it. I could tell them a piece of my mind, good-for-nothing scamps, as they

are! They'll feather their nests well, and start in business when the strike is over. They're rogues, all."

"Why," said Penryn, with a smile, "Molly, did 'ee know that our George es at the head of the Miners' Organization of this place?"

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Mrs. Penryn, as she left her knitting fall to the ground, and her face flushed and her eyes sparkled. "Well! I always said that our George would get up in this world. And he's 'lected to the head of the Organization and all the miners are under him! Well, that is a credit and an honor to him and to us, too. He's getting up higher and higher."

"And 'e made a speech, too, as good as the priest's speech," added her husband.

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Penryn, while her eyes grew brighter, and sparkled with pride. "And he made a speech and was it fine?"

"Fine! I guess ah was and was as good as the priest made, and all the people cheered, too; ah made me proud that I 'ad a son like that."

"And what did they say afterward? Did they say it was a good one?"

"Yes," continued Penryn, "that is the reason that they elected he to be the president of the Organization."

"And what will Mr. Penhall say to that?" asked Molly.

"Of course, Tom must stand for the company, thas whas he's paid for. But he knaws that the men are treated bad and should have their rights, but then I doant knaw whether 'e would like it to 'ave George at the 'ead of the strike. He took a sight of interest in George, and 'elped 'im along—"

There was a rap upon the door, and upon its being opened, the very party of whom they were speaking stood before them. It was Tom Penhall, and his wife and daughter, who had come over for an evening call.

"I was right, or rather Tabby was, for we are having

company, and they are welcome company, too," said Nellie.

"Why, was the cat telling you that we were coming around to see you?" asked Alice, as she, having saluted all present, began a conversation with Nellie.

"Yes, she did; she was washing her face with her right paw, and that always means welcome company."

Meantime, Tom and his wife were entering into the conversation, Tom with Ned, and his wife with Molly, and the strike was the general theme.

"Did 'ee 'ear of the beating that Red Jerry gave the docking boss?"

"I heard a part of it or a little about it. Did 'ee see him, Tom?"

"No, but I heard all about it from Dolan. Jerry was drunk and fighting mad about Henny docking 'im twelve cars, and it was summat to get mad about, too; but 'e ought not to 'ave done as 'e done. Jerry nearly killed un. 'E was all battered up as if 'e 'ad gone through the machinery of the breaker, and they took 'im home and 'ad two doctors for 'im, but 'e will get over it. Jerry went afterward up to the office, and threatened to lick the superintendent, and the superintendent cut at un with the whip, and that scared the horse 'e was driving and the cut come down upon the 'ead of Tony. It nearly caused a strike among the Hitalians, for they all like Tony."

"And what became of Jerry?"

"Oh, the police officers come after 'im, and 'e licked one of them, and then others come and 'e was taken to the lock-up. Jerry is a terrible man when 'e's mad, and 'as a bit of liquor. He didn't use to drink. Did 'ee see Bill and the Hitalian at the slope mouth this afternoon?" Tom asked.

"No, I 'eard though, that he nearly killed the fellow, but I wasn't there. The first thing that I knew of the strike, a fellow that I didn't knaw, come into the breast and said that there was no work today; that there was a strike, and as he seemed a little determined, and there

were about twenty of them come up at that time, I thought that I 'ad better stop, and so I come up to the surface; but about that time the mines were all cleaned out, so I went to the meeting but didn't 'ear of what Bill did until afterward. But do tell us all about un, Tom, wost tha, for first we 'eard one thing and then we 'eard another. I 'eard at first that Bill was set upon by a crowd and 'e knocked them all around like nine-pins and almost killed two or three chaps."

"No, it was only one Hitalian that 'e had the scrimmage with, but 'e was a big one. I think that 'e was the biggest Hitalian that I ever seen, but, o 'course, 'e wasn't as big as Bill. Bill was at the engine hoisting a car out of the slope, and 'ad it about 'alf way up, when in stepped the furriner and said, 'Stop work, no work, strike!' Bill 'ad 'is 'and upon the lever and couldn't leave go just at that time. The furriner, thinking that he wouldn't stop, hit 'im with a club that 'e 'ad and then, Bill, 'aving got the car up out of the slope at that time, turned upon 'im, and 'e out of the engine house and Bill after 'im as mad as a hornet. He caught 'im at the top of the slope, and choked the life nearly out of 'im with one 'and, and then with the other 'and to 'elp 'im, he lifted un up over 'is 'ead and I believe 'e was that mad 'e would 'ave 'eaved un down the slope unless we 'ad gotten the Hitalian away from 'im, and even then, the fight was not all out of Bill, for 'e wanted to lick the whole mob. But some one got 'im home. I tell 'ee, I feared a riot all the time Bill was upon the ground." There was awed attention during this talk of Tom, and after he was through, there was a lull in the conversation.

"Well, what dost think of the strike, Tom?"

"I think that the men are foolish to go out on strike at the present time, and I think that a strike at all times is a foolish thing. Some times they win, but the advantages that they win by the strike are lost by the long time they are out of work. To be sure, the men 'ave grievances, but they ought to go and tell the oper-

ator of them. The great fault is that they stop at the superintendent. Now, Hoyt is as kind a man as ever lived, so long as 'ee doant drive un. Then, even ef the men doant get a redress of grievances and continue at work, they are much better off than ef they should strike two or three months and win their strike by getting a few small concessions from the operator. They can hardly ever make up for the amount they have lost in time and money by being idle so long; and it's the same thing with the operator, who es just as foolish as the strikers, for even if he wins, he 'as lost a great deal more than 'e would 'ave lost ef 'e 'ad granted the men a few concessions. 'E loses hundreds of thousands of dollars, to say nothing of the loss of burnt and destroyed property."

Ned nodded his head, while Tom, after a pause, continued: "And there are generally at the 'eads of the Organization, a set of unscrupulous agitators and rogues who live off these strikes. If I could talk with the 'eads of the Organization, I think that I could tell them a thing or two, that they ought to 'ear."

Molly's countenance flushed a little angrily at the epithets that Boss Tom hurled at the heads of the Organization, for though she opposed strikes with the same arguments that Tom had used, she had modified her opinions, mother like, when she knew of the position of her son.

"They are not all rogues, Mr. Penhall; some of them are good, respectable men, and are only anxious for their rights that they ought to 'ave."

Tom was surprised by this broadside from the feminine quarter. "Well, some of them may be 'onest men enough, to be sure."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Big Bill and his sister, Beatrice. Bill took off his hat as he entered, for he was afraid of breaking the new derby against the top of the doorway.

"'Ow are 'ee, Bill; 'ow are 'ee, Beatty," said Penryn, to the newcomers, and then continued as he no-

ticed another figure in the background. "Well, as I live, there is more company a coming. 'Ow are 'ee, Mary, come in; 'ow's your father. I suppose 'e got off from the mob without a hammering."

Mary responded pleasantly to these salutations and questions and then Nellie asked her to take off her hat and offered her a chair near herself and Alice, and they all three entered into a conversation of their own, in which Tabby was an interested spectator.

Bill was still indignant that a dirty foreigner, as he called him, had attempted to stop him from working, and had even struck him. Beatty was glad to think that her Bill got away from the mob in safety. It would have grieved her very much if her Bill had been hurt, she said. Bill poohed this thought of his sister, saying that he wasn't afraid of the whole crowd of them and to prove the fact he was going to work tomorrow, that is, if Tom wanted him to come.

"Bill," said Nellie, who had overheard the remark, "you are my hero," and she cast an admiring, mischievous look at Bill, that made the big fellow look a little uncomfortable and deepened the natural red color of his big neck and face.

In the midst of Bill's confusion, in stalked, without knocking, the form of Mike Clyde. He had heard that Bill was there and he had stepped in to see how he felt after his encounter with the big Italian. Oh no, he could not stay long, he said in answer to Nellie's request for his hat. He had just come in for a moment to see Bill and then he sat on the other side of Bill's sister and occasionally made a remark to Bill across the intervening space. Of course, he had to lean over in Beatty's direction whenever he desired to direct a remark to Bill, and, of course, it wouldn't be polite to ignore Bill's sister either, being seated so close to her.

Clyde thought that the strike was perfectly right until he heard Bill's opinion of going to work upon the morrow, and then he thought he ought to be there, too, inasmuch as the pumps must be kept running to

keep the mines free from water; generally the strikers didn't oppose the running of the pumps, as by that means the mines were kept in good condition for the resumption of work immediately after the strike issues were settled.

"Was you afraid, Beatty, when the mob came?" jerked out Clyde in a side remark to Beatty.

"Yes, a little for Bill, for he has such a high temper when he is cross."

"You just ought to have seen him at the slope! He was just like one of the fellows that we read about in the 'Scottish Chiefs.' I was there and so were some others and we would have stuck to Bill through thick and thin against the whole crowd."

"You are very brave, Mr. Clyde," said Beatty, and she cast a look at the pump-master that made him feel like one of the characters he had before mentioned. Bill was engaged in the conversation with Tom and Penryn, and Clyde was perfectly willing that he should thus engage his attention.

"Come out and see the fire!" exclaimed a voice from the outside. It was George. He and Jimmy had been attending a meeting of the Organization in the school-house and, on the way home, had noticed the great light far in the distance. Tom, Bill and Penryn went without, and the others flocked to the door and window. Clyde and Beatty being the most remote from either place of observation, sat where they were and talked and were silent by turns.

"That's a nice ring that you got, Beatty," said Clyde, and he leaned over and took hold of Beatty's hand to examine the ring and it took an indefinitely long time to satisfy his curiosity, and, of course he needs must hold her hand to examine that ring. What a hand it was, anyway, thought Clyde, and the very touch of those fingers made his heart thump and his blood to run rapidly in his veins. It was a red hand and a plump hand and a strong hand, he observed, the hand of the perfect housekeeper. It was that hand that had

made that delicious apple pie that he had tasted, and his stomach warmed within him at the remembrance. To have pie like that in his dinner bucket every day and to have those strong plump fingers at home a making more to eat for supper, that was paradise.

"That certainly is a nice ring, Beatty, and sets off the hand well."

Yes, he continued in his thoughts, how pleasant it was to hold Beatty's hand anyhow; the more he held it the more he wanted to hold it. And that was the hand, too, that knit all of Bill's stockings for him. How fine it would be to have that hand knit stockings for him to wear in the mines and to have her at home a knitting more stockings for him when—when—when,—yes, when he needed them. He was dimly conscious of an ill clad pair of feet at the time; it was a hard thing for him to get stockings to suit him in the store.

"That certainly is a nice ring, Beatty, and it must be good and cost a sight of siller."

That was the hand, too, that was a washing the dishes that night when he sat in the kitchen eating pie. She was deft with her hand, as a good housekeeper should be, and what a nice hand it was, too.

"Beatty, will you—"

Beatty flushed a bright crimson.

"Beatty, will you," essayed Clyde once again, "will you knit me a pair of stockings like ye knit Bill, and I'll pay for them; the stockings that one gets in the store don't last very long you see, and if ye will I'll wear them on—on—on" Clyde was going to say his heart, and then he laughed foolishly and added, "my feet, to be sure."

Beatty signified that she would, willingly; store stockings were poor things after all.

The parties at the window were leaving their places and Clyde was satisfied apparently in his study of Beatty's ring and relinquished her hand.

"A breaker, no doubt," said Tom, as the parties outside came within. "We will have to be careful, Bill, that

some 'ot 'ead doant burn our breaker. It does the strike no good and the best of the strikers wouldn't think of a thing like that, but we 'ave to look out for the furriners. They Hitalians are a bad lot. There's tha Matsque and Delucca; they're regular hang-dogs."

"We'll have no trouble tonight, for the demands of the committee have not been placed before the superintendent or operator, but if Hoyt refuses, as I strongly suspect that he will, then we'll have to look out for the breaker."

"No one would do a thing like that in the town of Mayoton," said George, and his remark was warmly seconded by Jimmy. Boss Tom made no reply to the words of George. Indeed Tom had treated George a little coldly and distantly and it grieved George greatly, for he attributed it to the fact of his being the head of the strike movement in Mayoton, while Tom, of course, was for the company. The truth of the matter was that the old Boss with his strict ideas of honor and honesty was cruelly wounded that morning by the news from Gwynne that George had proved unfaithful in his duty, and he could not talk with George without showing his indignation. The fact to him seemed proven by the corroboration of Reeber and, in the mortification of his hopes for George, he had said nothing. No, not even to his wife would he reveal how he had been wounded. George did not know that Gwynne had given Tom such a garbaged account of the affair; he was, in fact, not aware that anybody knew except Reeber and Gwynne. He saw no reason for Tom's distant manner, but the fact of his elevation to the presidency of the Organization. Did the fact of his elevation to that dignity make any difference with Alice? He thought not. There had been a time between the fit of jealousy he had had at the roadside, when he had first seen young Gwynne at the home of Tom, and the entering upon the duties of assistant paymaster, when an estrangement grew up between Alice and himself. Since the time Tom had obtained for

him that office, he had been upon better terms of intimacy with Tom's people. Would the strike make any difference with Alice? No, he thought. She was far too sensible a girl.

Jimmy O'Donnel was seated by Mary and directed a remark to her every now and then. There was a little reserve in his manner, for he had not gotten over his treatment at the school, when Mary had stirred his jealous rage. The talk was upon the hard times of former strikes and the sufferings of the people. Mary finally arose, saying that it was time for her to return home and that she did not like to be out late in these strike times, when so many rough characters were abroad. Jimmy, observant one, took this as a hint for him to accompany her, and arose to do so. Together they left the Penryn home.

"Come, Bill, I think that we ought to go, too," Beatty said to her brother, but he was too much interested in a conversation with Boss Tom to leave at that time and Beatty said that she was going and that he could follow. In the darkness of the night Beatty was going along with a tranquil mind over a bit of tranquil road. There was no fear in the heart of Beatty; that buxom damsel had the spirit and heart of her great brother. She was not afraid of the dreaded "fur-riners" for there were none of them likely to be in that part of the town, and even if they had, Beatty would have pursued her tranquil way, for she had strength in her arm as well as her brother. The crisp leaves that had already begun to fall, were crunched under her steady tread. There was a heavy step behind her; a rapid step, as well as heavy, that seemed to make nothing of obstacles; a step that seemed to be in a hurry and then a voice.

"I thought that it wouldn't be right to let you go home alone in these times when things are so unsettled; I thought that I would just go along to see that no harm would come to you."

It was Clyde who fell into step alongside of her.

Beatty responded that she didn't think that any harm would come to her, but she was glad to have company, and especially as he was going her way.

"It's a bad thing about the strike, Mr. Clyde."

"It's a bad thing for me, for I had intended to build a house, and I must save instead of spend."

"A house! Land's sake! Mr. Clyde, are you going to get married or what are you going to build a house for?"

"Well, I—I—I—" stammered Clyde, for this direct way of putting a question flustered him, "I was a thinking that I might, that is, sometime, you know, Beatty; yes, sometime, Beatty."

"To be sure, Mr. Clyde. I have often wondered why you didn't, for you are a likely man enough and saving, too."

"I have eight hundred dollars saved up in the bank and I might as well do something with it."

"To be sure, Mr. Clyde."

"Ah,—um—ah—what kind of a house—ah—would you think would be a nice kind to put up, Miss Beatty?" said Clyde, with a vast amount of halting and stammering, the words being kind of lost in the hairy appendage of his upper lip.

"Dear, dear, I don't know; I suppose that you ought to ask the future wife," said Beatty, with a laugh.

"Ah,—I—ah," stammered Clyde, and then he was silent and the opportunity was lost to him, the opportunity of his life, for it would have come easy and natural to him, he thought afterward, to have spoken his mind then and there.

"Well," said Beatty, taking pity upon his hesitation, "since you have asked me, I think that a house should be upon a cottage style with three rooms down and a kitchen and a good sized hall-way and a good sized porch in front, and vines and climbing roses running up a trellis at the side." Beatty continued giving her ideas of a house until she reached her own gate.

"That's my idea, Mr. Clyde, but, of course, you ought to ask her, you know."

"I—ah will sometime, Beatty; do you think now—"

"To be sure, Mr. Clyde, and now I must go in and light the lamp for Billy. I'm much obliged for your company home."

"Well, good night," said Clyde, seeing that there was nothing left for him but to go.

"Good night," said Beatty, as she disappeared within the door.

"I would have asked her then and there if she hadn't been in such a hurry to go in and light the lamp for Bill," said Clyde to himself as he turned regretfully away. "I wonder if she would have said 'To be sure, Mr. Clyde' to that." Clyde didn't know, but he thought that he would see sometime again.

Beatty was not in a good humor.

"Men are so stupid!" she exclaimed as she whisked off her shawl and hung it upon a hook in the kitchen.

When Mary and Jimmy left the home of Penryn, the latter did not offer his arm, as she had said, upon a former occasion that she had arms of her own; but Mary did not wait to be asked, for her arm slid into Jimmy's as they passed a crowd of drunken Hungarians and Jimmy, to reassure her, his former haughty resolution having vanished in that act of Mary, must need place his arm around her "entirely" as he afterwards thought.

"I thought that you said once upon a time that you had arms of your own, Mary."

"Now, Jimmy O'Donnel," said Mary, reprovingly and Jimmy didn't know whether she referred to the recalling of that former incident, or this last bit of delightful presumption on the part of his arm.

"Mary, I have been learning wonderfully since I went to school to old Tom. Tom told me that zero was a circle. Now what is the difference between zero and me arm?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Well, a zero is a circle with nawthing inside of it, and my arm is a circle with the whole world in—"

"Now, Jimmy."

There was silence after that; silence except the crunch of crisp leaves under their feet, and the chirp of some benighted bird.

"Mary," at length ventured Jimmy, "do you know that I think the same of you now as I did when I was a boy?"

"How should I know?" said Mary, after more silence. The words were the outcome of the lack of something to say.

"Because I can prove it. I called ye an angel then and—"

"Don't be foolish, Jimmy."

"Mary, I'm not foolish, sure; if I'm foolish and it feels like this to be foolish, then I want to be foolish all me life. I do so, for it's a happy thing to be a fool, Mary, when you have company, such as I am in at the present time."

"Jimmy O'Donnel, do you mean to call me a fool?" said Mary, with a trace of amused anger in her tone.

"No, no, Mary, but I would like to be a fool with you, Mary, all me life. Ye know what I mean, Mary, sure and now ye do, will ye be me wife, Mary—there I've said it at last."

Jimmy was silent and so was Mary and there were no more words spoken on the way to the house "beyant the Breaker." The gate was reached at length and there was a pause.

"What do ye say, Mary," and there was a world of pathetic pleading in that Irish voice. The wind began to rise and whistled dismally in the breaker heights overhead, and Mary leaned closer against the young man. Was it the cold or something else? Then came Mary's answer, low and only understood by one. There was a merry laugh on the part of Jimmy, a happy laugh, and then something else, a lower, softer sound, with quite as much happiness in it, as Mary held up

her glowing countenance toward Jimmy. In the dark shadow of the night, that was observed by none but the great, gaunt, rambling breaker which, in tender sympathy for a lovers' compact, held up its head and flirted with the night wind and whistled in the great caverns of its head-works, as if saying, "You need fear no spying intrusion on my part; kiss her again while I kiss the night wind; we'll be four lovers here tonight and our compact shall be a happy one. Ho, for love!" Again came the sound of the gently rising night wind kissing and whispering softly to the breaker-head above, and a similar thing and gentle words, the vocal thoughts of loving hearts, beneath, and then—

The door opened and Dolan, *pater*, stood upon the steps and peered anxiously into the night.

"Is that you, Mary?"

"Yes, father," said Mary, as she tripped lightly up the steps of her home.

Jimmy, upon Dolan's appearance, raised his hat and disappeared unseen.

"We have been waiting for ye, Mary; we thought that something had befallen ye on the way home."

"Was there any goats in the garden, Peter?" asked Mrs. Dolan, anxiously.

"No, I thought that I heard a goat butting and cracking the fence palings, but it was the—"

"Closing of the gate," supplied Mary, while her face became a trifle prettier. Was Jimmy's laugh like the sound of a cracking fence paling?

"The gate," said Dolan; "it moight be."

## CHAPTER XXX.

## AMONG THE OPERATORS.

MAN is a curious animal, and when the object concerns himself, his curiosity merges into interest. When momentous things are at issue or hanging in the balance, a subtle attraction draws many to the scene, and like the crowds outside a village squire's office, when a local case is bothering the brains of his honor, and embryonic pleaders are essaying to rival Desmosthenes, and still more befog, and befuddle the learned visaged, bald-headed alderman, they cluster around knowing something is going on, but knowing nothing and hearing nothing, but wisely waiting in hope. So was it at the office of the Mayoton Coal Company on the day after the strike. The committee was interviewing the lion in his den, with closed doors, and hanging around the store and the office building, some as human buttresses to the walls, and others in groups around the doors, were the men of Mayoton, waiting to know they knew not what. The more ambitious among the breaker boys, inspired with the same spirit that led them to crawl under circus tents on show-day, had fastened themselves, fungus-like, to a telegraph pole without, and were peering cautiously through the window to see "what Gwynne was a-doing," and to tell the excited youngsters below that they thought that O'Donnel was a-going to swipe him one, or that Tony might stick him for the whip cut he give him, which information caused a buzz of excitement, and an effort on the part of some who were jealous of the others' exalted position, to haul them down and take their stations to witness the exceedingly interesting operation.

"Did O'Donnel swipe him?"

"Naw, he just thumped the desk."

"What's Tony doing?"

"Nawthing," was the discouraging answer.

"Gallagher looks as if he was a cussing him and Gwynne looks mad."

The men were more sober in their attitude than the lads.

"I don't think that he will do anything that the men wants," said Bill, the engineer, to old Dicky Curnow.

"'E may," said old Dicky, who had not given up the hope that the strike could be averted.

"I hope 'ou are right and that we have no strike," said Phillips.

The committee, after a long parley within, came out. It was scarcely necessary to ask them the fruits of their interview. It could be seen in the countenances of the six men. George Penryn and Jimmy O'Donnel held an informal meeting of the miners outside the schoolhouse, and the faces of all were illuminated with expectation as they prepared to listen to the report of the committee. Gwynne had listened to them patiently enough, but had refused to consider the demands at all, and said that no one should dictate to him how he should run the mines but the company, and as long as he was superintendent it should be the same. There were sullen looks upon the faces of the men there assembled, as this news was announced to them.

The crowd had dispersed at the office when Gwynne had another audience with men upon a different mission. There was Tom Penhall, Bruice, Pat Develry, Peter Dolan, Sandy, Lewis, and a host of other bosses and company officials, who had been summoned to appear at the office after the exit of the committee of the strikers. The grim war dog of a score of strikes was seated in his office chair near the brick fire-place, and informed his men in short sentences what he desired. They must guard the breaker and property,

night and day. Now, that there had been a definite refusal of the demand of the men, what was done at other collieries might be done here, and Gwynne was prepared to prevent that. The wages of the officials would be increased on account of the danger of the work. A force of men would guard the works by day, and a double force at night.

"Come in at five o'clock this evening," Gwynne said to the men in parting with them, "and I'll have arms and ammunition ready for your use." Finn entered the office a little late. "Ah, Mr. Finn, I'm glad to see you; we needed you yesterday."

"I was at a funeral of a relative, yesterday," Finn said in defense of himself.

"Well, I want you to see that no property is destroyed; you will have plenty of assistance from the bosses. See to it, Finn, that there are arms here this evening for the men. Reeber will keep the office open until that time, and now I must go and attend to other matters."

Gwynne passed out of the office and entered his buggy that was waiting for him. A few Hungarians and Italians cast sullen looks upon him as he drove off, and it would have been well for him had he paid more attention to them.

"What do you think?" said Gallagher to O'Donnel, "I saw Gwynne going to church the other day wid a prayer book under his arm; I didn't know that the loikes of him had any religion at all."

"Well, I think that he has the nade of prayer if any wan has, for those Hikes and Hunks looked most divilish at him as he passed."

Gwynne was in a hurry and the horses didn't seem to travel as fast as he would like to have them go. He was to attend a meeting of the operators at the Lowland Company offices, and was already a little late. He urged on the horses into a swift trot, and after an hour's ride over the rough mountain roads, drew up at his destination.

There were quite a number there already. In fact, Gwynne was the only one late. There was Brown, superintendent of the Meadow Mine, of which Mr. Hoyt was the owner; President McLee, of the O. & K. R. R. Coal Co.; operators Lowe, Brugarf and DeRoy, of the Big Valley collieries and the Lowlands, Senior and Junior. Mr. Lowland Sr. was a thick set fellow as was also his son. The father had bought the land for little or nothing, believing that coal was there. His expectations were more than realized by the large collieries that subsequently sprang into existence. From a poor man with a few thousands, he became a millionaire; but in the midst of his wealth, he forgot that he was once poor; he never for a moment thought of his employes as human beings, but regarded them as mere machines to accumulate more wealth to cram his coffers, full already to overflowing. His son had been reared in his father's ideas. DeRoy was somewhat taller than the Lowlands and, though not quite inspired with the same principles as they, fiercely resented any interference with his rights. He would not be dictated to by his men or others. Brugarf and Lowe and McLee were men of medium height and as imperious as any of the others. They believed that the interests of the men would be best taken care of by those who were divinely appointed in charge of the wealth of the earth. The same spirit that moved within the breasts of the western farmer, to buy land, to raise corn, to feed hogs, to make money, to buy more land, to raise more corn, to feed more hogs, to make more money, to buy more land *ad infinitum*, was in the breasts of these gentlemen. More money, more wealth, was the constant war-cry of their lives, and nothing must stop them. The land was theirs, the coal was their own, and the men were their own tools. Hoyt was the only man among the number who had any respect for the rights of his men, and he, though generous hearted, and ready to listen to the complaints of his own men, would not be driven by

them, and especially not by outsiders. Drive him and it was a case of dog in the manger.

"Mr. Gwynne, you are a little late," gruffly said Lowland Sr.

"Yes, I was hindered a little by a committee of the strikers, who wanted me to assure them some concessions."

"And what did you tell them?" asked Hoyt.

"That it was not for me to say what I could do; that was for the company, but I assured them that if I had my way they wouldn't get a thing in the line of concessions," and Gwynne set his jaws together like a steel trap.

"I was also detained a little by the bosses whom I had sent for to inform them that they were to guard the property night and day, to see that no harm was done." Hoyt nodded his head approvingly.

"Yes," said Brown, "if we had done that we would not now be minus a breaker."

"Here, too," said Lowland Sr. gruffly.

"Well, the point is, gentlemen, shall we hold together, and fight the strike, or shall we give them some concessions and end the matter?" It was Pres. McLee, chairman of the meeting, who had spoken.

"We could afford to give them some concessions but for the action of the men," said Hoyt, "I am always disposed to listen to my own men whenever they come to me. But when my men assume to force me to do as they want, it is virtually dictating to me what I shall do with my own property, and I want no man to force me. While they maintain their present attitude, I do not feel like yielding a single inch in their favor."

"There is a set of idle vagabonds, disturbers of the peace, who are the leaders," said Brugarf.

"Not a single concession," said DeRoy.

"We must combine and break this strike and crush them so that they will never have heart to rise again.

"That's the only way to deal with them," said Lowe in a sharp, quick tone.

"What were the demands that the men made of you, Mr. Gwynne?" asked Lowland Jr.

"They wanted a raise of ten per cent., no company store, the reduction of the powder bill, and a few other things."

"The same things that our strikers wanted from us. The worst demand of all is the company store. It seems unreasonable to me, that men who earn their bread by working for us, do not feel that it is right to purchase the goods that they need from us. It is a fair exchange. We give them a chance to earn their living and—it is ungrateful and unfair," said Brugarf.

"With me it is not the question of wages; that could be granted; but by taking the stand that they do, they are making it a question of ownership of the mines. It is a question whether they shall run my works, or whether I shall be master of my own," said Hoyt.

"Precisely as I thought," said Gwynne.

"They are a set of discontented scamps, and I move that we grant them not a single concession," growled Lowland Sr.

"I would second the motion," said Lowe, quickly and sharply.

"Gentlemen," said Hoyt, "we cannot afford to yield to the men in this strike, for if they win, they will think that they have established a precedent and a prestige upon which they can run the future. The men must be taught that the operators own their own mines; if we yield to them here the first thing that stirs their ire will cause them to strike again. Their demands will never cease. It will be demands for more and more privileges, until we may as well sell out and leave. I vote against yielding them an inch in this struggle."

The question was put and carried unanimously.

"Shall we attempt to run the mines?" asked Brown, the Meadow superintendent.

"We will swear in deputies and run the mines and let them dare to interfere. Gentlemen, the state is back of us, and the law, and if we cannot win"—said DeRoy, haughtily.

He was interrupted by the calm, smooth voice of Hoyt. "I am not in favor of running the mines. Let the pumps be kept running, and we shall hold out until they are tired of it."

"I am in favor of swearing in deputies and running the mines; the men will not dare to interfere," said Lowland Sr.

"They interfered in the breaker burning," said Hoyt, "and it seems unreasonable to me that we should take any unnecessary risk. The running of the works will only increase the animosity of the strikers, and stir up the violent ones of the number."

"The best way is to starve them into submission, works running or not," said Brugarf.

"We can swear in deputies, at least, and then, by spotting the leaders, and by not allowing them to have work in the whole region, show them that they cannot strike with impunity. That was done at the last strike, and it was tolerably effective." It was Superintendent Gwynne that had spoken.

The discussion went on for an hour or so and then, a plan of united action having been formulated, the operators and their respective superintendents separated to attend to the interest of their respective mines.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## THE ITALIAN PLOT.

MURKY was the night, and moonless, and scarcely a star struggled fitfully against the opaque blackness of the heavens. The day had been one of storm and wind, violent gusts, and rain in torrents, then dribble and drizzle, then silence and then more rain, and blasts of hurricane force that tore and whipped around buildings, and rattled window panes, as with a spirit of unrest. It was the characteristic spirit of the Autumnal equinox. Toward evening the rain ceased, but dark, heavy, and leaden-hued clouds still moved across the sky in the shape of flying banners, and other fantastic forms, until the coming of night blotted out all in general darkness. The leaves, though early in the season, had changed in color, and stiffened, and an occasional rude blast would hurl some of them from their boughs. The buildings of the town of Mayoton could be faintly seen in darker outlines than the dark gloom of the night, and above all, in the distance, loomed up like the ghost of some fabled Titanic creation, the great breaker, its head elevated far above all surrounding objects. Now and then a blast would sweep through its top crevices and batter, and beat, and thump its creaking timbers, until, like a human, it would groan, and sigh, and shriek in the anguish of punishment. A few spitting and gibbering electric lights, a mockery of illumination, sufficed to light up a few feet or so around the base of the great building and engine house, and rendered darker the night beyond. It was not a pleasant night to be out in, and the bulk of Mayoton's people were safely housed within doors, but the rays of twinkling

lights penetrated the drawn shades here and there, and were sucked up and devoured greedily by the darkness.

Between the stripping and Number One slope, were the company stables. Behind these were a score of sheds and one-storied huts, known as the Italian quarters. Here lived, or hived, about fifty to seventy Italians. They had, moved by the spirit of economy, built these huts themselves, from old boards and pieces of waste tin and sheet-iron, and the company, under the rulership of Gwynne, had charitably and magnanimously charged them fifty cents a month for the privilege of standing and existing on a few feet of God's earth. The location was dirty and squalid as also were the people and their habitations. Pools of foul water, stagnant with filth, and rotten heaps of refuse, impregnated the air with foul odors, but the company mules did not protest and neither did the Italians.

There was darkness in the Italian quarters, with the exception of one small hut, the most remote from the stable, and from the small two-paned window of it, a faint, flickering gleam straggled through the outside darkness. The shack contained two small rooms, from the main one of which came the light,—a feeble, smoky oil lamp that cast sickly shadows upon the bare, dirty walls and floor of the interior. The room was a common sample of the ordinary Italian kitchen. There was a lamentable paucity of furniture, even of the most primitive kind. A fire of coal glowed in an old-fashioned, rusty stove, that, like a battered cripple, was induced to assume a proper position with the assistance of one leg and a few wooden supports, and was crowned with an improvised stove-pipe. From the bare, unpainted, wooden rafters overhead depended bunches of peppers, garlic, and various other herbs. The center of the room was occupied by a bare pine deal table, upon which was a bottle or two of some beverage, and a few nondescript drinking

vessels that, in a spirit of friendly fellowship, clustered around each other.

The only living occupants of the room were three men, seated upon empty powder kegs and broken-back chairs, and apparently listening to the talk of one who seemed to be host. It was the home of the bachelor, Tony Luccaque, and he was relating for the benefit of his guests, the results of the committee meeting with Gwynne, and some of the details of that affair.

"Big Boss, him sitting by de table where him work, and O'Donnel, him say what we want, after the Big Boss ask, 'well, what you want?' O'Donnel, him say what we come for, that we no go back to work unless they give us more pay. Maka de pay more and we go back, and maka de store no charge so much and maka de powder no cost so much and about de other things. Him say too, that de pay must be non per mese, but two times de month. Big Boss, him—"

The speaker was interrupted by one of his auditors, who asked in a guttural, what the Big Boss was doing.

"*Far niente.* Him sit and listen and listen and all de time he looka mad and madder just lika him look when him hit me with de whip," and Tony rubbed his hand tenderly over the great red welt on his face that Gwynne's whip had made. "O'Donnel him looka mad too, and him goa like this," and Tony brought down his fist upon the table in a manner that disconcerted, sadly, the equilibrium of the tipsy glasses. "Him say must have dese things or no go back to work. Then Big Boss, him speak."

The conversation was interrupted by the opening of the dilapidated door, and the entrance of another Italian of swart countenance, and of a more aged appearance than the others, and also shorter in form.

It was Garibal, a newcomer in the region. The listeners looked up with expressions of impatience.

"Meglio tardi che mai," said Tony, as Garibal seated himself upon an empty powder keg.

"E sempre l'ora," grunted the newcomer as he helped

himself to the contents of one of the bottles, and prepared to listen, assisted by the liquid refreshment.

"Gwynne, him say notting for a minute, then him say him give notting; the miner get notting from him; the miner, dog, him say—"

There was a dangerous glitter in the eyes of the four men who listened to this tale of Tony, and as Tony reached the closing part of his story, about the superintendent calling the miner a dog, Nic Matsque, a dark-eyed, villainous fellow, with a dark mustache, took out a long steel dagger and began to whet it upon his boot-leg as he listened. Niccolo was a recognized bad man around the mining region, and had been given work upon the stripping with the protest of Boss Tom, however, and a few others. Rumor said that he had killed a man somewhere or other and he may have been a murderer a dozen times or more from his criminal manner, for he scarcely looked one in the face, but averted his eyes. John Matsque, the brother of the former, though not a criminal, was one not to be esteemed lightly as an enemy, for there was generally upon his smooth, shaven features a most vindictive expression and, like his brother and one or two of the others present, carried the ever handy stiletto in his boot-leg. He too, extracted a dagger from his boot, and rubbed it tenderly upon the leather as he harkened. Tony continued the description of Boss Gwynne's actions toward the committee, and then summed up with stating that they must not work until the demands were granted.

"They can no make de company give more pay by no working,—must do more,—must make the company afraid,—must burn the breaker," said Niccolo, at the conclusion of Tony's remarks. One or two of the others concurred in his opinion.

"Bravo! Ben travato," said Garibal, and added a string of Italian emphasizing the plan of Niccolo. Garibal was a comrade of the Matsque and favored their ideas.

"I no know," said a fourth Italian, Angelo Delucca, and then he was silent for a moment, while the others waited the results of his thoughts. Angelo was a desperado from Italy, with a long ill record to his name. Some said that the old country had been too warm for him in a legal way, and he had sought safer quarters in America. There was quite a difference between this singular, silent man, and the Matsque, and the others present. The Matsque and their fellows were short and stoutly made, and of a deep-olive complexion. Delucca was as tall and thin and tough as one of the bean-poles in Tony's garden. Everything about him, even his eyes, were angular. His thin, yellowish, parchment-like face and hooked nose were surmounted by a pair of black eyes, that gleamed wickedly when angry, and sank into a dead black when thinking. They were that hue at the present time. At length he aroused himself from his thoughts and the gleam in his eyes returned, showing that he had reached a satisfactory conclusion.

"I thinka it better killa de superintendent, de big boss; that better than burna de breaker."

"And killa de bosses," said Nic Matsque, falling in with the plan.

"No, no," said Tony, who, being upon the committee, thought that by right he ought to be the leader in any movement. Although peacefully disposed, he was not so reluctant in reference to taking vengeance upon Gwynne, for Gwynne had struck him, but the thought of killing all the bosses, as murderously proposed by Niccolo, filled him with horror for there were many of them whom he loved, notably Boss Tom. The plan of his atrocious companions was distasteful to him.

"No killa de bosses."

"De Big Boss hit you," sneeringly said Delucca.

Tony instinctively rubbed delicately the welt across his face, but, fearing for some of his friends if such a

thing should be proposed, refused to give his consent to the plan.

"Bene, a vostro beneplacito, burna de breaker," said Niccolo, for he wished Tony's support in what they did, for he well knew that Tony was the best Italian in the neighborhood, and had the support of his fellow strikers. Delucca reluctantly gave in, saying that the killing of the bosses could be reserved for some future time.

"Burna de breaker!" exclaimed all four of the Italians in one voice, but Tony was silent.

"He afraid," said John Matsque, with a sneer after waiting some time for an answer, and the sneer and exclamation was repeated by the others with the exception of Niccolo, who muttered to himself, narrowly watching Tony with his shifty eyes and then, seeing that a struggle was going on within the host's breast, essayed to help him.

"Non, Tony with the rest; Tony all right, chi tace acconsente. Alla vostra salute, Tonio; here's to the burning de breaker!" and suiting his action to his words, Niccolo filled one of the tottery glasses, which action the others followed, and together they drank the beverage to the toast of "Burna de breaker. Bravo Tony!"

But Tony was not carried away with the enthusiasm of the others, but shook his head and shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"Non, non, no burna de breaker. Old Tom, him not let us burn de breaker."

Delucca laughed a fiendish, sardonic laugh, and Niccolo asked, with his eyes still shifting unsteadily from Tony to the others, and then to the floor of the dirty little cabin, "Will him shoot?"

"Non," said Tony, shaking his head, "Tom him no shoot no one; him no killa no one; him goa like this," and Tony brought down his clenched fist upon the table with a hard blow expressive of how Tom would

deal with a man in a fight. "Tom no killa, no shoot, him,—him knock down with the hand."

"Ben! Ecco!" exclaimed Delucca, with a fiendish look as he jerked his dagger out of his boot-leg and raised it over his head causing it to glisten and glitter in the smoky, feeble light. "Tom goa like that and I goa like this," and at the same moment down came the knife like a glistening sunbeam and sank with tremendous force into the pine deal table, where it remained for a moment, trembling and vibrating like a thing of life. The passion and action of Delucca was gruesome, and Tony turned from a swarthy olive into a sickly yellow, as he looked on the sight. The Matsque laughed and old Garibal chuckled. Tony was inflexible, however, and still maintained his position, saying: "Must no burn de breaker; Tom no let us. We get de raise in pay by no working. No burna de breaker; padre Tom no let us."

Delucca laughed again and pointed to the dagger still upright in the table. The meeting was coming to a climax. John Matsque had told Tony that a few of them wanted to come to his place that evening to hear from his own lips the results of the conference with Gwynne, and Tony, in his pride as a leader, had gladly given him the invitation to bring as many as he pleased. But back of all, the seeking of John Matsque was the confirmed agreement of his brother and Garibal and Delucca to inveigle Tony into a scheme for the doing of violence to the officials and property. They were enraged within themselves to find that Tony was against all their plans. They had hoped that the blow that Gwynne had given Tony with the whip would make him ready for any adventure that would bring him revenge, and Tony was that much of an Italian to be susceptible to that passion, but he, though willing enough to have revenge upon the superintendent, feared that these fiery spirits would not stop there and that they might injure some of his

friends among the bosses. Hence, his sturdy opposition to the plans of his fellows.

"No hurt Tom; Tom good man and do all right by de men; him good boss. If must burna de breaker, no hurt de padre, Tom?" said Tony, giving way slightly to his companions. He was anxious for the safety of his friend.

"Giovine santo! 'Tom! Tom!' Non affronterai il Tomaso! Tom, il diavolo! must no hurta Tom, must no hurta Tom, did Tom wanta us to have work? No, Tom no giva us a job. We not lika Tom, and—"

It was John Matsque that gave vent to this burst of passionate words when he was interrupted by the words of his brother.

"If Tom no hurta us, we no hurta him; but if Tom hurta us, we killa him," said Niccolo, and the latter phrase was uttered with such intensity that Tony knew that the threat would be carried out to the letter were it possible. He knew that Tom would be on guard at the breaker continually at night time, and he would not stand by idle. There was no affection between these men and Boss Tom, for he did not desire them to have work at Mayoton, and they had heard of it. The vision of the good old Boss, who had spoken to him kindly and encouragingly for years past, arose before him, slain by the knives of Delucca or the Matsque, and he shuddered. Even now in mind he could hear the echo of Tom's kind approbation, "Good boy, Tony; 'ee are the best driver in the mines." Would he see Tom slain? No. Elevating his head with new courage and zeal, he answered the words of Niccolo.

"If hurta Tom, or killa Tom,—me tell."

His words were like pouring oil upon a fire. The four visitors leaped to their feet simultaneously and assumed a menacing attitude, advancing upon Tony with knives bared and ready to be sheathed in a scabbard of human flesh. The old one, Garibal, a little slower than the others, on account of age, made up for

his slowness by the ferocity of his poniard, an evil looking knife with a blade nearly a foot long that he had made from a steel file.

Tony, with horror upon his features, placed himself behind the table, and there were visions of blood in his imagination; his courage oozed out of his finger ends, and his former resolution vanished like the wine in the bottles before these men of blood and horrible deeds. "No, no, I no tell; I no tell," came from his pale lips, and the men looked at each other, laughed devilishly, and resumed their seats upon the empty powder kegs. They resumed their planning and Tony offered no further opposition. Tony had fallen. Tony was no more the great man in his own estimation. From a leader of the strikers of the foreign element, he had sunk before the threats of these men and could do nothing to deter them from their plans.

What plans and schemes were concocted there that night no one knew but Tony, who still played the part of host, and noticed regretfully the disappearance of bottle after bottle of liquid refreshment at his expense. The night was far spent when they arose to depart. They again gave him the invitation to join them but he sturdily refused. Delucca whispered something to Niccolo, and the latter with a frown, strode up to their quondam friend. "Tony, you tell anybody and me killa you, sure," and Niccolo pointed down significantly to his boot-leg from the top of which, like a viper's head, appeared the hilt of his dagger.

"A rivederci," said Delucca, with a sardonic smile, that seemed diabolic upon his leathery, yellow countenance.

They left, and Tony was alone; a sigh of relief came from him and yet there was dismay in his heart, and he was sadly perturbed in mind. Tom was a warm friend of his, and he loved him, and some of the others, as good men are loved. The night was already far spent and in the east was the first faint, pearly gleam that proclaimed the dawn. The door was once more

opened and in glided, like a spirit, the form of Tony's sister, the wife of the screen boss, Angelo Rocci, who lived in the small house next door. She had noticed the men straggling into Tony's house and was worried about Tony. Tony said nothing to her as she entered, but sat near the table, which was still littered with bottles and drinking vessels and pools of spilt liquor like a battlefield after a contest.

"Tony," said his sister, as she gazed at him with large, anxious eyes, "I no like those men; they bad men; what they want?"

"Non mi ricordo," answered Tony, pretending an intoxication that was not real.

"What they say?"

"Non mi ricordo, I no remember."

Notwithstanding all the efforts of his sister to glean something of the doings of that night, she gained nothing, for to all her questions came the same answer, "Non mi ricordo, I no remember," but there was within her heart a great fear for Tony, and she departed to consult her own husband. He too, had his suspicions that something was on foot to the detriment of the mines.

"Cara sposa," he said to his wife as he tenderly smoothed her black, glistening hair, and attempted to allay her fears, "Tony all right, no one hurt Tony and Tony good man and no do wrong; but the Matsque, and Delucca and de old Garibal, ah, dey bad men! But no harm come to Tony and you must no be afraid, cara sposa, and about de other things, de mines," Rocci made an expressive gesture of the hands and added, "che sara sara."

"Misser Dolan," said Rocci to the breaker boss that morning, "you must watch four bad men; I no know what dey going to do, but must watch four bad men."

"Who are they, Rocci?"

"Mustn't tella that, but dey the worst men in de mines."

"Ye mane the Matsque, Delucca and the ould Garibal, the ould divil!"

Rocci made a motion of the hand that signified much, and Dolan was satisfied that those were the men or the screen boss would have said "No."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS.

**H**OW often has the attention been called to certain things and characters, and they have made but a momentary impression on the mind, a fleeting impression, speedily to be forgotten in the whirl and maze of labor, and then, how frequently some small occurrence has sufficed again, and with greater force and strength, to paint on the mind indelibly those same things and characters, and with a rush of memory there comes a vague alarm and an unsettled foreboding that is hard to shake off.

It was thus with dark haired, honest Peter Dolan. Something had occurred, and he was on his way to interview Boss Tom. Rocci's words had been forgotten for the time, but they were now present in his mind, being retouched by the things he had observed. In pursuance with Hoyt's wishes, the mines had not been working, and the sole activity was the running of the pumps to keep the mines free from water. Dolan's presence was not required at the breaker in the daytime, and it was upon a beautiful afternoon in October that he was wending his way past the company stables in the direction of the store, the offices and Quality Row, to the home of Boss Tom.

"Is Tom in?" he asked of Alice, who had come to the door to answer the rap.

"Yes, come in, Mr. Dolan."

"I want to have a talk wid him, Miss Alice."

"He is sleeping, and is pretty well tired out. Aren't you tired, Mr. Dolan, watching all night?"

"Yes, I wish it were over. It's work and yet it is no work, and very tiresome."

"Just you sit down for a moment and I'll call him."

Dolan sat himself down in a chair near by and Alice went to the foot of the stairway and called, but there was no answer. "I'll run up and wake him; he sleeps pretty sound." The girl disappeared up the stairway with light steps, and was gone for a short time.

"He'll be down in a moment. How is Mary?"

"She's pretty well, but she and Mrs. Dolan have their hands full. What wid being so close to the breaker and the fear that the Hikes and Hunks will burn it down, and the fear of the strikers themselves and the trouble wid the goats, they are having a sorry time of it. They are so. Are ye teaching music, Miss Alice?"

"Only Nellie Penryn."

"A nice girl, wid her black hair and eyes. The Penryns are a nice family; George is a good boy. He and Jimmy O'Donnel are as frindly wid each other as yer father and meself. Did ye notice the papers lately?"

"Yes."

"And did ye notice the items about the strike? What fool writers they have, and what a lot of lies they print. They do so. They say that the miners live in houses like pig-pens," and Dolan laughed, and then grew a little indignant. "And did ye see the picters that the press artists hev been a-drawing, and it makes me smile, and yet makes me mad. They takes the picter of the house of the worst class, the Hunks and Hikes, and some of them are like pig-pens, to be sure, and then they put down underneath, 'The houses of the miners that are stirring up all the divilment in the state.' Now, why don't they take the picter of your house or Phillips wid the rose vine, or Penryn's wid a bit of garden in the front, tasty and tidy, or O'Donnel's wid its clean front yard? The American miners, as a whole, have nice homes; and then to think that the blatherskites say that the miners are a poor, ignorant, dirty set of min wid no intilli-

gence to spake off, and ye know, Alice, that the majority are as intilligent as any citizens we have and honest, and some of thim are educated—there's Jimmy and George, for instance.

"Thin some of thim raporters would have the republic to believe that the miner never sees the sun at all, that he is a sort of a human mule, barren the ears, a-working all the time underneath the ground. There were one of thim raporter chaps that come to the town last week and they drove him over in a close carriage to the breaker, and he stuck his nose out and looked at it, thin wrote a bit on a paper, and thin they drove him over to the Italian quarters and it made him nearly sick to set his eyes on the shanties, and thin he drove back to the city. I noticed his article in the paper yesterday and he said that Mayoton were a human hog-pen and the miners were creatures of a lower order than the human race or something like that, and it made me so mad that I gave the paper to one of the goats; leastways I flung it at tha Billy and what do ye think he done?"

Alice shook her head, laughing.

"Well, he just smilt of it for a moment, and thin turned up his nose and marched on up the hill, as if he were insulted. They tell the truth, though, when they say the miners are cheated. They aren't trated wid justice."

"No, they are not," affirmed Alice.

"I believe ye are a little bit of a striker yerself," said Dolan.

"Yes, my sympathies are with the strikers, but I don't like a strike, for the miners never gain much even if they win."

"True, and nather does the company," added Dolan.

"'Ere, 'ere, whas all the clatter about down 'ere?" It was old Tom who had spoken, and who had come into the room without their noticing his presence.

"Hallo, Tom, we were just talking about those

reporter chaps and the doings of thim in the papers, but come for a bit of a walk, I want to talk wid ye."

"All right," said Tom, as he put on his hat and coat.

Together they left the house and wended their way through the woods to the south of Quality Row, and having reached a comfortable place, sat down in the warm, autumnal sunshine, upon a fallen tree. There Dolan told Tom of the talk he had had with Rocci.

"As I was saying, Tom, I had a talk wid Rocci, my screen boss, some time ago, and he was very excited. It was one morning of some two weeks ago whin Rocci come to the breaker to see me, and told me that I must be on the watch for four bad men. I thought at the time of the worst that I knew, and they were the Matsque, that ould yellow-skinned Delucca and the ould mahoun, Garibal."

"Bad men, all of them."

"And I said, 'ye mane the Matsque, Delucca and Garibal,' and though he didn't say yes, yet by his manner he as good as told me that they were the min."

"And did 'ee notice them much of late?"

"Well, I didn't think much of it at the time, and had almost forgotten it whin, today, I saw the whole four of thim come from underneath the breaker from somewhere or other. Finn ordered thim away and they made off and now I have been a-thinking that, mayhap, they may intend to burn the breaker."

"They may; I was just thinking of that, and perhaps we 'ad better be upon our guard more than we 'ave been."

"Rocci was greatly excited and told me not to tell. Keep it quiet, Tom, and we'll see what's in the wind. I don't like thim fellows."

"Nor I either; they are hall bad men. That one, Delucca, was a bad character in the old country, so I'm told, and I wouldn't 'ave 'im in my slope, but Develry give 'im a job in the strippings. I suppose that he likes to 'ave men like his name under 'im," and Tom smiled at his little joke.

The leaves of the oaks, chestnuts, and maples fell around them occasionally, as they talked, and carpeted the ground with richer and more varied texture than ever left the looms of the manufacturer. The great trees and young saplings seemed beautiful even in their half denuded state.

"Listen," said Tom, as the boisterous shouts and noise of singing drifted to them from the distance; "listen to they drunken 'Ungarians. They have been to the town and have filled up on bad whiskey and polinky. It edn't safe for a person to be out on the roads, especially for a woman. That's what strikes bring."

The singing and shouting came nearer and nearer, louder and louder.

"There goes Gwynne," said Dolan.

They were not far enough in the woods to obscure the view of the public road, and Dolan made the above observation just as the superintendent drove rapidly by in his buggy. The foreigners could now also be seen advancing, some with unsteady steps along the road, linked arm in arm, kicking up a dust like the smoke of a battle, and singing and shouting at the top of their voices. Gwynne, not wishing to drive over them, slowed up a little but they made no effort to allow him to pass.

"Come, come, get out of that!" shouted the superintendent, as he arose in his buggy and made a motion as if to strike with his whip. A Hungarian seized the horse's head, only to receive a cut over his own head with the whip. There was a howl of pain, and then mad, enraged shouts.

"Kill him; it is Gwynne! Gwynne!" shouted the infuriated men. In an instant the air was full of flying sticks and stones. A short club, flung by an unknown hand, struck Gwynne on the head and he sank back and toppled out of the buggy unconscious. The horse, maddened by the shouts and flying missiles, and feeling no longer the restraining hand of the driver, made

a bolt forward, cleared the mass of men, and went plunging down the road. But the prize, Gwynne, was among them, and with mad shouts and furious cries, they flung themselves upon him. Their very numbers frustrated their purpose for a moment, and that moment was the salvation of Gwynne, for what they would have done to him is hard to tell, so great was the hatred for Gwynne among American and foreign miners. The foreigners, brought up under a different code, were more lawless than the American and English speaking element.

"They will murder him!" exclaimed Dolan.

"Come!" said Tom, and away they went, running at full speed through the underbrush, leaping over the fallen logs and stumps as if they were boys instead of men up in years. Not long did it take for them to reach the scene, and when they did so, they stopped not for parley with the half-drunken, yelling mob. Tom, having such implicit faith in his stout fists and strong arms that he always disdained the use of firearms, for the latter he generally shunned out of the tenderness of his own heart for humanity,—a man being able to recover from a blow of the fist, but firearms being dangerous to life,—shot out his arms with great force, each time landing upon some one in the crowd. Tom had been used to wrestling and boxing in the old country, and he had not forgotten the art. Dolan caught up a stick and began to wield it as vigorously as if he was still a boy in the old Dart, and the club was a choice shillelah. The crowd of blindly infuriated men turned with a roar from the unconscious form of Gwynne to meet their new assailants. Had the men been sober, it would have gone hard with Tom and Dolan, but they had an ally in the fiery polinky that some had imbibed. The battle raged on. Some that were bowled over by the stiff punches of Tom, and the hearty resounding whacks of Dolan were, for the time being, so discomfited that they were glad to withdraw, but this only gave renewed

opportunities for the others, who were enraged beyond measure. They were pushing Tom and Dolan to the woods, or rather they were giving way to gain a better position to contend, for to this day Dolan would never admit that they gave way from force before a crowd of "gallóots like them." But Tom admitted that the contest was going hard with him for he had received a cut on his head and the blood was streaming down in a most blinding and vexing manner, almost obscuring his vision, and he dared not wipe it away on account of the almost constant necessity for the use of his arms in returning the compliments of his foes.

Then, in the midst of the contest, there was a shout up the road, the gladdest sound that Tom had heard for quite a time, and there was a renewal of activity. Then came the sound of rushing feet and the hoarse shout of many voices, and a crowd of men, led by big Bill Smith, hurled themselves upon the foreigners with the force of catapults. There was Phillips, O'Donnel, Gallagher, Jones, Thomas and others, and the battle became general. Big Bill hurled men right and left, with the power of his great arms, until, dismayed by the terrible onslaught of these new champions, the remaining foreigners fled down the road and into the woods on either side.

The party, with the exception of a few scalp wounds and bruises, were safe enough. Dolan had received a badly discolored eye, and Tom, with the exception of the cut already mentioned, was entirely uninjured. Phillips had received a heavy kick in his posterior anatomy, and his round, sebaceous face was a bit lined with pain and indignation as he discoursed in no choice language upon the cowardice of a foe that would attack a man "in his most defenseless place, and it was all for the sake of that carrion there," and he pointed with one hand to the prostrate, unconscious Gwynne, while he was with the other tenderly rubbing the location of his injury.

"'E must have been running away," said Tom, with a little humor.

"Yes," said Ned Thomas, "or how could he have got hurt like that; that's where the blows fall when one is in retreat."

Phillips flushed and grew more indignant. "I can tell 'ou that I fought as good as any one and ne'er turned my back."

"That's so," said Big Bill, coming to the rescue of Phillips, "I saw you all the time and you never turned your back."

"It was a good thing he didn't," said Ned dryly, "for if he had got that kick in front, he wouldn't be able to eat any more fried cakes for a month."

"If the strike continues I don't think either 'ou or I will have a chance to eat fried cakes long, Ned," retorted Phillips, and there was so much truth and dejectedness in the reply that Ned could not answer, for he felt that, so far as he and Phillips were concerned, it was indeed true.

"It was for the sake of Tom and Dolan that we fought as hard as we did," said Jones, as he mopped his perspiring brow.

"Yes, I think that if it was for the loikes of Gwynne alone, we would have been a bit asier and more considering of the foreigners' feelings," said Gallagher.

Gwynne had not yet come back to consciousness, and Tom and Dolan were laboring over him, chaffing his hands and forehead while the men were talking.

There was the noise of an approaching rig and then—"As I live, there is Gwynne's horse and buggy, and Fatty is driving," said one of the crowd.

It was indeed Fatty, who had managed to stop the runaway horse, how, no one knew.

"Is he hurt much and why,—did you all have a fight?"

"It was the foreigners that stopped Gwynne and nearly killed him," said Ned Thomas

The superintendent had gradually come back to consciousness, and, with the help of Tom and Dolan, was able to get into the rig and Fatty drove him home at a smart pace, for he was a trifle afraid of the foreigners that fled in that direction according to the reports of the men. He passed a crowd of them on the way, but swept by them so swiftly that they had but time to shake their clenched hands at them as they passed. The fast driving seemed to cause the wounded man some pain, and so when they had distanced all chances of opposition, Book brought the horse down to a walk and it was thus that they, at length, drew up to the home of the superintendent on the outskirts of the city.

"Is he hurt?" asked Mrs. Gwynne, for the news had just been telephoned to her from the office, and she was very much worried.

"Not much; he'll be all right with a little care," answered Fatty, as he helped the superintendent within and saw that the stable-boy had taken charge of the horse.

"He was just struck on the head with a club but he'll be better in a day or so."

They had helped the wounded man into his study and, seated on a couch, Book with the assistance of the others was bathing the cut and relating to them in the meantime how he had found the superintendent, and the story he had gleaned from the men concerning the battle.

"You had better go to bed, now, Owen, hadn't you?" asked Mrs. Gwynne, anxiously.

Gwynne, with the stubbornness of his nature, refused to think of such a thing.

"Hark!" exclaimed Mrs. Gwynne. With the quickness of a woman, she had heard a low murmur without that had escaped the coarser ears of the men. A servant girl came rushing into the room, her face the picture of terror.

"Oh! Mam, the whole house is surrounded with

those dreadful strikers and they look and—Oh! Oh! what shall we do!”

The exclamations of the terrified girl were punctuated with two or three sounding crashes at the front door, as if some heavy weights had been cast at it. Mrs. Gwynne looked as if she were about to faint. Gwynne tried to rally his strength, but found himself too weak for the task and cast a helpless, imploring look at Fatty, that that worthy did not ignore.

“I will go and see what the row is about,” said the doughty namesake of the great Bismarck. He gazed out of a corner of a window and saw a sight that might have made a stouter heart quake. The whole front of the house was filled with a howling, gesticulating mob of Hungarians and Italians, and near the head of them was a tall figure of leathery features that he recognized as Delucca. A quick glance sufficed for him to see that they were not all around the house, as the terrified girl had stated, and back he came to the study with all the speed he could get up in his little rotund body. The mob in front composed of some of those who had attacked Gwynne on the highway, augmented by hundreds of their fellows, were content at first to hurl rocks and clubs at the building. Their rage, strange to say, was augmented against Gwynne by all the blows they had received from the men who had defended him from their violence so short a time before. Fatty Book said afterward that in all his life, he had not experienced such a thrill of fear as at that time, when, with a few women and servants and a wounded man, he was in danger from a howling, unreasoning mob on the outskirts of the city, removed from the presence of any that could give them assistance. Their cries and yells of rage and hate were terrifying to the parties within, and Fatty returned to the study just in time to allay their fear.

“It is Mr. Gwynne that they want, and if we can get him safely hid the rest will not be harmed. He must get out and away and conceal himself.”

"And leave us here all alone!" almost shrieked the women.

"There is no other hope for his life," answered Fatty.

There was a pause for a moment and then, again, the hoarse roar of the mob came to their ears.

"Gwynne! Gwynne!" and a shower of rocks and clubs fell upon the housefront, and then there was another shower of missiles and a crash of breaking glass. That was sufficient for all present; not a moment was to be lost.

"I have a plan," said the resourceful Fatty, "you people stay here and assure them that the superintendent is not in the house, and I think I can hide him. Come, Mr. Gwynne, you must come along with me," and grasping, half carrying, the feebly resisting, wounded man, he got him out of the rear of the house and through the gardens to an old cave-in at the foot of the gardens, and there concealed him.

"There, Mr. Gwynne, if you value your life, don't move or budge until help comes; your people will be safe, for it is you that they want and not them."

Gwynne could not answer. The excitement and the terrible experience he had been through in the earlier part of the day all told against him, and he lost consciousness. Fatty, seeing that it was best so, left him and returned to the house as secretly as he could.

Meantime the mob had been battering the front doors with volleys of stones, and one after another crashed through the windows. They were getting exasperated at the continued resistance and were preparing to batter in the doors with a fence-rail.

Mrs. Gwynne, summoning up her courage, boldly opened the door and stood upon the front veranda. The mob was awed for a moment by her appearance, and their silence gave her a chance to speak.

"I know whom you want, but he is not here; he is not in the house. I will give leave to some of you to



"I know whom you want, but he is not here."

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come in and satisfy yourselves of the fact, and I know that you won't hurt a woman."

She flung the door wide open. The mob hesitated for a moment, as it always does, when that which it has been striving for is granted without opposition, and then two or three of the foremost advanced.

"Him not here; we find out," and forthwith they entered and began searching for the man they hated.

The mob was growing restless on the outside and the growling and oaths grew louder; they wanted to assist in the search, and at first, one by one, and then by twos, and then by dozens, and then by great crowds they passed through the opened doors and broken windows. The more ignorant of the foreigners gazed with awe at the costly furniture and bric-a-brac, and, like the Goths that entered Rome, were, with the exception of the dirty tracks of their coarse shoes, harmless at first. These palatial rooms, with their rich furniture, were as a heavenly wonderland to them, and then the novelty of the thing wore off as they began to rage at Gwynne. One with a sweep of a stick, that he held, dashed in pieces a costly bust of Washington. The crash had scarcely ceased, when it was echoed by others. It was but an indication of greater disaster. The wonder of the mob gave place to fury and a rage for destruction. Furniture was smashed in all directions. Not finding the object of their wrath, they vented their drunken spite upon the senseless things he owned; they all represented Gwynne to their drink-besodden faculties. Valued pictures were ruthlessly torn from the walls and cut, torn, stamped upon by the great coarse boots. Laughing, shrieking, yelling, they tore their way from apartment to apartment. It was a veritable pandemonium—a reign of terror. One insensate villain was delighted to play the piano, a magnificent affair of mahogany, using two clubs to thump the keys, until a heavier stroke than all before given, was delivered and the keys were broken; then a mad fury seized him and

what was before a little amusement to this ignorant vandal, became a passion for destruction and with mad strokes he made a heap of ruin of it.

Up-stairs and down-stairs poured the mob, laughing, shouting, cursing, gesticulating, leaving wreck and ruin in the track of their rioting feet. Thoroughly convinced, at length, that the object of their search was not in the building they withdrew for a moment.

"Police! Police!" yelled some one.

It was the police at last. The mob fled at the first glimpse of the blue coats, and only a few of the less fleet footed ones were captured. Mrs. Gwynne and the servants continued to remain on the front veranda, while the building was being sacked by the mob, for they were safe there. They now entered and Gwynne soon staggered back to the house, with the assistance of an officer who had found him. A physician, who had been summoned earlier in the day, now made his appearance and pronounced his injuries not serious.

While the son of Aesculapius was attending the wounded man, there was a noise in the rear of the house, and up from the cellar and through the hallway, came a burly blue-coat, dragging into the presence of Gwynne in the study, the squirming figure of Fatty Book. Fatty, filled with the best intentions of protecting helpless humanity, had returned to the house after the concealing of Gwynne; he was going to see that no harm came to Mrs. Gwynne and the servants, but he must gain access to the building as secretly as possible. And so it was that he had entered the cellar, but there, alas for his valiant purposes, he noticed several barrels of a certain beverage of ancient make, and he could not resist the temptation. There was some truth in the adage, that man becomes what he eats. Fatty through constant association with kegs, became like them, and had an ardent affection for his inanimate cousins. He speedily made their acquaintance and heathenishly drank their blood. Again and again did he sample the contents, until sleep over-

came him, and he lovingly slumbered with his arms around one dear friend, Mr. Keg, until the officer found him.

"I found him, sir," said the officer, touching his hat to Gwynne, "and a most dangerous fellow he is, and hard to handle, a regular hang-dog from his face."

Poor Fatty could not have made much resistance, had he tried, so much had the liquor befuddled his brain.

"You fool! that man is not one of the mob," said Gwynne, irritably, "he is the one that drove me home and saved my life; let him loose. He's as drunk as a fiddler. Let the stable-boy drive him home in the buggy." And Fatty was driven home in style, with his own hired coachman, like any "other gentleman," he said.

The revenge on Gwynne was complete. A few policemen were left on guard at the house, that now looked like an ancient castle that had gone through all the horrors of a siege and bombardment.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## THE PLOT REVEALED.

**H** ALLO, George!" The speaker, just at this moment, saw Mrs. Penryn entering the rear door and accosted her. "Mrs. Penryn, is George home?"

"No, he has not come home yet."

"Old Tom and Dolan were nearly killed, and Gwynne, some say, is dead. A party of foreigners met Gwynne in the road, and Tom and Dolan went to his assistance."

"Mercy! what are we coming to! and was anybody else hurt?" asked Molly, while Nellie came to the door to hear the news.

"There were a few that got bruises. Big Bill and Gallagher were in the fight. I just heard of it and am going up to old Tom's and thought George would like to go along."

Jimmy O'Donnel hurried off. Nellie ran into the house to get her bonnet and shawl, and then she, too, hastened up to see Alice, and ascertain the truth of the matter. She was gone but half an hour.

"Oh, mother, they had a terrible fight down the road," she exclaimed, as soon as she entered the house. "Gwynne was riding home and was stopped by a crowd of foreigners, and dragged out of his buggy. They threw a stick at him and stunned him first, and then they would have killed him had it not been for Mr. Penhall and Mr. Dolan. They saw the thing from the distance, and ran up, and then the foreigners turned upon them, and they were having a hard time of it until Mr. Smith and some others came up and then they had a general fight, and the foreigners ran,

and then Mr. Book took Mr. Gwynne home in his buggy, for he couldn't drive himself."

"Well, I never; it's as bad as war times," exclaimed her mother, in dismay.

"And that wasn't all," continued Nellie, her eyes growing large with the excitement of the news. "They followed the superintendent home, and the horse had just been put into the stable, when there was a mob of half a thousand foreigners and others that gathered around his house and threatened his life. They broke in the front doors, and smashed the furniture, cut the pictures, and destroyed the beautiful piano,—wasn't it a shame—and made a wreck of the whole place and—"

"And Mr. Gwynne, did they hurt him?"

"No, Mr. Book hid him somewhere and they were not able to find him, but they just ruined the whole house. Oh, it was terrible. Alice is afraid that they may hurt her father now, and perhaps break up their house; and they say that if these things continue, the soldiers may come."

A step was heard on the board walk, and George came in to supper. The events of the day were gone over for his benefit, and he could scarcely believe that they spoke the truth. It was impossible, he said, that the strikers would do a thing like that. That was just what they had been urged not to do, when they had organized the strike; Father Phelan had spoken to the men, as did also the Rev. Mr. Hussy, the Hungarian Lutheran minister, on the following Sabbath. The latter had particularly cautioned his members not to do anything that could be construed as a breaking of the law, for it would damage their cause materially. The thing must be attended to, thought George, or the strike would end in ignominious defeat for the men. He would mention it to the Organization the next time they had a meeting, so that no affair like it would happen again. He was sorry for Gwynne, and yet the men had been outraged by the

treatment they had received heretofore. He was not afraid for Tom or Dolan, for the anger of the people was mostly centered against the superintendent, yet he thought that it was his duty to go up to Tom's place, and perhaps be of some assistance to the people there. He had not been up there since the beginning of the strike, and chiefly because he knew that Tom was cross with him about something. He had at first supposed that it was because he was the leader of the strike and of the Organization in that section, but now he had changed his opinion, for Tom treated Jimmy in the same friendly manner as heretofore, and Jimmy was one of the strike officers as well as himself. He would go up to see what he could do.

After supper, he wended his way up to old Tom's place. There was a queer sensation in his breast as he opened the gate and knocked at the door. There was the sound of footsteps within, and Alice opened the door, and there was a more friendly tone in her greeting.

"Oh, it is you, George; come in," she said, pleasantly.

"How is Mr. Penhall? I was anxious to hear how he was. There were so many conflicting rumors that I thought that I would come up myself, and then, I thought that I might be of some assistance."

"Just have a chair. I'm so glad that you came up, for we have been scared so badly, and we still feel a little afraid. When father came in after the fight, and we saw his face all covered with blood, we thought that he had been severely hurt, but it was only a flesh wound, and he had it bandaged, and he is now gone with some others to watch at the breaker all night. They are very much afraid that the strikers may burn the breaker."

"No, no, Alice, the strikers know what is to their best interest, and wouldn't do a thing like that. If it happens, it will be by some of the ignorant, vicious foreigners, or some of the rough element among them.

I do not think that the foreigners would have hurt Gwynne to-day, and especially your father and Dolan, for they are well liked, if they were not half intoxicated and fighting drunk. You need not have any alarm, for the things that have been done will not be repeated."

"No, it is not the strikers that I fear, but, as you say, the rough, lawless element among the foreigners, and what we are worried about now is that some of them may try to get revenge upon father for the fight of this afternoon. Oh, George, I don't know what I would do, if anything should happen to him!" and tears came unbidden to the eyes of Alice. There was a pause, for George knew not what to say or do, for the worry and grief of Alice was a painful thing to him. At length, he spoke.

"If it would be less of a worry to you, I will get Jimmy O'Donnel, and we will watch together to-night with them at the breaker; we can pay special attention to your father and see that he won't come to any harm and—"

"Oh, if you only would! I would feel much easier, and if you were there, they would not be so vicious, for they know that you are the president of the Organization and they wouldn't dare to do anything that you—"

"I don't know," said George, shaking his head dubiously; "there are some lawless spirits that neither fear the company, nor pay any attention to the Organization, and they always take advantage of these times to perpetrate lawless doings. But I will go and get Jimmy, and we will watch and assist them at the breaker, and you may rest easy in your mind that nothing will occur to your father."

"Oh, thank you, George. But one moment, I have a question to ask you, and I don't know whether I have the right to ask it or not. How have you disappointed father? He came home on the evening of the strike, and looked a little down-hearted, and when we

asked him what was the matter, he wouldn't say, but only said that he had been disappointed in you, and he had thought so much of you, too. Do tell me about it."

"Disappointed in me!" said George, in amazement. "I don't know that I have done anything to disappoint him. I know that he does not seem to be so friendly as he used to be. I know of nothing I have done to displease him, but to become the head of the strikers of this neighborhood. Your father favors the men, and I know he has a warm heart toward them, but he didn't want to see a strike, for he thought that nothing but harm would come of it. He told me once that if I ever had any influence, I should be always for peace, and work, and arbitration; that Hoyt would never yield to the men if they sought to force him. And yet, I don't see how I have disappointed him. My sympathies are with the strikers, and feeling as I do, I could not refuse the office that was given to me."

"I wish it were ended. Mother can't sleep at night. I don't see why Hoyt don't give the miners what they want," said Alice, with a sigh. "The strikers have my sympathy, but I wish there were not so many lawless characters among them."

"Well, Alice, your father saved my father's life, and gave me my education. I'm indebted to him. Don't worry, now, no harm will come to him, I assure you. I'll do anything for you and yours," and there was a look of strong devotion in his eyes.

"You're kind, George," and there was a glad, relieved expression in her countenance.

"Good-by," said he, and left. The young woman watched him as he strode away.

"A strong, manly fellow," she mentally said. The look he had given her puzzled her and there was a strange feeling within. The words, "I'll do anything for you and yours," rang in her ears again and again. "He is strong, and kind"—and then the thought of her father completely filled her heart.

George betook his way back home once more, and,

meeting Jimmy at his father's gate, told him of the plan he had in view, and that he wanted his help. Jimmy readily acquiesced, especially for a reason of his own. Mary's home was near the breaker, and should the latter catch fire, nothing could save the home of Dolan. Yes, he would go, and willingly.

"Old Tom saved my father's life, and I would do anything for him and his, in return for the great favor he did at that time. You remember the time, Jimmy?"

"Yes," said the latter, as they hurried on toward the breaker.

The electric light plant, that had been out of repair for a time, was now once more in good condition, and its lamps illuminated the great building and the district around about. At the breaker were collected, under the leadership of Moore and Finn, quite a number of bosses. There were Dolan, Develry, Bruice, old Tom and others.

"Hello, George, you fellows came too late to burn the breaker," said Moore, jokingly.

"We have come over for just the opposite purpose; we came to assist in guarding the breaker to-night."

"Why, the strikers will oust you from the leadership, if you work for the company like that," said Dolan, with a grin.

"No, I guess not, for we are guarding the breaker for the best interests of the men. The destroying of mine property will not do the cause of the men any good. If the strike should be settled soon, and the breaker burnt, the men would be so much longer out of employment. Violence, too, would cause us to lose the contest by taking away from us the sympathy of the masses."

"Ye nearly lost that, to-day," said Dolan, as he touched his blackened eye tenderly.

"How's Gwynne?" asked Jimmy.

"He's coming on all right," responded Moore, "but he had a narrow escape. It won't take many things like we had this afternoon to bring the soldiers here."

"And a good thing if they would come," said Bruce, with a smothered oath, "and then we wouldn't be in danger of our lives every night."

The work was apportioned out to the several parties that were present. Finn and Bruce went up to the steam shovels; Develry and Moore went to the engine house of Number One; Boss Tom and George went to look after slope Number Two, while Dolan and Jimmy traveled through the shadows of the dark coal breaker. The plan of work was to make the rounds every now and then, and see that no one was lurking around the neighborhood. Each one was to take a different route every time, and thus the work would not be monotonous. Tom and George reached slope Number Two after a short walk, and found things all quiet.

"I doant like to leave only Jimmy and Dolan at the breaker," said Tom, as they came to the engine house. "Two men aren't enough to guard that."

"I hardly think that any will dare to burn the breaker," said George.

"I doant know," responded Tom, and there was a trace of a little sadness in his tone. "I 'ave been disappointed so badly in so many that I think are all right, that I lose my faith in men at times."

George was about to reply, when the boss interrupted him by requesting him to go into the engine room while he investigated the boiler house. They were both gone for quite a time, and then emerged, satisfied that all was right.

"No one will set fire to this," said George.

"We 'ave orders to watch all. Les go down this way, and we will reach the breaker from the west," said Tom, and he strode on ahead. The boss with his bandaged head looked strange in the dark night.

"I am sorry that we left Dolan and Jimmy down there all alone."

They had traversed half the distance, when footsteps, coming from the rear, were heard.

"Listen!" said George, as he grasped Tom's arm and they both paused.

The night, now fairly advanced, was dark and starless. Clouds obscured the face of the heavens, and there was a slight wind rising and sweeping through the trees of the hills, with a souging and melancholy sound. The footsteps came nearer and nearer, and through the gloom of night emerged four figures. Apparently they did not see Tom or George, for they passed near by, conversing in low tones.

"They are the Matsque, and the other two I didn't recognize. Do 'ee know who they were?"

"Delucca and Garibal. They are all bad men. The strike receives no credit for having men like them to support it," responded George.

"They are going up towards the breaker. We'll follow them. George, lad, hast a revolver?"

"No."

"'Ere, then, take mine; I'm not used to handling firearms, anyway. I'd rather give a man a skevern on the nuddick than to shut un. Doant 'ee use that there gun, George, unless 'ee 'ave to use un, and then doant 'ee shut to kill, but shut to scare un; or if that won't do, then shut to 'it them in the legs. And, mind 'ee, my lad, doant 'ee get hurt thyself."

George smiled at Tom's directions, but took the revolver, and they hastened up the railroad after the men. On went the men, and on the pursuers. It was the most exciting chase that George had ever known. The dark night, the excitement, the danger, all had a fascination for him.

"They are stopping." It was George's keen ears that had noticed the ceasing of the footsteps ahead.

"Well, carry the revolver where they can see un and that will scare them a bit."

Tom and George pushed steadily onward toward the breaker, and after the Italians. There was a momentary pause in the progress of the dark figures ahead, and then they disappeared from the track.

"They are leaving the railroad, and going in the direction of the Beach mines," whispered George.

"They can't do us any 'arm there."

Tom and George continued their walk until they came into the shadows of the breaker, and the light of the arc lamps, beyond.

"All right, Peter?" asked Tom.

"All right, Tom," came the voice of Peter, from a distance.

"Come here."

Dolan and Jimmy came forward, and Tom told them what they had seen on the railroad, approaching the breaker from the west.

"And ye saw thim coming toward the breaker, and thin they went toward the Beach mines? They can't harm us if they keep on in that direction. But then, they may turn."

"Their going in that direction was only a ruse to deceive us," said George.

"And ye were sure it were the Matsque, Delucca, and that fellow, Garibal?"

"The same."

"Tom, it looks bad, it does so."

"Bad gang."

Finn and several of the bosses, who had made their rounds, were now seen approaching in the distance, and soon drew near. They reported all quiet in their districts, and Tom told the assistant superintendent, Moore, what he and George had seen, coming back to the breaker from the west.

"That's bad," said Moore, and then, casting his eyes upon George and Jimmy, he asked, "Have you two got revolvers?"

There was a negative response, for George had pressed back into Tom's reluctant hand his revolver, after they had reached the breaker.

"Finn, where are you?" exclaimed Moore.

"Here," said Finn, from the rear.

"Give Jimmy and George a weapon apiece, they

may need them." Finn handed over two extra revolvers that he had in his possession, and the new recruits were as well armed as the others.

"Now, boys," said Moore, "Mike and I will go up to the shovels, and the engine house of the strippings. Finn, you and Bruice go to Number Two slope, and the rest of you watch here. We'll come back as quickly as we can. If any one intends to burn the breaker, they will attempt it when we are scattered."

"Suppose they come before you come back?" said George.

"Fire twice," said Moore, "and that will be a signal for us."

The men departed on their separate errands, and Tom and Dolan deliberated how they could best watch the breaker.

"What time do 'ee have, Dolan?"

Dolan took out his timepiece, and by the light of the arc lamps made out the hour to be near one o'clock.

"Now, Peter," said Tom, "suppose you take the north of the breaker; George, you take the south; Jimmy, you take the west, and I'll take the east; and, mind, will 'ee, to conceal yourselves where 'ee can see everything on your side. Look sharp, lads."

They all took their respective stations, and an hour passed by without anything happening to mar the peace of the neighborhood. There was no trouble in the watchers concealing themselves. The north was crowded with cars, as it was the place where the shipping was done. The car shops and electric plant was on the south, the brass foundry and one or two small buildings on the east, while toward the west was the railroad and brush land. The watching was becoming tiresome. All of a sudden, the electric light on the south began to sputter and gibber, and become dimmer, and for the space of a minute or so everything was pitchy dark, and then the light came on again as bright as ever, and illuminating the railroad for a few

yards west of the breaker, revealed the figures of Bruice and the lengthy Finn, approaching. They had made their rounds of Number Two, and were returning.

"All right?" asked Finn.

"Yes." It was Jimmy who had spoken.

"Well, you and George go through the breaker, and Bruice and I will take your places until you return."

Jimmy found George, and together they set forth. Every corner, and cranny, and crevice, and apartment, from top to bottom, was thoroughly investigated by the hardy climbers. Up into the wind-swept top they climbed. "All safe here," said George. Together they clambered down to the bottom and reported all safe within.

In the meantime, Moore and Develry returned from the strippings, and reported all safe in their direction.

"All right," said Moore, cheerfully, "and now one more round and that will be the last one, for by that time it will be day-light and we can go home. I don't think that there will be any attempt to-night."

The same men remained at the breaker as formerly, with the exception of a change of position. Old Tom had the south, and Dolan the west, while George had the east, and Jimmy the north, respectively. Fifteen minutes passed away in silence, and then the lights of the electric plant went out suddenly, as if they had been hidden in empty barrels, as at the time of blasting, and there was darkness, Egyptian darkness, over the whole place. Tom, who was on that side, gazed anxiously toward the light plant, and at first could not see anything, for the change from light to darkness was so sudden. At length, as his eyes became more accustomed to the gloom, he leaped to his feet in surprise. Four figures were stealing past him.

"'Alt there! 'Old up, I say," and he flourished the revolver he had high in the air, and then fired it off twice as a signal to the others.

Having given the signal, Tom thought no more of the revolver, but closed in on the men almost single-handed. So accustomed to wrestling and boxing was he, that he paused not to think of his weapon. Then, too, he had always a horror of injuring one for life, perhaps killing one with a bullet. He had always trusted with the most implicit faith to his own stout arms and shoulders. This time it was almost fatal to him, for it was Delucca that he had seized, who, with an oath, turned upon him with the agility of a cat and with the ferocity of a tiger, and together they strove and wrestled, while the other three figures as silently and cautiously crept forward into the breaker.

Delucca, tough and wiry as he was, was no match for the stout old boss; the strength and experience of former battles was in Tom's favor, and the "Yaller skinned Pole," as Tom afterwards called him, was rapidly being overcome, when the shouts of oncoming rescuers were heard in the distance, and the hurried tread of feet. Delucca, with another savage Italian oath, freed his arm for a moment, and there flashed in the darkness a bright streak of steel, but it found not the mark that the owner wished, for there was a rush of a dark body, and a hand seized the gleaming weapon and wrenched it from his grasp. It was George who had come just in time. The dagger had sadly cut and damaged his hand, and he gave attention to it for a moment, for the writhing, twisting forms of Tom and the would-be assassin had removed themselves from him in the after conflict. The old boss was enraged, not only by the attempt of Delucca on his life, but at the momentary sight of blood streaming from the hand of George. With a cute wrestling trick, learned in the old Dart, he grasped the wrist of the villain with a crushing grip, and with the other hand encircled his bony knee, and then there was a momentary tug; the seasoned muscles of old Tom, his back bent almost in a curve, were used to their utmost strength, and then there was a heave, and the form

of Delucca was seen, darker than the surrounding night, flying up through the air over the old boss' shoulders. There was one wild shriek, and then a resounding crash, and Delucca, the bad man of Mayoton, was lying, limply unconscious, upon a pile of ties by a railroad siding. Dolan, Jimmy, Finn, and the others were all upon the scene in a minute or two after Delucca went down.

"Are ye hurt, Tom?" asked Dolan.

"The breaker!" shouted Tom, "three of them slipped up that way while I was entangled with that rogue."

Leaving a man or two in charge of Delucca, they hurried with all possible speed to the breaker, in the direction Tom said the men had followed. They were too late. As they drew near, three dark forms fled rapidly in the opposite direction. Finn and the others, with the exception of Boss Tom, fired a perfect hail of bullets after them, and one of them was evidently hurt, but it didn't hinder his progress much. Flames were seen just at the same moment issuing from the base, and also the top of the great breaker structure.

Dolan blew the whistle, and its deep roar was augmented by the darkness of the night, and sent a quiver of alarm through the sleeping residents of Mayoton. Moore, old Tom, and the others set to with a will to extinguish the flames. Finn turned his attention to securing the injured Delucca. That person was slowly recovering consciousness. He was cut, bruised, and shaken up badly, and when Finn came to place the handcuffs upon him, he found that the wrist that Tom had seized was broken by the powerful grasp of the boss in that last throw. He took him to the electric house, where was found, stretched out, with a dreadful wound in his scalp, the injured engineer, Bud Burdey. The secret of the sudden darkness was out. Bud feebly told his tale. When he was oiling the machinery, he heard a step behind him and turned just in time to receive a blow on the head that stunned him. The miscreants had broken the machinery with a

sledge. Finn bound the prisoner tightly and set one of the men who had been guarding him at the pile of ties, to watch over him in the electric light house; the other guard assisted the wounded Burdey to his home, and Finn returned to the breaker to render what assistance he could in extinguishing the fire.

The fire was stubbornly aggressive, and for a time, it appeared that none of the efforts made would be of any avail in quenching the flames that roared, and sizzled, and hissed, and cracked below and above. From the first appearance of the flames, they seemed to make startling progress as if trains of oil and combustible materials had been prepared beforehand. A bucket brigade was formed and then, as half-dressed miners came upon the scene, new brigades were organized, and a steady emptying of the buckets had its desired effect in time. The flames below were gradually brought under control. It was in the top of the breaker, however, where the greatest danger manifested itself; there, fanned by the breeze of the night, catching every breath of the upper and less restricted air, the fire raged fiercely, licking greedily with scorching tongues the coal-blackened timbers. They needed no electric light to illuminate the darkness now, for the sky was painted in glowing hues seen for miles, and thousands of sparks disseminated themselves over the surface of heaven, falling, at length, like the stars of multitudes of rockets on a fourth of July night.

The citizens of Mayoton, young and old, male and female, in various nondescript garbs, were anxiously watching, some from a safe distance, while the more able-bodied formed new brigades and trained their concentrated effort upon the flames. Even the women were anxious to assist. Strikers and bosses and others worked side by side with but a single thought. The harmony was inspiring. Old Tom cheered on his men. A long line of toiling figures was soon stretched from the base to the location of the flames, and bucket after

bucket was passed rapidly on in the upward course. Mike Clyde now appeared; he had gotten one of the smaller pumps running and a line of hose attached and, with the assistance of others, it was conveyed up and up until a steady, though small stream was pouring upon the fire constantly. The whistle, the bull of the mountains, that had been belching its thunderous roar since the beginning of the incendiarism, now ceased, as it drowned the quick orders of those in authority.

The strikers, who were assisting, were loud in their denunciations of the rogues that had perpetrated the deed. It damaged their cause, rather than benefited them, and there were many angry expressions and maledictions heaped on the heads of those who had attempted the life of Tom, and injured the leader of the Organization. The story of how George had saved Tom's life, at the expense of personal injury to himself, was now known to all. But where was George? He was not to be found. For a time he was near the breaker, assisting as he was able and, then seeing that there were enough without him, he thought it expedient to attend to the wound he had received. He had started off, when on the outskirts of the crowd, he had seen approaching him a figure he knew. It was Alice Penhall. Like others, she too had hastened to the scene, and in the hurry and haste had not clothed herself with due ceremony. She had, at the first roar of the great whistle, flung on a wrapper, and with a heavy shawl over this, essayed forth. The glowing rich ringlets, generally so decorously arranged, escaped from the folds of the shawl o'er her head, and in riotous, glorious confusion, had leaped and danced around her ears and forehead. The light of the flames on high lit up her countenance with a new beauty. George thought that he had never seen her so beautiful before.

"Why, Alice!"

"Oh, George, has anything occurred to father?"

"Safe and hearty."

"Why, you are hurt, and oh, what a cruel wound! Come over to Mary's and let me bind it up."

George, a willing slave, followed to the house of Dolan. Dolan and his people were without, like others of the community, and the lower part of the house was empty.

"It does not matter," said Alice, "we will find something to bind up that terrible cut," and she searched, but the effort was unavailing. With a bright thought, she tore from around her neck a silk neckkerchief.

"This is the very thing, and none too good for the purpose of the man who saved dear father's life."

In the conversation, she had wrung from George, by a woman's wiles, the story of the cut. George felt like a hero under her words of praise, and feasted his eyes upon her lovely countenance, made more picturesque by those escaping ringlets, with the greed of a devotion long burning. Here, he thought, was a woman to live and die for, this affectionate, solicitous, tenderly sympathetic girl. Face Delucca! He could have faced the whole four of the murderous rascals for an after occurrence like this.

"You are my hero, George; you are brave and courageous, and father can never say that he is disappointed in you now. To think that you saved his life at the expense of your own injury!" and there were tears of gladness glistening and sparkling upon her eye-lashes.

How long the time was that was spent in the binding up of that wound was not known, for the conversation was unabated until, right in the midst of it, in came Dolan, and Mary, and his wife.

"Well, I never thought of house breakers and here they are."

"The fire, is it out?" asked George, blushing confusedly.

"They are dousing the last sparks," said Dolan.

"Why, it's morning!" exclaimed Alice, and sure enough, there was grey twilight in the east. The dawn had come at last. "I must go home right away, for they will be worrying about me," continued the girl, and, notwithstanding all remonstrances, she started forth, accompanied by George. That walk in the grey light of the early day was replete with joyousness for the leader of the Mayoton Organization. He had redeemed himself in Tom's eyes, and he could no longer be disappointed in him, no matter what that disappointment was, and as for Alice, ah! Alice! was he not her hero?

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## THE WIDOW McGLYN.

**I**T WAS some time after the attempt to burn the breaker, and the strike slowly dragged on, the deadlock unbroken. Carpenters had been at work, repairing the damages to the breaker and, with the exception of a charred timber here and there, the big building was soon in its former state. The nefarious attack upon Gwynne and the attempted incendiarism had the effect of making the authorities firmer than ever in resisting the demands of the men. There was one ameliorating circumstance; the assistance the strikers gave the company in quenching the breaker fire went a long way in settling the strike—for Hoyt's heart was softened toward them by this benefit they had conferred upon him, and the rancor that the attempt to force him to terms had stirred up in his breast had become mitigated. But still the strike dragged on its weary existence.

What that sage woman, Molly Penryn, had foretold, was true. The Organization did not give to the strikers all the assistance they had expected, and there was suffering and privation among some that was truly deplorable. Some, like the Penryn family, had sufficient laid by at the beginning of the strike, to see them comfortably through, but others had an arduous time trying to beat the wolf from the door. Among the latter, perhaps there was none in the position of the Widow McGlyn. Her husband had been killed in Number Two slope a few years before, by a fall of top rock, and from that time on, the poor widow had managed, with the assistance of her two boys, to keep the little household together. Both lads, who

were just in their teens, had secured work in the breaker, picking slate, and upon the meagre earnings of these two boys, the family had eked out a scanty subsistence thus far. Their home was in the row of houses near the breaker and the farthest from the public road. The interior, though poor, still had some of the comfortable furnishings that were theirs in the palmy days when Patrick McGlyn was alive. The furnishings now showed signs of much wear; the carpet had been so darned and patched that it would have taken a genius to ascertain what was the original color and material; the shades at the windows were ragged and full of holes, and poverty, poverty, was written everywhere. The children had been for years living advertisements for the second-hand clothing store in the nearby city. Beside James and Edward, the bread winners, there were two other children that made up the family—Patrick Jr., a little lad of six years, and Rosie, a girl of three, who had never seen her father's face. They had a little money when the strike had started, but that had all vanished. The Organization had given them one bag of flour, but one bag would not last forever; the days of the widow's cruse of oil and handful of meal belonged to other periods than the twentieth century. The last crust of bread had been eagerly devoured by the children on the day previous, the widow, mother-like, preferring rather to see the children have something than herself. There had been a few things planted in the garden, but they had all been utilized in the times preceding. In her despair, the widow had made a last plea to the committee of supplies, but they had told her that she must wait a day or so, for the coming in of more finances.

Black want stared her in the face; where the next meal was to come from, she knew not. There was no money with which to buy, and there was no credit to be obtained anywhere, for the company store had ceased to sell without the cash, now the men were not

working. Rosie, red-cheeked Rosie, though fully meriting the name before the strike began, was now pale and wan, and the other children showed by their thin faces and peaked appearance how sadly they lacked proper food.

They were all assembled in the kitchen, the mother having searched for the third time through cellar and pantry for the slightest crust that could have been possibly overlooked in former explorations, but to no avail, and she now was seated with the stony face that despair brings. They had come to the verge of starvation, but they were too proud to beg. Beg,—she shuddered at the thought, and yet what could be done? There was not the smallest employment that she or her boys could procure. She could send the boys to the districts far remote from home to beg, but she would sink under the humiliation. Ah, if these men, the originators of the strike, would only think of the hardship they were causing by this struggle, they would soon make it cease. The operator and the men were equally wrong to bring such distress as that which they had been suffering upon any one. What right had they to declare a strike for the sake of a few dollars? Oh! If Hoyt only knew! His little ones were not starving for food, ah, they had plenty. Why, she thought, could not Hoyt give the miners what they asked, or why couldn't the men go to work and end all this? It's hard to see the little ones cry for bread. As she realized more fully the hopelessness of their position, she threw her tattered apron over her head and began to weep softly to herself. Rosie came up to her and half pulling the apron from her eyes, exclaimed:

“Oh, mamma cy! 'ou sick, mamma; I kiss 'ou and make 'ou better,” and the little one drew her mother's toil-worn hand to her and clasping it in her baby fist, kissed it tenderly. “Don't cy, mamma!”

The mother picked up the little one and pressed her

to her bosom, and began to sob afresh. "Oh, what shall I do?" she moaned.

Little Patty also drew near, moved by different feelings, and gazed at his mother with great questioning eyes. "Mamma, why don't you bake bread? I'm hungry, mamma," and receiving no answer, he began pulling her dress to draw her attention to himself.

The widow made no answer. What answer could she make? She still wept over Rosie, and the lad continued to ask his question. "Mamma, you used to bake bread. Why don't you bake bread now? I'm hungry and Rosie's hungry, too. Bake some bread, mamma."

"We don't have any flour, and can't have any bread," said the mother, constrained to answer by his importunate questioning.

"And won't we ever have bread?" asked the little lad, his eyes growing bigger and bigger with awe, as something of the situation began to dawn upon his childish mind. There was no answer, and again the child asked the question, "And won't we ever have bread, mamma?"

"God knows, my child; I don't know," and then again came the sound of weeping, of grief and despair. Rachel was weeping for her children, not because they were not, but because they were suffering and starving for the bread that perisheth and all because of human rapacity and greed for gain, upon the part of those who had enough of earth's goods.

"Don't you cry, now," said the eldest, as he put his arms around her, "I'm going out into the garden and see if I can't find a pertatie or two that we missed when we dug them up the last time," and the eldest, followed by his brother, went out into the garden and began turning over the soil of the potato patch.

"There's one, Jimmy; and oh, what a big one, too!"

To their delight a large potato had been turned up that had evidently escaped the spade heretofore. With a glad exclamation they brought it into the house and

the mother's eyes brightened a little at the sight, and Rosie and Patty clapped their hands gleefully.

"Ye can cook it for Rosie and Patty, and we will go out and see if we can't find another wan fer us," said the eldest, as he laid the potato on the table and again went into the garden to resume his spading. But none of his subsequent efforts were similarly rewarded that afternoon.

That potato, how should it be cooked? Not a bit of the precious substance was to be lost. "We will cook it with the skin on and you and Rosie can watch it," said the mother. The potato was placed in the hot ashes of the fender, and Rosie and Patty, as they sat on the floor, watched it with supreme interest, and almost forgot their hunger in the fascinating work.

"I think he's cracking, mamma," said Patty, at length, as a small report from the roasting vegetable was heard.

"He's nearly done, Rosie," continued Patty, encouragingly.

"'Es," said Rosie, as her mouth watered in the expectation of the coming feast. The mother raked the cooked potato from the embers and placed it upon the table and divided it equally. The white mealy interior and hot, fragrant odor was as welcome to their hungry little palates as the most delectable banquet of Delmonico. The mother sat near by and watched them with a sad relief, and all the while hunger was gnawing viciously within her own frame. Potato skin, and all, rapidly disappeared before the onslaughts of those small mouths. Indeed they could have eaten anything, for they had not tasted anything since the day before. The mother arose, at length, bathed her eyes in water, put on a clean apron and sunbonnet.

"Jimmy, you can watch the children until I come back," she said, and withdrew from the house as if filled with a new resolution. The potato had just whetted the appetite of Rosie and little Patty, and

made the dull clamoring of hunger but more apparent.

"Ah, now, Rosie, hush yer crying, now, fer we'll get something by and by," said Eddie to the little girl, who had began to cry for more.

"And do you think, now, Eddie, that we won't have any bread ever in the house at all now?" said Patty, with an expression of alarm upon his narrow, pinched features.

"Yes," said Jimmy, with a reassuring nod, "we'll get bread, by and by. I was just a-thinking of going over into the farming country, and working for the farmers, and taking me pay in bread, and then we could have plenty of bread in the house."

"It's a wonder that we niver thought of that," said Eddie, attracted by the glowing plan of his brother, "and do ye think that ye are big enough to work upon a farm?"

"Big enough!" said Jimmy, with an expression of indignation, "to be sure I am," and he drew up his thin little form to its utmost height, while the other children looked on in admiration and pride.

"Do ye think, now, that I would be big enough?" asked Eddie, to which query Jimmy dubiously shook his head, at which the questioner's face fell perceptibly.

"What would yer do on a farm?"

"I would carry water for the fellows that's working," said Eddie, brightening up.

"So yer could," assented Jimmy.

"We'll see mamma, when she comes back, and then we can go," added Jimmy.

"I tell ye what I could do, and we could get something to eat right away," said little Patty, with some animation in his tone.

"Ought?" asked little Rosie, eagerly, for the prospect of having something to eat right away was a better thing to contemplate than an indefinite thing

in the future, in the shape of bread obtained by working upon a farm.

"Why," said Patty, enthusiastically, "I was over to Dolan's to-day and they had a big pail of carrot-tops, and things outside the house, and it looked like they were going to throw it all away—"

"Huh, that was pig's feed," said Jimmy in some disgust.

"I don't care, the carrot-tops looked good, and were cooked too, and there was a big crust of bread on the top, and I believe that we could git 'em without any wan knowing it, if we would go over there to-night: now, couldn't we?"

"Oh, 'es," said Rosie.

"No," said Jimmy, authoritatively, although he thought within himself that something must be done soon or he would steal those carrot-tops himself. How true is the saying that even in the same community, one half knows not how the other half lives. Hunger is most impatient in its demands when there seems no way to gratify it. It took some resolution in Jimmy to say no, but he knew that his mother would disapprove of the humiliation of the thing young Patty proposed. Rosie began to cry as Jimmy put this damper upon Patty's proposed expedition, and Patty put his arms around her and comforted her with the glowing promise of getting them that night, when Jimmy wouldn't be around.

"Never ye mind, Rosie," he whispered, "don't ye cry, now, I'll get 'em when it gits dark, and you shall have the big crust all fer yerself, now."

In the meantime, Mrs. McGlyn had gone to the home of Peter Dolan. It was humiliating, but she must do it or the children would starve.

"And how are you to-day, Mrs. McGlyn?" asked Mary, as she gave the widow a seat in the kitchen.

"I'm not very well, Mary," said the widow, as she sank into the chair, and indeed she looked the same, and with reason, as the poor creature had not had a

thing to eat for twenty-four hours, and had half starved herself before that, to give more to her children. There were great circles around her eyes and an emaciated look in her countenance.

"Why, how is that? Where do you feel sick?"

Overcome by the sympathetic tone of Mary, the widow could not restrain her tears, and she told her wondering auditor of how they had been upon the verge of starvation for the past few days, of how she herself had not a thing to eat for four and twenty hours, and that there wasn't a thing in the house to give the little ones. The widow's sobs and tale almost broke the heart of Mary, and with tears in her eyes, she instantly went to the pantry and cut a large piece of pie and poured out a cup of hot coffee for her at the table.

"Now, do sit up and eat something."

But Mrs. McGlyn, with the true spirit of a mother, refused to partake of anything when her children were suffering at home, and would not touch anything until she saw Mary packing a basket to carry over to the little ones.

There was a jubilee in the widow's home that night. Little Rosie and Patty danced around Mary with delight as the basket was being unpacked, and kissed her again and again. The fire was replenished and Mary made coffee, the first coffee that had been tasted in that home for a week or two, and then the table was set and Mary waited upon the little ones with her own hands. The mother alternately smiled and cried for joy and gladness.

"This is better than carrot-tops," said Patty, to which Rosie gravely answered, "'Es."

Mary told her father and mother that night when she had returned, of the distress of the McGlyns.

"The divil!" said Dolan, in some astonishment, "why didn't she tell us before?"

"She's a little sensitive about telling her circumstances, and she's too proud to beg," answered Mary.

"Starving! starving!" muttered Dolan, in half-audible tones, as he marched up and down the room, in some excitement, "and Pat McGlyn was me frind, and we were here ating and drinking as if there were full and plenty everywhere. The devil! How much flour have we in our pantry?" This last question was asked of his wife, but he paused not for an answer, but went to the pantry to ascertain for himself. He soon emerged with a half a sack of flour upon his back.

"Peter, do you know that that flour is the last that we have in the house, and we must bake to-morrow morning," said his wife, in some anxiety.

"I don't care," said Peter, stoutly, as he was going out of the door, "this flour goes to the widow McGlyn and as fer the loikes av us, we can ate garden truck fer a time, as well as the goats. We can so. Starving!" and the door shut to behind him with a bang.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## A CHANGE IN BOSS TOM'S OPINIONS.

IT WAS upon the following afternoon that Mary Dolan was upon her way home from school after the day's work was over, and, seeing Alice at the front window of the Penhall home, stopped to have a minute's chat. Alice was busily engaged in doing some fancy work that had interested her ever since the attempted burning of the breaker.

"Why, what are you making? You have been busy at that for quite a time, and you haven't told me yet who it is for, or what it is going to be."

"It's nice, isn't it," said Alice, as she held it up for the admiring inspection of her friend. "It's going to be a collar-box when it is finished, and this is to be the lining, and it's going to be for a Christmas present for George Penryn."

"Oh, I understand," said Mary, smiling mischievously.

"No, you don't," said Alice, and at the same time growing a trifle red; "I think that he ought to have something to show him that we appreciate the kindness that he did in saving father's life, when that villain—ugh"—she shivered at the thought,—“was going to hurt father, and so I am making him this.”

Mary eyed her suspiciously, and then said, "George is a nice young man."

"Yes, and father was disappointed in him for some reason or other, and he knows it. I don't know what the affair was, but that favor of George's deserves recognition."

"It does," said Mary, warmly, and there was a light in her eyes, as if she understood something else.

"George is a nice young man," she added, and then paused, and she thought of the occurrence of the night before. "Oh, Alice, what do you think, that poor Widow McGlyn didn't have a thing to eat for twenty-four hours, and she and her children had been half starved for weeks, and we didn't know a thing about it," and Mary poured into the sympathetic ears of Alice, the story of the suffering of the McGlyn family. Alice could not refrain from crying, and Tom, coming into the room, also heard the story, and there was a suspicious moisture gathered in his eyes; then as Mary finished, Tom grabbed his hat, set it firmly upon his head and walked out the door.

"Here, Tom, supper will be ready in a few minutes and you doant want to go away far," called Mrs. Penhall after him, but Tom didn't answer, for he could not; there was a choked feeling in his throat that forbade reply. Up the street he took his way toward the store.

"Do you think that you can keep a secret, Alice?" said Mary in a whisper.

"Why yes, to be sure, and what is it?"

"This is to be something that no one knows but myself and—and—"

"Jimmy O'Donnel?" laughingly asked Alice.

"Now, how provoking to almost take the words out of one's mouth!"

"Well, is it Jimmy?"

"What?"

"Why, how stupid! Is it Jimmy that is the sharer of the secret, for if it is, I feel pretty sure that I know what the secret is," said Alice, while Mary's face turned a deep crimson, and then she asked:

"Did you hear anything about it?"

"How should I, when I don't know even what it is at this time; I'm only guessing."

"Well, let me hear what you suppose that it is," said Mary.

Alice leaned over to Mary, and whispered some-

thing in her ear, that made Mary laugh and nod her head a little. "You are a good guesser."

"And when is it going to be, and are you going anywhere on a trip after the ceremony is over?"

"I don't know, yet," said Mary, looking very pretty and glowing with color, "he only asked me a short time ago, and we haven't arrangements made, nor have we any plans as yet."

"Well, Jimmy is a good, steady, honest, young man, and a young man that one could be proud of," and Alice, as she said this, leaned over and flung her arms around Mary and gave her a hearty kiss, adding that she wished her much happiness in the future.

There was a clicking of the garden gate, and then a rap at the door that interrupted their conversation, and, as the door opened, there came a cheery voice asking them if they were plotting mischief. Both girls gave a little laugh, for there stood the object of their conversation, Jimmy O'Donnel, and there was something in the way he held up his head and the hot-house rose-bud that he had in the lapel of his coat, that gave him a very jaunty appearance.

"And how are you, Miss Alice; and how are you, Mary?"

"And it's Miss Alice to her, and it's Mary to me, is it?"

"I beg pardon, Miss Mary," said Jimmy, with a laugh, and then he added, "and did you hear the news?"

"No, do tell us," said both in one breath.

"Father Phelan preached a great sermon the other day and he censured, in the sternest manner, the attempt to burn the breaker, and the attack upon Gwynne. He advised the men if they would win this strike, that they should be law-abiding citizens and peaceful."

"Now, Jimmy O'Donnel, you know that I heard that sermon as well as yourself," said Mary.

"Well, there is still more news, and that is that the Methodist and Presbyterian ministers are going to

preach sermons on the strike, too, this coming Sunday."

"And how do you know that?" asked Alice.

"I just passed them on the way here and they were all talking strike together."

"Why, I thought that Father Phelan wouldn't have anything to do with Protestant ministers," said Alice.

"Indeed, Father Phelan would talk to anybody," said Mary.

"It's the fact that they were all talking about the strike as I passed them, and I couldn't help but hear what they were saying. Mr. Dunn, the Methodist minister, was saying that the only solution for the strike was for people to treat each other as brothers, and Rev. Lees said that the churches must take up the poor man's cause. Father Phelan said that that was right, and he wondered why they didn't preach to their congregation about it as he had done. He said that Lees ought to give Gwynne and Hoyt a sermon that would make them think a little. They both said that they were going to preach sermons on the strike this coming Sunday, and that was all that I heard on the way here, so you see that I'm correct," asserted Jimmy in conclusion.

"Well, it would be a good thing if they would," assented Alice.

Jimmy paused for a moment, and then turning to Mary, asked: "Did you tell her, Mary?"

"Yes," said Mary, "and she's going to be bridesmaid and—"

"Ssssh," said Jimmy, interrupting her, "you don't want to speak that too loudly just yet, until we get things better settled."

Mrs. Penhall flung open the room door at this time, and,—“Supper is ready, and Tom isn't here to eat it, and I doant think that we'll wait upon him any longer,” she said. Jimmy and Mary were invited to supper, and accordingly stayed. In the midst of the supper singing was heard without, and a step upon the boardwalk.

"Do de do do de do de do de new Jerusalem,  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

"There's Tom now, and he's coming in as if he hadn't been without supper," said Mrs. Penhall, as Tom's head passed by the window.

"He's happy about something, for he never sings that unless he's happy, and in a pleasant frame of mind," said Alice.

Tom came in with a face that seemed to fairly beam with good spirits. "'Ow are 'ee all!"

"Why, we're pretty tired a-waiting for you to come in to supper; I told you not to go away, that supper was about nearly ready," snapped Mrs. Penhall, a little crossly, for she disliked her cooking to be spoiled by persons not coming to meals promptly.

"Ah, me dear, I 'ad to go down to the store, before I could eat a bit of supper," said Tom.

They all looked inquiringly and Tom, seeing that he was expected to make some explanation, to satisfy the curiosity he had stirred up, said: "Well, I just couldn't eat a bite afore I knew that they McGlyns 'ad summat to eat, too. It just made my 'eart fairly ache to listen to Mary telling about them starving and so I 'ad to go up to the store and horder up to them all things that I thought that they would need—flour, and butter and cheese and coffee and tea."

Mrs. Penhall made no comment, but she was not displeased with her husband for this manifestation of his charitable heart. "No wonder he was a singing that tune and was feeling in good spirits," she thought.

Tom sat down and ate supper in a hurry, for the others had nearly finished before he began and then he proposed a little singing in the parlor, and, of course, among the list of songs was the old favorite that he was heard singing on his way home from the store. In the interval between the hymns, Jimmy told the news that he had heard upon the street, when the clergymen were talking over the strike question.

"They should do that and perhaps we would have an end of the strike. It es too bad to think that all this suffering and trouble is among the poorer classes, for the sake of a few dollars on either side. Now there es the McGlyn family that 'as been starving for quite a time, and no one knew it 'till a short time ago. And 'ow many more are there who are 'alf starving themselves and their children rather than tell their circumstances and beg. I wonder 'ow the Thomas and Phillips families are, and 'ow old Dicky are getting along,—not getting on very well, I think. I'll 'ave to go over there and see them on the morrow."

"It's a good thing, Tom, that we doant know all the suffering that is going on in the world for if we did we wouldn't have anything to eat ourselves; you would give it all away," said Mrs. Penhall.

"The operators ought to remember the Revolution in France; if they don't do right the government will get the mines yet. The people will have justice as the French Revolution shows. This strike is going to drive thousands into Socialism. The miners are all talking about it," said Jimmy.

"It'll be bad for they operators, then," said Tom; "I wish it were ended. Ned Thomas looks mad when he meets we bosses, 'cause we won't stop watching the breaker. He won't go to church and calls us scabs and he won't sing in the choir any more, or go near the church, 'cause he says none but the 'scabs go there.'"

"You are doing right, Tom, in watching the breaker, and don't you stop," said Jimmy; "your stopping won't help us and if you stop you will be a spotted man, and will not get an hour's work in the whole region."

"I know what ails Ned, poor fellow, 'e es without money, and the poor fellow es desperate. The strike 'as made a wild man out of 'im. 'E used to be so cheerful and lively; he says 'e es a soshlist. I'll 'ave

to see ef 'e need anything. I always liked un. The strike es bad and it's a shame."

"A shame to men like Gwynne," said Jimmy, in some indignation, "that they should oppress the men as they do and cause them to strike."

"Gwynne 'as done some bad things but 'e 'as a better nature than we all give 'im credit far,—'e's 'onest, too," said Tom.

"Honest," said Jimmy, with a touch of strong indignation in his tone; "look at what he did to George Penryn in giving him his discharge and ask Lew Wilt, the clerk, of his honesty."

"Why! did George get discharged, and why was it?" asked Mary and Alice in almost one voice, and there was a look of interest on their features that revealed the subject to be a new one to them. Old Tom had been fidgeting around upon his chair while Jimmy was speaking and he now threw in a word or two to dampen Jimmy's communicativeness.

"If 'ee knaw, lad, better not say anything about it and—the least said about the matter the better."

Tom believed George to be guilty of dishonest practices and did not wish the same to be made any more public than necessary. He had a tender, kind heart, had the old Boss, and he could not bear that any more publicity should be given to the dishonor of a man whom he still loved.

"Why," said Mary, "we need not say anything about it, even if we do hear it. I didn't know that George had been discharged at all. I thought that he had resigned on account of the strike."

"The fact of the matter was," began Jimmy, ignoring Tom's evident desire that nothing should be said of the affair, "Gwynne wanted George, months ago, to cheat the men and George wouldn't do it."

"Les 'ear it all," said Tom, a little surprised and dubious. "If George could be righted in my mind, I should be glad, for I thought that it was all 'is fault."

"It was this way. George and I are great friends

and he tells me many things that he doesn't tell any one else. He told me some time ago that some months before that, the men under Develry, the stripping boss, worked two hours beyond the time that they should work. Gwynne said that they should work only ten hours and Develry allowed them to work twelve, and George, of course, gave them the two extra hours. Gwynne in looking over the report noticed it and ordered him to correct it and give the men only the time that they were meant to work. George said that he remonstrated at that time saying that it would not be right and Gwynne told him to do as he was ordered. He said, I believe, that you, Mr. Penhall, was just coming in at that time to see the superintendent, and Gwynne told him, as he was going into the private office with you, that he should do as he was ordered."

"Those were the very words," said Tom, nodding his head with an anxious expression.

"Well, George thought at that time if he did not obey Gwynne he would be out of a job, not only in the office, but also in Mayoton, and the whole mining region, and he was not prepared for that for they needed his help at home and they wanted to send Nellie off to school."

Both Tom and the girls were listening with the closest attention to the narrative of Jimmy, and there was a painful expression upon the face of the former.

"Well, George was sadly put to to know what to do; then he thought that he could still obey Gwynne and be honest at the same time. He thought of a plan. He would take off the two hours for that time, as Gwynne had told him to do, and he would be honest to the men by giving them back again the two hours some time the following month. He did so, but Gwynne found it out by examining the books and George admitted that he had given the men two hours intentionally to make up what they had been unjustly deprived of the month before, and then Gwynne discharged him."

"Ah, the rogue!" said Tom, with strong indignation in his tone; "he never told me that. He told me that George had cheated the company, and Reeber said the same, and 'ere I was a treating George as ef 'e was a thief and a rogue instead of an 'onest man as 'e es. The poor lad! Gwynne es the rogue."

"And that is not all," said Jimmy; "I think that we may as well show up some more of his dealings while we are about it. I think that he ought to be known for the man that he is. He also opened mail in the office. Wilt told me some time ago that a letter came for you, Mr. Penhall, a great, large bulky letter and he had forgotten to charge the extra postage. Gwynne was in the office and gave him a lecture for neglecting it, and then he was called to wait upon a customer. When he came back the sealing of the letter looked as if it was broken and had been sealed up again. The mucilage upon it was moist, there was a drop of mucilage upon the desk and the bottle was not in its accustomed place. He knew that the letter had been opened by Gwynne and was worried about it, for a time, fearing that the letter had been robbed and that he would be blamed for it; but, as you said nothing about it, he thought it was only curiosity upon the part of Gwynne."

"He es a rogue," said Tom, aloud, and with strong indignation; "that is the reason that 'e was so friendly with me."

"Why?" asked the girls, but Tom would not reveal what he thought, but held his peace.

"There's Wilt now and Belle Phillips with him," said Jimmy, as the forms of the above mentioned parties passed in through the gate. There was a rap at the door and Alice arose to admit them. Wilt confirmed the report that Jimmy had given about the letter, but said that he would not like the matter mentioned as he might lose his position.

"Yes, Gwynne is the meanest and most dishonest superintendent that we have ever had and I know a

lot about his doings. That is not the only instance that I know of. We had a lot of goods that went poor for us, and we accidentally sold a few of them to the people, and they brought them back, but Gwynne wouldn't allow us to take them and when the people, Americans, wouldn't buy them, he told us to sell them at the same price to the foreigners, as the company couldn't afford to lose by it. Then he ordered Brame to buy up a large lot of rotten, mining boots, and sell them at first class prices and the miners suffered by it. It was all for the sake of the company."

"He es a rogue," said Tom warmly, "that accounts for my boots giving out so quickly."

"And there are many other crooked things about him, but I guess I have told enough, and if Gwynne should hear of it, my name's Dennis," said Wilt.

The conversation went on for a time, and then Wilt said that he must go. He had been out for a short walk and had some work to do yet that evening.

"It is fortunate that Wilt is going with Phillips' daughter," said Jimmy, after the exit of Wilt, "for I don't think that they could live through the strike if Wilt didn't help them."

"How's that?" asked Tom, and then Jimmy told how Wilt was assisting the Phillips family out of his own pocket, giving them things out of the store and then charging them to his own account.

"'Ow es it," said Tom, "that the Miners' Organization doant 'elp the strikers more than it does, and that people are in the poor starving position they are?"

"It's because the Organization don't have the money to help them, and then the people are too proud to come to the headquarters for help. Some of them think that it is too much like begging and they don't like that."

Tom nodded his head.

"Come, Jimmy, we must go, it's getting late," said Mary.

The visitors wended their way out and Tom was left with many changed opinions.

"It es too bad to think that I 'ave been treating that boy, George, coldly as ef 'e was a dis'onest lad and a rogue, and 'ere 'e 'as been all along 'onest and upright and having the trials of Job. What a shame."

"Yes and saved your life, father, at the breaker," said Alice.

"'E es a noble lad," said Tom warmly, "I misjudged him badly and didn't treat un right."

There was a happy little glow at the heart of Alice, something that she didn't understand or realize. She thought that it was her father's realization of a hero's worth and the friendly relation again to be established between George and her father,—but was that all?

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## SERMONS.

**I**T WAS a Sunday morning in the fall, and the sun was shining brilliantly in the heavens, warming damp nature, and drinking up the humidity of the earth. It was that period known by the name of Indian summer, and there was a peculiar hazy mist upon the horizon, as of the smoke of forest fires. The trees, though bare and denuded in some sections, still retained some of their gorgeous autumnal dress, scarfs of orange and mantles of red and gold.

"It's a picter far a painter," said Tom, as he and his family started forth to the house of God. Tom had paused for a moment at the gate of his little domain and scanned the scenery with the gaze of the nature lover that he was. Mrs. Penhall had returned for a hymn-book and the others were awaiting her. Across the road, like a jewel, set in variegated velvet, was the little white church with its small spire, surrounded by the rustling trees.

"There es something in the Sabbath day," continued Tom, "that es peaceful and solemn-like and yet it es nice, too. It makes one think of God and 'is goodness to us and makes a man feel glad. 'I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, Oh, Jerusalem,'" continued Tom, quoting softly to himself one of the Psalms that he loved.

Mrs. Penhall returned with the forgotten hymn-book and together they proceeded across the road to the church. Quite a crowd of men and boys stood around outside, but Tom, beyond a pleasant smile and nod here and there, did not pause for he thought that

it was an evil to stand around outside as some did and then come in when the service had commenced. Tom believed that all ought to be in their seats when the service began. The Boss and his daughter went into the little choir circle, for Tom was one of the bass singers and Alice was the organist at times, though she much preferred to allow Nellie Penryn play and take part in the singing herself. The whole choir was present with the exception of Thomas, who refused to attend a "scab church."

A hush fell over the whole audience as the aged pastor, the Rev. Mr. Dunn, entered the pulpit and began the opening service. The hymn was read and then sung with a hearty good will.

"When all thy mercies, Oh, my God,  
My rising soul surveys,  
Transported with the view I'm lost  
In wonder, love and praise."

The sixth chapter of Galatians was read and then came the text and the sermon. There was renewed interest for there was something that made the audience think of present times.

"Every man shall bear his own burden. Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ." The preacher paused for a moment, during which he cleaned his glasses, that had become slightly moist.

"Strangely inconsistent do these passages appear upon the first cursory examination of them. How can a man bear his own burdens and yet have another bear them for him, and how can a man bear his own burdens and shoulder the burdens of his brother?" The preacher then referred tenderly and sympathetically to the hardships of the times and the burdens that were being borne by the poor.

"We have entered upon perilous times, times in which scenes of strife and violence and suffering are upon all sides and party feeling is rife, and yet, is there not a great deal of misunderstanding from which hardships arise? We look too much through our

own spectacles instead of through the spectacles of others, and our own grievances seem mountainous at times, while our brothers' lives seem, to our beclouded vision, entirely free from care."

Continuing his discourse, he showed that all men were subject to the common heritage of work, hardship and burden bearing, that no one was exempt from the common experience of mankind. He knew that he was treading upon dangerous ground when he made a plea for the condition of employers and their responsibilities, but like a brave old hero, he was equal to the task. His people had a most bitter feeling toward the operator and those in authority, and the feeling was not Christian-like and must be removed. He must tell the people what they did not like to hear, but it was for their good.

"As a people, you have always been reasonable and just, and I wish now to use that good reasoning power of yours to ameliorate, if possible, the feeling against those who have charge in business matters. You know your own troubles and trials and they are grievous to bear but has the operator no burden and is he devoid of care as we sometimes fondly, but unjustly, imagine? There is a burden of responsibility that we little think of and of which the working man knows nothing." He spoke of the labor of rulership and of finance, the difficulties of marketing the prepared product and of securing for ready payment at the proper time the thousands of dollars that went out to the officials and employes as salaries, the expending of large sums, at a risk at times, to receive greater returns after years of waiting, or perhaps to have the initial sums entirely lost through mismanagement or the precarious condition of the markets. "Now I know, my brethren, that there are various complaints that are being made against the grasping and avarice of employers, and with a great deal of truth, but has the employer no burdens to bear and can there not be some sympathy for him in the midst of his labors,

as well as for the labors of those whom we understand better? Believe me, my brethren, be not prone to judge too harshly in matters of which we know so little. Better not judge at all than to judge wrongly. You do not realize the burdens he carries."

The aged pastor spoke of the kind nature of their own individual employer, Mr. Hoyt. Did any one ever know a case of distress that was presented to him that did not straightway touch his heart and his pocket-book? When any public movement for the benefit of the masses was in progress and needed the requisite finance to support it, he was always ready to assist. If there was a child sick in the town of Mayoton, or a household down with disease, there was a nurse and perhaps a couple of nurses sent free of charge to attend the afflicted ones until they were once more in a state of health. He did not need to do this. There was no law and no expectation that such should be done. And yet he did it out of the kindness of his own heart. There were grateful looks upon the faces of some, for they realized personally the truth of the pastor's words. Then with a great burst of eloquence the minister turned again to the trials of those who had great interests at stake and their burdens. There was the constant competition with greater capital,—the compelling force of greater corporations,—the fact that the individual operator was in many respects like the Israelites of old, between the great kingdoms of Assyria and Egypt, like grain between the upper and nether millstones. The operator is frequently between labor on the one hand, and strong combinations of capital on the other, who almost compel him to obey them. The pastor stated that he had selected this theme because he knew it was to no purpose to tell them of their own grievances, for they knew them well enough already, and needed not that any one should uncover the sore of their present discomfort. What he desired them to do in the present time was to be more charitable to the operators and to have a

greater Christian spirit, to hate all lawlessness, to be orderly and sober, trusting that Divine Providence would make a way out of their troubles.

There were many earnest and sober faces throughout the sermon. George Penryn, in speaking of the matter afterward, said that the pastor had opened his eyes in reference to the operator; the figure of the operator between the upper and nether millstone was a very forceful one; the millstone of labor and greater capital. But the Rev. Mr. Dunn was not the only one that preached on the strike situation on that bright Sabbath day. If he had presented one side of the question that his people especially needed, so had the Rev. Mr. Lees. The First Presbyterian church, of the nearby city, was crowded on that memorable day. The rumor that the famous pastor was going to preach upon the subject that was agitating all minds had leaked out and eight hundred faces greeted him from the pews of the large building. Arthur Hoyt and wife were in their accustomed pew, near the center of the side isle, and on the other side of the building was the pew of Owen Gwynne, with its accustomed occupants. Gwynne had recovered from the attack of the foreigners, and nothing was indicative of the fact except a deep scar on the forehead where the club struck him in the melee upon the Mayoton road. It was the first time since the sickness of Gwynne that he had attended church, and there were many curious minds, but the well-bred congregation was too courteous to stare. Near the great organ of hundreds of gilded pipes in the rear of the pulpit were the paid singers—all men with well trained voices. Softly at first, and then with greater volume, the strains of the voluntary filled the building, sinking at one time to a faint wail, as of a child sobbing, and then rising into sweeter music as the great bass pipes began to boom and then softly rumble, then came the full diapason, and the building was filled with the swelling sound. It died away at length as softly as it had begun; and then

came the service. The first hymn was old Dundee and, in decorous order, the singers took their stations.

“Great God, how infinite art thou!

How frail and weak are we!

Let the whole race of creatures bow

And pay their praise to thee.”

The song increased in volume as voice after voice joined in and then, as if the organ was jealous of its prerogative as a leader, swelled forth thunderous chords of music, booming, growling, rumbling, pealing, yet music withal, until the art glass windows vibrated, trembled and quivered in fear and participated in their own manner in the strains of praise. The hymn was ended, the organ silenced, the scripture read, again came the sound of melody, and then the sermon.

The Rev. Mr. Lees was a tall man, smooth faced, yet not boyish in appearance. His face was not a handsome one, yet there was something about it that was admirable. There was forcefulness there and yet gentleness, and his dark eyes and a slight southern expression now and then gave him somewhat of the Randolph appearance.

In smooth, sonorous tones the text was read from the book of Haggai, the prophet. “‘The silver and the gold are mine, saith the Lord.’

“It was a great and notable time in the half-built city of Jerusalem. For seven days it has been crowded with pilgrims and warriors, streaming through the broken gates and waste places. The blaring of trumpets, the clanging of shields, the shouting of captains, the clink, clink, clink of the swords, the clashing of the loud sounding cymbals, thrumming of harps, and the shouts of the people, indicate some great and notable occurrence in the calendar of Israel. Things, as equally strange to the eye as well as to the ear, appear. The nobleman has left his palace and the poor peasant his hut upon the mountain side; the courtier, the court; the farmer, his plow; the rich man, his man-

sion, and the poor man, his cottage. All are within the walls, abiding in booths and tents of green boughs for it is the Feast of Tabernacles and the last day of the feast. In the midst of the afternoon temple worship, the prophet Haggai arises and speaks this sentence in the ears of the people. 'The silver and the gold are mine, saith the Lord of Hosts.'

"They were living in dangerous and stirring times when there was much dissatisfaction, and similar times are we twentieth century people living in to-day, times when there is great dissatisfaction among all classes of society. We read of disturbing features in the whole make-up of our nation. Every blast brings to our ears something of the popular tumult and agitation that has permeated society as a whole. There are agitations in the money marts of the world, and disturbing features among the laboring classes that cause all mankind to suffer, and the very social fabric of our nation to tremble as if in the throes of dissolution. A wave of commercialism and wealth has swept with irresistible force over our country, and the struggle after the good material things of life so consumes the attention of men and women that they often lose sight of Christian principles and the thought, so ably given by the prophet, that what the people of earth possess is not really theirs, but only a loan from God and belongs to Him. If this text means anything it means that the wealth of the world belongs to God and is only entrusted to that person who has ability to handle it. Think not, my friends, if you have thus been entrusted with great things that your possession is irrespective of a greater owner. Virtually all things belong to God, and we are his trustees. You have ability to handle money and executive qualifications to increase what you have. God has therefore given these possessions to you. You are the trustee. The poor man has not the executive ability to handle great sums, and may never have greater possessions than he has. He is a

child of the earth-family and you are the trustee for him in these matters."

Continuing the discourse, the preacher referred very lovingly to his congregation and to the charitable spirit that they had at all times manifested. He knew of some of them that never knew of a single case of distress, but what they had taken steps to alleviate it. The people of his charge were as affectionate as any; the same kind heart that he had observed in other charges, he had likewise seen here. But what he especially had to condemn in people to-day was the non-application of Christian principles to business life.

"The student of political economy tells us that the law of supply and demand regulates all things in the business world, and it is true. The greater the supply the market has, the cheaper the goods become, and the scarcer the article, the higher its price. This is true in the abstract in material things, but I desire to emphatically protest against the application of such a principle in its entirety to the human individual.

"Don't take advantage of that harsh, inexorable principle in dealing with labor, notwithstanding what political economy says to the contrary. A righteous, loving charity for the working man ought to prevail. The employer frequently knows nothing of the poor in his employ and never knows whether they have sufficient to live on or not. Many care for nothing more than the augmentation of their profits, and care not by what methods the same are increased. As long as the chief man in control makes it pay well they seem not over-anxious to know how or by what means. The great curse of the nation to-day is not the many things that are referred to, but the insane grasping after more profit, the love to be wealthier than some one else, and so the profits are pushed to the extreme and some one must suffer. All are struggling for wealth and the weaker are trodden underfoot; they cry out in their anguish but we turn a deaf ear to

their pleas. It is not Christ-like. 'Live and let live,' should be our motto.

"Though there are great deeds done under the inspiration of poverty yet what crimes stain the fair page of history through the same influence and especially when there is a grinding heel overhead? I start back aghast whenever I think of the savage atrocities of the Reign of Terror. Will it ever come again? Will labor arise in his might and bring upon the land a period of unspeakable bloodshed? Not if the laborer is treated Christ-like. Various cures for national ills are advocated and gain supporters, which only seek to reform the exterior while the interior is left in the same precarious state as before. There is only one cure and that is the one that I am advocating to-day, and which Peter and Paul and others advocated before, and that is the thorough application of Christian principles to active business life. More Christianity we need; more brotherliness, for God is our common Father. The laboring man is a brother and should be treated as such. Let him have a little of this world's goods, a little of its pleasures; or woe, woe, and war will come upon the land, consecrated by the labor of Washington, and American heroes. Already, though wrongly, do the laboring classes look upon the rich as their enemies. It was so in France in 1789. You know what followed, the lilies of France were drenched with blood. More applied Christianity would have averted the Reign of Terror."

Hoyt during this part of the discourse did not look at the minister, but sat apparently in a brown study, flushed once or twice, but not very perceptibly.

The preacher then referred to cases of distress, one in particular of which he had heard, as the result of this mercenary spirit of the times. It was the story of the Widow McGlyn and her family, but he mentioned no names. His attitude was very dramatic and there was a winning pleading in his tones, as he described the scenes of that humble abode, the story

of the potato and the talk of the children among themselves. How he had heard these facts, no one knew. The whole scene of that beggarly little dwelling arose before that aristocratic audience. They saw the holes in the shades, the miserable patched carpet, the widow anxiously searching for the crust of bread in the empty pantry, the little pinched faces of Patty and Rosie, and the mournful weeping forms of the desolate. It came before them as a series of panoramic pictures, and there was many a stifled sigh and the glistening of moisture on eye-lashes.

Following up the advantage he had gained, the speaker asked whether these things should continue on account of a dollar or two on either side. He knew that he had men in his congregation that were employers, and they had kind hearts whenever they knew of any distress that they could relieve. Here was distress on a great scale, how great was not yet known for people would not reveal all the privations and sufferings to which they had been subjected. He knew that the subject had not been investigated as it should be, and he knew that the Christian spirit of his people would not allow this address to fall to the ground without taking some profit from it. "Remember," he said, in conclusion, "the words of our Lord, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"

After a period of silent prayer the congregation was dismissed. Members said that the sermon was the masterpiece of Lees' life, and that they wondered how he had the courage to preach like that, inasmuch as the points fell and struck severely on all sides. Mr. Arthur Hoyt called upon the clergyman sometime after the service, and thanked him for the able discourse. He was a manly fellow, was Hoyt. There were many things in the discourse of which he had not thought before, and they were brought very forcibly to his mind.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## ANOTHER NEW REGIME.

**M**R. PENHALL, you are wanted at the office," said a boy to Boss Tom as that worthy was resting one afternoon upon his front portico. Tom had been up most of the night before watching the breaker and other property of the company, and was resting an hour or so after his early supper before again resuming the weary watching of the night. The lad who had brought the message could say nothing about it.

"I suppose," thought Tom to himself, "that Gwynne wants to see me about something or other and yet I doant like to 'ave much to do weth 'e, since that time that Jimmy told me about how he had lied about George, and yet I suppose that I 'ave to go and see."

Muttering to himself, Boss Tom arose, placed his hat upon his head and went to the office of the company. There was a team of spirited bays that Tom recognized standing outside in care of a hostler. The owner of those horses was not accustomed to being kept waiting and the Boss hastened his footsteps. Swinging open the door of the paymaster's office, he found the long room totally empty, and he turned to the private office when the door was opened by the operator himself.

"I thought that Mr. Gwynne was here and had sent for me," Tom said, as if apologizing for his intrusion.

"No, no, Tom; I have sent for you myself to have a little personal talk. Mr. Gwynne is not here and—but of that later."

Mr. Arthur Hoyt had seated himself in the favorite desk-chair of Gwynne's and was gazing scrutinizingly

at Tom, who was standing in a respectful manner nearby. A fire was burning in the grate, though it was not cold, and sent a cheerful glow over the interior. Finally Hoyt spoke, "Sit down, Mr. Penhall, for a minute or two; I want you to tell me one or two things about the men in the strike. Is there any oppression in this mine of which you know?"

Tom took the chair that was indicated, and then there was silence for a moment or two, when Hoyt continued:

"You needn't be afraid, Mr. Penhall, of speaking out what you think freely for I know you to be honest. Tell me first about the running of this mine for the last few months and about the miners and their families."

"Well," said Tom, "there was no oppression that I knew of, at most not much, when McCue was the superintendent, but since Mr. Gwynne 'as been the one in control, there 'as been very many complaints."

"Tell me about the men and how they live and about their earnings."

Tom thus encouraged began with more confidence:

"Well, the earnings of the miners depend upon the place they 'ave to work in. Sometimes the vein of coal doant pitch very much and then they 'ave a harder time loading the coal into the cars than they 'ave when the vein pitches a great deal. 'Ee see, Mr. Hoyt, it is easier for the coal to be loaded when it runs down the breast of its own accord. Now one of the men in my slope had such a flat breast that 'e 'ad to shovel the coal two or three times afore 'e could get un in the car and so on account of that 'e wasn't able to send out much coal all the time 'e was in that place. This was old Dicky Curnow. Then sometimes the breast pitches too much—that es it is too steep and the breast 'ave to be always full of coal for the miners to do any work, for they must 'ave something to stand upon to work; so some months they daren't draw out much coal or they will spoil their places for working. During the

time they are driving up the breast they don't draw out much and so their pay is small; but when they have driven up the breast and are drawing out, they make high pay."

"Go on," said Hoyt, as he lit another cigar.

"Well, then the vein at times becomes very thin and slaty and 'ard to blast, and, of course, the miner can't send out many cars of pure coal; sometimes he gets docked far those 'e does send out and that, added to the cost of blasting it, for it takes more powder, makes it very 'ard for 'im to get along, and 'e makes starvation wages if 'e is paid by the car. Then ef 'e is paid by the yard he receives trouble too. If the vein is hard, slaty and thick, it cost much to drive it, and the men say as how powder is too dear, too."

"What, you a striker too!" said Hoyt with a trace of a smile upon his face.

"No," said Tom, with a little flush upon his countenance, "I'm no striker, for I hold that strikes neither help the working man nor the operator, but injure both, no matter who wins, but the powder es too high. Then the men complain of the docking boss that they had under Gwynne, Mr. Henny. I know myself, that cars of coal were docked when there wasn't the slightest reason why they should be docked except that the superintendent desired to increase the profits of the company. Now when a miner doant make out well because 'e is driving up a breast of coal and must leave loose coal in the breast to stand upon to work it, it is 'ard enough for 'im to be docked then; but when the breast is worked out and 'e is drawing out 'is coal and 'e is docked sometimes a tenth of the cars that 'e sends out, it is enough to make any one cross. A miner sometimes makes, for some months, on an average of thirty dollars a month and then he begins to draw out 'is coal and 'e makes for that month say from a hundred to a hundred and forty dollars, and then 'e gets docked for it, it is too 'ard to bear. Then there are some wicked rascals that doant say anything

about the months that 'e gets about thirty dollars, but point to the months that he draws a hundred or so dollars, and say that the miner is well paid, for see what he gets a month. Then the miners say as how the cars are getting bigger every year and they ought to be paid by the ton and not have to 'eap up the cars as they have 'ad to do, for it falls off anyway afore it gets to the top."

"Well, and what about the company store and the company butcher?" said Hoyt.

"They are all right in themselves, but when it comes to making a man spend one-third and sometimes one-half of his income in the company store and threatening 'im with being discharged ef 'e doesn't, it isn't right."

"Well, isn't it right for a man to patronize the company that gives him work?" asked Hoyt, a little testily.

"No," said Tom, "not to that extent. You see, Mr. Hoyt, the miners want a little money to handle as well as other people. The miner wants to save up a little money for a rainy day and wants to 'ave a bank account as well as other people. There are doctors to pay and perhaps a little 'ome that he wants to own sometime or other, and then, perhaps, 'e wants to send 'is children off to school, and the company can't do that for 'im, and you see that the miner can't spend as much as Gwynne wants 'im to do or 'e will be poor all 'is life."

Hoyt was listening, an occasional flush coming upon his face.

"Then that is not all, for a miner that wants to save up 'is money and doant spend much can't get a good place, for the best places must be given to the men that spend the most of their earnings in the company store. The miner that es careful of 'is money and tries to save, is given a wet place where 'e will catch the rheumatism and can't make much money," and Tom continued to give the operator a clear statement in

his own homely way of the condition of the miners and the extortions of Gwynne. "I 'ave known miners to make out so poorly that their little ones 'ad to work all night in the city mills to make enough to make their parents' earnings keep the family from starvation. Then the same children 'ave to be kept out of their schooling for the truant officer can be easily outwitted. People will tell 'ee too, Mr. Hoyt, that the miner receives big pay and they never tell of the laborers that 'e 'as to pay afore he can call 'is money 'is own. Now, take for instance a miner's check. On the check that 'e gets from the office, afore 'e gets 'is pay, 'e 'as at the top, say, if 'e makes out well and is drawing out 'is coal, a hundred and forty dollars at the most. 'E pays out of that sixty dollars for 'is helpers or laborers, that makes out sixty dollars for 'imself, out of which 'e 'as to pay a 'eavy powder bill, store bills, house-rent, doctor's bill and a sight of other bills, and 'e doesn't 'ave much left after all the bills are paid. That is when the pay is good and 'e is drawing out 'is coal; but when 'e is working up the breast and can't send out much coal and 'as to pay 'is laborer or laborers, ef 'e 'as more than one, and the 'eavy powder bill and the other expenses, after it is all told 'e 'asn't nothing at all to show that 'e 'as been working, except a sore pair of shoulders. There are some men, Mr. Hoyt, that will point to the wages without saying nothing of the laborer's pay, the powder bill and the other expenses that 'as to come out of them afore the miner can say that what 'e receives is 'is own."

"Well," said Hoyt, as Tom finished speaking, "I didn't know things were as bad as you have told me. I think that if I was a miner, I certainly would be a striker, too. You needn't watch at the breaker to-night, for there will be no occasion for it. I saw Mr. Gwynne and had a talk with him, and am convinced that he is not the man I want for superintendent any longer. He is at the present time out of office. We had a talk, a short time before you came in, and he re-

fused to adopt any other plan than the one that has been tried and proved so lamentably deficient; for though he has increased the profits of the mine enormously since he was in office, yet the company has lost by the strike more than he gained by his methods and when he refused to change his plans I discharged him. The mine has now no supeintendent," Hoyt paused for a moment during which he scanned the countenance of Tom closely and then he continued.

"Do you know of any one, Tom, that could take up the work?"

Tom thought for a moment and then shook his head.

"Mr. Penhall, how do you think that you could run this mine as the superintendent?"

Tom was a little taken back by this abrupt proposal of the operator.

"Do 'ee mean it, Mr. Hoyt?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Hoyt.

"If you would be satisfied with the profits that were made under the superintendency of McCue—I suppose that I could do the work," responded Tom, after a pause.

"I think, on the whole, that McCue paid me fully as well as Gwynne, all things being considered. You can have the position and get those to assist you that you think will be suitable for the various departments. You can call the committee and tell them to come here and we will see what we can do about the things of which they complain. And don't forget to come back yourself." Tom arose and went without and the operator awaited the return of the new superintendent and the strikers' committee.

The news went around the town of Mayoton like wild-fire and soon not only the committee, but whole crowds of strikers were upon the scene. It was dark, but the lights from the store and office windows flashed and streamed out of the numerous panes and drank up eagerly the outside darkness; eager faces

could be seen here and there, expectant faces, curious faces, for Hoyt had sent for the men, the committee, and it was said upon good authority that a settlement was about to be reached. Lads, breaker lads, had gathered and found their own stations; some on each other's shoulders; some on the telegraph pole just outside the office window. There was the same intense curiosity and interest manifested as upon a former occasion when the committee had been in the office.

The committee filed into the private office of the company. There was O'Donnel, tall and bony; Jones, the Welshman; Gallagher, Tony, Gusha and Adam.

"Gentleman," said Hoyt, "I have sent for you for a conference upon the strike question and think that we can terminate this dead-lock. You needn't speak about your grievances as Mr. Penhall has been telling me about them as fairly as you yourselves could tell them. I have been considering them and others and have thought that some of them were worthy of being granted. The compulsory buying in the company store has been carried too far. I had no idea that it was as bad as it has been until Mr. Penhall told me of it. Compulsory buying shall cease. The store shall be as it always has been, but if you wish to buy elsewhere you can do so.

"In reference to the desired increase in wages, you shall receive not what you desired, but fifteen per cent. advance, that will be a five per cent. advance over the price of last year. That is not much, some of you may think, but when you consider the other offer in the reduction of powder, I think that you will be satisfied. The percentage of increase applies to company men and also to miners. Black powder shall come down to a dollar and a half a keg and dualin powder to twelve cents a pound.

"The docking system shall be abolished, but any miner sending out too much slate and not pure coal shall be discharged. There will be some official to

take account of the cars, and hereafter if there are any grievances I want you to especially agree to come to me, or to the superintendent in charge, and make complaint and the grievances shall be obviated. Do you accept the conditions?"

"We'll hev to put it before the Organization, Mr. Hoyt, and see what they will do wid it, but I think so far as the likes av us we would accept but far wan thing," said O'Donnel.

"And what is that?"

"That is the raporting and complaining to the superintendent whin anything goes wrong; for ye see, Gwynne would discharge a man that would do the likes av that."

"You need have no doubts on that, for Mr. Gwynne is no longer superintendent of Mayoton and the one that is superintendent now will act right and justly."

"If you're sure av that," said O'Donnell doubtfully and slowly.

"The new superintendent is there; Mr. Penhall is the superintendent of the mines from now on," and Hoyt waved his hand at Boss Tom, who was near by.

"What, Boss Tom the superintendent!" exclaimed O'Donnel, and not even the presence of Hoyt could restrain a faint cheer from the committee, that was heard without. "If Tom is the superintendent, thin I says we don't need any other agreement or conditions whativer. You need have no fear, Mr. Hoyt, that the min won't accept the conditions, for whin they are told that Tom is the superintendent, they won't care about the conditions at all."

"There, there," said Hoyt as the committee gathered around Tom and shook hands with him, congratulating him upon his accession to power, "there, that will do, and now go out and tell your Organization and then I want to speak to the men for a moment."

The committee thanked Hoyt and withdrew.

Meantime outside the crowd of miners had increased and the ambitious breaker lads were climbing higher

on the telegraph pole, some pulling others down in their attempt to get better positions for observation.

"What's Hoyt a doing?" asked one out of view of the window.

"He's just a talking and the others are a listening," came the answer from the one who had the point of vantage.

"Has Tony a knife in his boot and what's he a doing?"

"He's back behind the hull crowd a doing nawthing," was the discouraging answer.

"Leggo my leg, dang ye," and the uppermost of the string of human monkeys let fly a kick that sent another to the ground, howling and calling the ambitious top-lad a "bloody darg," and similar pleasant vocatives.

"Ah-h-h, g'wan with ye," came back contemptuously from the exalted station above.

"What's O'Donnel doing now?" said another lad.

"He's talking and shaking his head."

"Is he a going to swipe him one?"

Then a faint cheer was heard inside.

"What's it all about?"

"Theys all around ould Tom and a shaking hands and a looking glad. Theys coming out."

There was an exodus from the pole, the youngsters sliding down to the great detriment of their clothes, and then hastening around to the entrance of the office. The miners and others were assembled here to a great number and had been talking earnestly among themselves. The door opened and out came the committee.

"Ye had better call a meeting of the Organization right here," said O'Donnel to George Penryn. Having ascertained that there was a majority present, the meeting was called to order and the committee reported the agreement offered by Hoyt.

"And these things will be carried out because Gwynne is no longer superintendent."

"Who's the new superintendent?" asked a voice back in the crowd.

"Tom Penhall."

There was a cheer from the men and when the time came for a vote there was not a dissenting voice.

Mr. Hoyt came out on the office steps and made a short speech to the men in which he told them that the mines would be open to-morrow and all that would report could receive their former positions if they wanted them. At the conclusion of his address he stated that he wanted them all to know that he had not yielded to force. He had learned some things about the miners, their wages, their living and conditions that he had not fully known before. Not that he was ignorant entirely of the affairs heretofore, but that they were presented to him in a different light. He had not made these concessions from fear or force, but from his present knowledge of things, and he wanted to see justice done. At the conclusion of his address he gave Tom the keys of the office and entering his carriage drove rapidly away amidst the hearty cheers of the men whom he had benefited. The men after his departure gathered around old Tom and cheered and seemed anxious to shake his hand, for they felt that somehow he was the cause of the strike being ended.

"Now, lemme go," said Boss Tom laughing, "or I shall sack 'ee, every one of 'ee."

The news that the strike was terminated, so far as Mayoton was concerned, was heralded far and near that night. Every man, woman and child knew that the long protracted struggle, the cause of poverty, sorrow and hard feeling, had come to a close, and it was a happy closing for in addition to the things that they had received there was the discharging of Gwynne, and Tom, the idol of the people, was the man now in charge of affairs. Superintendent Tom Penhall was a synonym for fairness and justness and his being superintendent was more than all the other

concessions combined. There was no occasion to watch the property that night for fear of incendiarism. There were fires—but they were not dangerous—they were bonfires expressing the people's joy at the coming of peace, happiness and work. A band serenaded Hoyt and Tom at their respective homes; it was a gala night for the citizens of Mayoton. Hoyt had seen the operators some time before his meeting with Tom Penhall, and had told them that he intended to grant his men some concessions and begin work as soon as possible. They had urged him to remain out, but he had made up his mind and that was sufficient for him.

The mines of Mayoton were in full blast the following day, and the chough, chough, of the steam shovels, the creaking of cables, the rattling of car wheels, all seemed in their own way to rejoice that the long contest was over. Superintendent Tom was sadly put to, at the first, to secure officials for one or two positions that were vacant. Bruce, foreman of Number Two, had resigned and gone out west to take charge of some new venture. Tom needed a foreman to put in his place, and also a foreman for Number One, made vacant by his own elevation to the superintendent's office. For the first day the positions were filled temporarily until the coming to the office of Operator Hoyt on the following evening.

"Whom do you recommend?" asked Hoyt.

Tom promptly mentioned the names of George Penryn and Jimmy O'Donnel.

"Were they not leaders of the last strike?"

"They were," responded Tom, undaunted, "but they are honest and capable young men, besides they saved the breaker from burning, and also saved me from being killed by that rogue, Delucca, that night when the Hitalians tried to burn the property." Tom related the story and when he had finished, Hoyt nodded his head. "Well, we need good, honest bosses, and you can give them the positions."

Operator Hoyt was gone, and Tom was again alone in the office. The consent of Hoyt was the thing that he despaired of and now that was given. It was Tom's chance now to return George's favor, and no one could have done it with a happier will. Calling out to one of the timekeepers in the regular office, he sent him for George and Jimmy. He waited a little impatiently their arrival. They were good boys, and he had misjudged George badly, and must make some amends. He had not even thanked George for saving his life at the breaker. He had forgotten it at that time, for the fire was engaging the attention of every one, and afterward, he thought he had better wait until he could thank him in a better form than with empty words. The time had come at last. There was the sound of approaching feet upon the steps, then in the little hall-way, and then the door opened and in came the objects of his thoughts. Tom, with a glad look in his eyes, told them both to sit down, and then he told George how wrongly he had misjudged him when Gwynne had told him that he had cheated the company. He was sorry for it now, and he had only waited until he could thank him also for saving his life at the breaker, until he was able to do it better than by words, and the time had come.

"You, Jimmy, too, are a good boy, and deserve a raise, and so I want you both to be foremen of the slopes. George can go to Number One, and, Jimmy, you can be the foreman of Number Two. And now," said Tom, seeking to cut short their thanks, "you can both report to-morrow morning, and I must go home, for it is after supper time."

The backbone of the strike was broken all over the region; the other mines soon resumed work also. Operators discovered that it did not pay for the mines of Hoyt to be working, and their own to remain idle; so they compromised with their men and began work upon a new system. The miners were well satisfied for they had gained nearly all that they had asked.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

## BOSS TOM HAS TROUBLE.

THE wedding of Jimmy O'Donnel and Mary Dolan was one of the most brilliant affairs that the little mining village of Mayoton had ever witnessed. It was kept secret for a time, until all preparations had been consummated, but then the little busy bee of gossip was abroad and there had been vague rumors. The ceremony was held in the Roman Catholic church of the nearby city, Father Phelan officiating, and George and Alice in the train of wedding attendants, as best man and bridesmaid, respectively. But it was not the bridal couple that attracted the attention of George. Neither they, nor the officiating priest, in his magnificent flowing robes, occupied so much of his mind as the lovely figure of the bridesmaid, attired in white organdie, and carrying a magnificent bouquet of red roses,—Alice, with the deep, brown-gold hair and the smooth, broad white brow, and the sweet expression of countenance, hers from childhood, yet now matured with the dignity of womanhood, was she ever so lovely as now? he thought. The wedding service was over before he was aware of it, and then came the return to Dolan's home.

Peter Dolan had at last yielded to the request of his wife, and the depredations of the goats, and had moved to the house that Boss Bruce vacated in Quality Row. It was there that the wedding dinner was served, and the place was decorated in fitting fashion. Peter was enjoying himself as much as any one; he and Tom seemed the moving spirits of mischief. It was he and Tom that had gathered all the old shoes that they

could find in the neighborhood, ready to fling them after the carriage that was standing at the door. George had secured several pounds of rice from the store, and when the party set out for the depot, they were fairly deluged with the grainy material. It rained boots and shoes and rice for the distance of a hundred yards or so, and Superintendent Tom laughed at the fun, until the tears ran down his cheeks.

That night there was choir practice at the church just across from Tom's home. Mrs. Penhall had at last objected to the many assemblages that were held at her house on account of the dust and mud that would invariably be brought in. It was old Dicky Curnow to whom she objected most, for she had noticed that he paid no attention to the cleaning of his heavy shoes. It would not do to tell poor old Dicky of his offense, so Tom had at length yielded to the inevitable, and the practice was held henceforth in the church across the way. The hymns were practiced, and then there was a lull, during which the termination of the strike was discussed.

"Well," said Tom, making his remarks general, "I thought that ef Hoyt knew the exact state of affairs, 'e would grant the things wanted by the men, and I 'ope now that we'll 'ave nothing but 'appy prospects afore us."

"I think it was all through the talk that Mr. Penhall had with Mr. Hoyt before he sent for the committee," volunteered George Penryn.

Tom shook his head as if in the negative.

"I think it was the help that the men gave at the attempted burning of the breaker," said Big Bill.

"I believe that it was the sermon that Rev. Lees preached the Sunday before," said Alice, "for we all heard how pointed he had made that sermon, and some said that Hoyt thanked Lees afterward for it."

Nellie, thus encouraged by the example of Alice, chimed in with her opinion, and then the others gave

theirs. When nearly all had expressed themselves, Tom spoke.

"I believe that all of they things came in to soften Hoyt's heart toward the men, but I think that back of it all was the leading providence of God," and in this opinion, old Dicky, who had not spoken, acquiesced with a sage nod of the head. "Ah was," he said, simply and reverentially.

George Penryn, after the expression of his opinion, was entirely engrossed in a little side conversation with Alice. Now that George was once more in favor with Tom, he was a constant visitor at the Penhall home, and very prompt in his attendance upon the choir practice at the church. When he called at Tom's home, he generally asked for Mr. Penhall, but whether he was home or not, he always stayed and had a chat with Alice. All the old fire that had been dormant in his heart during the days of the strike, on account of the coldness of Tom to himself, was now arising into a flame again. Alice, herself, was slowly suspecting something that she had scarcely realized before the strike. She was gradually coming to understand herself, and by that light, George. This evening, in their quiet side conversation, he was telling her of his future prospects. There was a light in his eyes, and also in hers. Tom continued the conversation, and then finding that his auditors were all drifting into side talks and whisperings, confined his remarks to old Dicky. Old Dicky was complaining of the place he had to work in before the strike.

"Us can't maake a living theere, Tom, and never cud. Us 'as got to shovel the coaal two or three times afore us can get un in the car. Ah's slavish; the vein doant pitch scarcely at all."

"'Ee shall 'ave a new place, Dicky, and a good one at that. 'Ee 'ave been in poor places too long, and the best place in the gangway, which will be the third breast in the extension, shall be yours."

The conversation was still going on in the corner

near the organ. George may have been telling a fairy tale, for the interest that the organist manifested. Tom did not, and never had, suspected a thing of the principle back of those conversations, either at his own home, or at the church. Simple-hearted soul that Tom was, he believed George had always come to the house to see him, or to make a friendly call upon the home people. Tom forgot the fact that he himself was once a youth, forgot the fact that his Allie was no longer the child that she was in former years, but a full grown, and unusually attractive woman. George, to him, was his mine-foreman, the boy that he had instructed and trained. He felt as a father toward an adopted son, but the idea of a son according to law,—that had never dawned upon his mind.

“Do ’ee ’ear, George, give Dicky the third breast in the new gangway that they are making. ’E ’as been too long in that poor place, and ’e ought to ’ave the best place to make up for the poor times of the past.” The remark of Tom was a bomb that broke up the corner conversation.

“All right,” said George.

“We’ll ’ave to go over that hanthem again,” said Dicky, arising to his responsibility as a leader. The organist was again seated, and the choir members arranged themselves in their proper positions, and the practice went on until the chorister was satisfied. Then there was renewed talk as preparations were made to depart to their various homes. In the midst of it all, there was the patter of rain, faint at first, and then strong and constant, that beat upon the windows, and drenched the bare, unwilling trees without, that, like resisting lads, tossed their heads and moved their arms, seeking to avoid the scrubbing of the elements.

“There, ah’s raining, and I doant ’ave any umbrella,” said Dicky.

“’Ee could ’ave mine, ef it wasn’t for Allie,” responded Tom.

"I'll see that Alice gets over under mine," volunteered George.

"That will make it all right, and Dicky can come over to our gate weth me, and then 'e can 'ave my umbrella the rest of the way home. I want to talk weth 'ee a bit, anyhow, Dicky." It was Superintendent Tom who had spoken..

"Bill, you must go home with me; I know that you will not let me get wet. Bill is my hero ever since he whipped half a dozen Hungarians," said Nellie Penryn gaily.

Big Bill laughed good naturedly, offered her a part of his umbrella, and together they started forth from the building.

"Wasn't the wedding nice?" asked Nellie, as she clung closely to his arm.

Bill said that he thought that it was, and then to help her over a ditch, he must needs put his great arm around her, and when upon the other side, the arm was not removed.

"I think that the wedding was nice," continued Bill, "and I think that there will be another that will be just as nice, sometime soon."

"Oh, Bill, do tell me; who do you think it will be?" said Nellie, as she managed, much to Bill's surprise, to smuggle herself out of his encircling arm.

"Well," said Bill, a little slowly, "they may be George and Alice, and then they may be me and—"

"Oh, you and who?"

"Just me," said Bill, a little slowly.

"Oh, but you must have some one to marry," said the girl, "do tell me."

"I may sometime," answered Bill.

Tom had assisted old Dicky in putting out the lights and the younger people had not waited for them. The mine-foreman of Number One gave Alice half of his umbrella, and together they started across the road. The wedding was the absorbing theme, and together they chatted about the prospects of their

youthful friends. The gate was reached, and they went within, and entered the house. Soon came the sound of tramping footsteps, and above the constant downpour of rain could be heard a voice, rarely heard during the strike period, humming the old refrain,—

“Sweeping through the gates of the New Jerusalem  
To do de do de do de to do.”

It was Tom; something had made him happy, perhaps the giving of the best breast to poor old Dicky. He entered the parlor, his countenance a contrast to the outside inclemency. He divested himself of his top-coat, and then proceeded to warm himself by the glowing fire. He was called out into the kitchen by Mrs. Penhall, who had a keener eye for the last few weeks than her husband. Mrs. Penhall whispered something to him, that at first seemed to fill him with surprise, and then with anger. He refused to be shut out of the parlor, however, and went back again, though he did not enter much into the conversation. George, perceiving that Tom said little, though he remained in the room, speedily took his departure. Alice wondered what made her father so silent all the evening, for even when George had departed, he was taciturn, and the joyous look that was upon his features when he entered, had been displaced by moody silence. At length, unable to restrain herself any longer, she asked him.

“What is it, father? You have scarcely spoken three words all evening. What is the matter? Do you feel sick?”

Her father evaded the question in a clumsy manner that made her more suspicious than she was before, and she again asked him. Tom was obdurate and would give her no satisfaction, and so, at last she was constrained to give up the quest, and since it was bed-time, she retired.

Alice out of the way, the restraint to Mrs. Penhall's tongue was gone also.

“I knew that there was something in the wind for

quite a long time, but I didn't say anything about it for fear that I was wrong, but now I'm certain. Why has he been coming 'ere so often if there is not something like that in his mind?" said Mrs. Penhall to her husband.

"I never thought of it," said Tom in some irritation, "and I think that ah edn't right, and I won't 'ave it."

"But George is a good lad, and saved your life at the breaker, too," interjected Mrs. Penhall, "and then I think that Allie likes him, too."

"I doant care ef 'e did save my life at the breaker! To think that 'e 'as been coming 'ere for the purpose of taking away Allie. I'll not 'ave it! I'll thraw 'im out of doors, the next time 'e comes!" said Tom, in some wrath.

"You must remember, Tom, that you were young yourself, once, and used to come to see me, and my father didn't throw you out of doors," said Mrs. Penhall.

"I never used deceit; when I come to see you, they all knawed it, and your father knawed it. 'E 'as been coming 'ere for quite a time, and I halways supposed that he was coming to see me, and 'e wasn't at all, and that was deceit."

"No, it isn't; that is love," said Mrs. Penhall. "Young Mr. Gwynne came for the same purpose."

"They are both deceitful rogues, and neither of they shall 'ave 'er," said Tom, with another burst of wrath.

"Young Gwynne can't have her, for Alice refused him some time ago."

"He's as full of himpudence and deceit as George. They are both tarred with the same stick, and none of they shall come nigh here any more; they shan't darken the doors," and Tom brought his fist down upon the table in front of him, as if it was the object of his wrath.

"Mr. Gwynne won't come here any more now, for he has left the country."

"And neither shall the other rogue; I never 'ad such trouble in all my life. After all the bother I 'ad a-educating 'e for mine-foreman and getting 'im two good positions in the works, this is the way 'e returns the favor. 'E comes 'ere trying to steal Allie, and acts as deceitful about it as a fox, the rogue, asking to see me every time. 'E es an ungrateful rascal,—a hangler's thift."

This last term was the highest reproach that existed in Tom's vocabulary.

There was a change in the treatment of George Penryn by the superintendent, and an altered demeanor in the latter when he had occasion to speak to his mine-foreman of Number One. Tom was oppressed, and not the social character that he was formerly, and George wondered what new misfortune had arisen against him. At church, and at choir practice, the superintendent tucked his daughter's arm under his own, when he was returning. But Tom had a harder foe to fight. If it was the presence of his mine-foreman alone, he would have easily conquered, but another enemy arose that could not be ignored nor subdued. Alice began to decline in spirits and health, and Tom was on the edge of anxiety. The roses left her cheeks, and there was a general air of weariness and lassitude. There was that within her heart that she half suspected, but it took this treatment of her father's to stir into new life that which he wished to crush down. There was no chance of seeing George, now, and there was a longing in her heart that she could not repress. She would not go to the Penryn home, for that would not do. Sometimes a sight at a distance would greet her eyes; a figure in light boots and neat mining garb, approaching the office from the direction of the slope. It was a compact, manly figure. But her father did not wish her to see George, it appeared from his manner. So matters dragged on until even the hardy opposition and indignation of Tom could stand it no longer. There was another

conversation between Mrs. Penhall and her husband, and Tom gave in to what he thought was the inevitable.

"I suppose that it doant matter ef I do interfere," said Tom, sadly. "It won't make much difference." At the next choir practice Tom was absent.

"I doant knaw what us'll do, without Tom on the bass," said old Dicky, regretfully, "You others will 'ave to sing a bit stronger; but doant 'ee baal out and thunder, as if there were no one else singing, do 'ee 'ear?"

George was not troubled by the absence of Tom. He was delighted to have Alice all to himself.

The language of looks was used there that evening in the choir practice, eloquently suggestive of deeper thoughts in the breast of George. He was unconscious of his appearance, but he was not unconscious of a sense of elation. Sing! He would sing the hymns and anthems over for a time indefinite, for Tom was away, and he had no censor over his looks and words. The end of the practice came at last, and then came the home-going.

The parlor was empty that night of all but themselves. Alice was very shy and demure, but as she bade him good-night, after a very unprofitable talk, upon church music and kindred topics, George realized by a single glance in the eyes, soul-searching in themselves, that they had both revealed what it was so difficult to say in vocal utterance.

Old Tom was sad and gloomy that evening, seated in the sitting-room with his wife. Alice came to him as usual, and pillowed her head upon his breast and asked, in coaxing tones, what ailed him.

"I doant like to lose my little girl," he said, as he pressed her closer to himself. She hid her face in his coat; she knew what ailed her father, and there was silence for a time in the sitting-room, unbroken except by the steady tick,—tick,—tick,—of the clock.

"Now go to bed, Allie," said Tom; but Alice was

crying silently upon his coat, and the sight was too much for the old man, so he tried to comfort her as best he could, though his own heart needed as much comfort as any. He had been wrapped up so much in this, his only child, that it seemed hard to give her up to another.

"I don't want to hurt you, father."

"If you love George, you can have him, Allie."

"I don't want to leave you, father. I couldn't live without you."

Tom smoothed down the brown-gold tresses of her hair, and tried to laugh and crack a joke at his own expense, but it was but a sorry attempt.

Alice retired with tears in her eyes, and Mrs. Penhall went off to attend to some work in the kitchen. Tom still sat near the sitting-room fire, and gazed pensively into the steady, bright glow of the gleaming anthracite. There was a subtle attraction in the lambent, blue flames. The night was chilly without, and, though he was close to the fire, there was a chilly, empty sense within the superintendent's breast. He was musing to himself, sometimes half aloud.

"What would it be like, ef Allie go; no music and no singing. Ef I want to sing a bit I'll 'ave to tuney to myself." No bright face to greet him, all aglow with laughter, when he came home from work. That used to make him feel less tired, when he would see her all fixed up, neat and tidy, and with a smile upon her face. "It will be like burying her," he said aloud, and then he continued. "George es a good foreman, and Allie likes he, I suppose. 'E will make a good 'usband, but 'ow lonely we will be! It will make the 'ouse as wished as wishe can be, and I shall feel like a frenaid 'pon a gridiron. Ah es too bad. But then, ah must come sometime. Can't expect to keep the maid all the time 'ere at 'ome. I do believe that I'm getting to be an hold chucklehead a-worrying about it so. It will breagak up the family, though, and all the 'appy times that we used to 'ave. Ah es too bad that

she edn't a little maid still. 'Ow I used to carry 'er 'pon my shoulders then! And 'ow she used to laugh and sing! All our 'appiness will wend up in a brocken bubble, when Allie goes!"

There was silence for a time, the old man having ceased his vocal soliloquy. He sat there in silence gazing at the leaping flames within the heater; occasionally his lips moved, but no sound came from them. Then again, began the low murmur of his soliloquy. "What an old bufflehead I am, a ghastly hold coward, to stand in the way of the maid's 'appiness, and crule, unkind in me, too, but yet ah es too bad, to think that the little maid, that es the only one, the only lamb of the flock, 'as got to go away and—et es like putting 'er out of sight altogether, and me and the missis will be left 'ere all alone. But then, ah won't be far some time to come yet, and we'll 'ave summat of 'appiness while she's 'ere. Well, ef ah must be, ah must be." Tom again lapsed into silence, from which he did not arouse himself until the coming in of Mrs. Penhall from the kitchen. Then, murmuring to himself, he proceeded to lock the doors, preparatory to retiring.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

## FESTIVITIES.

THERE was the noise of mirth and festivity in one of the homes of Quality Row. James O'Donnel, the foreman of Number Two, and his wife had returned from their wedding trip, and their friends had given them a genuine surprise, gathering in from all quarters, and bringing gifts of various kinds. Peter Dolan had proposed to Mary that she and Jimmy should live in the house "beyant the Breaker." Mary indignantly refused to consider for a moment the proposition; they must have a home in Quality Row, like the rest of the bosses and officials, and so it was that they settled down in their home near the residence of Dolan Sr. Their home coming was a joyous time, for the whole neighborhood had come, resolved to give them a "house-warming." There was Alice Penhall, Bill Smith and his sister, Beatrice, Mike Clyde, and Nellie Penryn, and others. Alice engaged in conversation with Mary and Nellie, while George Penryn talked, now and then, spasmodically with Big Bill, much to the gratification and satisfaction of Mike Clyde. Mike had been thinking for quite a time that Beatty would make just as good a wife as a sister, and the present occasion but emphasized the thought in his mind. He resolved within his heart that he would ask her that very night, if he could get a chance, and Bill wasn't around. Bill might object, and that wouldn't do at all. If Bill wouldn't object he thought it might be of some assistance to have him "nigh," to sort of help him get through. Be that as it may, he was resolved to try that evening; the happiness of Jimmy and Mary, and

the sign of a comfortable home that was on all sides of him, all was too much for him to stand much longer. He had been leading a "dog's life of it" in the boarding houses ever since he had entered the mines, and that night should end the matter.

Big Bill turned his attention from George, whom he found pretty dull company; George was full of his own thoughts, and sat silently near by, occasionally contemplating Alice, who was conversing with Mary.

"Just as solemn as an owl," said Bill to Nellie, "and he is just as communicative as that same wise bird; I believe I would rather talk with you, Nellie."

Nellie understood to whom Bill referred, for she had been for some time amusing herself by casting roguish glances at Bill, endeavoring to make him laugh, which seemed to be an unfailing source of delight to her. "He's talking with Alice in his mind," said Nellie.

"I say," said Bill, after the conversation had been fairly started, "I'm going to take you sleigh riding this coming winter with a six mule team." There was a general laugh from two or three near by, who had overheard Bill's remark.

A commotion at the door disturbed the constant chatter of the many tongues. The newcomers were Lew Wilt, Belle Phillips, Gallagher and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Dolan and bringing up the rear, the tall form of the Coal and Iron Policeman, Finn.

"Here, here," said Finn, in a jovial voice, "if you don't keep less noise, I'll have to arrest ye all fer disturbing the peace."

"Just you try it," said Nellie. "Bill is my protector, and I don't care for all the police in the world when Bill is around."

"I don't think that I will bother ye," said Finn, with a broad grin upon his face. "If it was any one else than Bill I might be tempted to arrest ye both fer conspiracy, and then I would give the fellow in the

charge of me deputy, and I would arrest ye myself." There was a laugh at this broad joke of Finn.

Beatty's attention was here engrossed by Mrs. Gallagher, and Clyde heard her, much to his inward disgust and anger, telling Beatty what a "foine looking fellow that Finn was." "He would be the broth of a bye, fer the likes of ye, Beatty, so tall, and so straight, and strong, too, just like yer brother Bill."

Clyde turned around looking for some one to talk to. "If only old Tom was here, I mean Superintendent Tom, we would have the company complete," he said, half aloud. There was a hearty, sound thwack upon his back that made his entire frame shake with the force of the blow, and turning around, he beheld the object of his thoughts. There was the smiling face of Boss Tom himself, not quite so jovial as usual, but still pleasant, and there beyond him was the figure of Mrs. Penhall, talking in a confidential manner with Mrs. Dolan. Clyde shook Tom by the hand and with the other grasped him by the shoulder.

"'Ere, 'ere, no wrastling, now; I'm not going to let 'ee get no hitch in me, Mike; I must go over there and see Jimmy," and Tom laughingly extricated himself from the clutches of Clyde, and went across the room and took a seat alongside of Jimmy. Clyde was not going to have Tom get away in that fashion, and so he held up slyly, so that Tom alone could see it, a piece of hard tobacco, tempting him to return. Tom's mouth watered and he smiled grimly, and then made a sign that he shouldn't let his daughter see it. Alice thought that her father was near to perfectness, and he would not let her know, for the world, that he chewed tobacco. The sight of that tobacco was too much for Tom, so after a time he managed to get away from Jimmy, and picked his path across the room to where was stationed Clyde. But a new difficulty arose for Clyde. Mrs. Gallagher was through talking with Beatty, and the latter turned her attention again to the pump-man. The latter was in a quan-

dary what to do. He would have liked to have a social chat with Tom, and a chew of tobacco; indeed he had already sampled the luscious looking weed, and had a liberal supply in his mouth, in anticipation that Tom would join him, and that both together, in the kitchen or some other handy retreat, could chew and talk to their hearts' content. But now he would like to have a talk with Beatty also. Tom was approaching. Placing the tobacco in one hand, and concealing it, he handed it backward to Tom behind him. The thing was done, but more sorrows and difficulties arose for Clyde. Beatty just despised a tobacco chewer. To smoke, that was respectable, and a man's privilege, but to chew—ugh—that was beastly! Clyde was not a graduate in tobacco chewing. He must expectorate. He never noticed it in the works, but here in the crowded room of Jimmy O'Donnel's home, it seemed that all the fluids of his body had concentrated in his mouth, and there was an unhappy sense of fullness in his cheek that made him appear as if afflicted with the tooth-ache. Beatty was talking, and Mike was listening, but taking no part, much to Beatty's wonder, except a muttered, "Hummah, hummah," when an answer was expected.

"Aren't you feeling well, Mr. Clyde?" asked Beatty, sympathetically, and in some wonder at the continued silence of Clyde.

"Hum-mah."

Would the saliva never cease coming to his cheeks, he thought. He was getting red in the face under the close scrutiny and sympathy of Beatty. If Beatty should ever discover that he used tobacco in that form, it was all up for him, and Finn, with the recommendation that he had received from Mrs. Gallagher, would be on the high path for Beatty's regard. Mike was holding his head up higher, like a check-reined horse, as the minutes flew by. There wasn't a cuspidor in sight, and he wouldn't dare to use one if there was.

"Are you sick, Mr. Clyde, and why do you hold your head up like that and say, 'Hummah, hummah?'"

Clyde could stand it no longer. Looking down at her from the corner of his eye, and holding his mouth a trifle nigher heaven, with an agonizing expression of face, and a choking voice, he gasped out, "Not—well—sick—Beatty." Then he made a bee-line for the door of the kitchen, and then out through the side entrance. Beatty was following him when he returned, having relieved himself of that full sensation in the mouth. To Beatty's expressions of sympathy, he returned a careless reply, that the air was too close, and he needed a whiff of the outside atmosphere.

"I'm feeling all right now," he added, thinking all the while, to himself that "he would be hanged" if he would ever be caught in a crowded house again with tobacco inside his lips.

Mike had something in his mouth afterward. It was cloves, but they did not discommode him. Seated near Beatty, he was telling her what a notorious tobacco chewer Policeman Finn was. It was one of his big drawbacks, he said.

There was the sound of music without that completely silenced all conversation, with its blaring noise. It was the Mayoton Cornet Band, a dignified name for a small organization. It had come to serenade the mine foreman and his wife. The evening passed away in games of one sort and another, and towards the close, the parties, in various groups, drifted homewards.

Together, under the gentle moonlight, a couple wended their way with thoughts not of others, rather entirely engrossed in themselves. The cold, crisp air around them did not chill the cupid god within. Although it was December, the snow had not yet arrived. Was it the cold, crisp air, or was it something else, that deepened the hue of the maiden's cheek?

"This is an ideal night," remarked the man.

"Yes," answered the girl; "don't you think that they are a nice couple, and well suited to each other?"

"Yes, but I can tell you of a couple that I think are just as well suited to each other, and I am going to tell you about them now."

The girl's hand trembled a little upon the arm of the sturdy young fellow, and there was a warmth in his tone as he began.

"Years ago, there was a poor little lad, that had no education to boast of. His parents were poor, and had not the means to give him an education, and he was taken from school, after a very meagre attendance, and sent to work in the breaker, to augment the household earnings. He served in his humble position as well as his ability could make him serve, and then larger positions opened to him. In the midst of his off-time, he noticed a little girl, flaxen-haired, just like a little cherub she seemed. His home was a very poor home. The little cherub's home was larger, and, to the boy's imagination, seemed a veritable palace, and the grounds around as spacious and beautiful as a paradise. He would often linger near the gate in the summer evenings, and watch the child at play amidst the flowers of the garden. Her father, a kind man, and good, seemed a king to this lad who knew nothing of the world. At times, he would speak cheerily to the boy, and the little fellow would feel exceedingly elated at the honor. The little girl was the counterpart of her father. Noticing the lad looking eagerly through the pickets, she offered him a belated rose, that her childish fingers had plucked from its parent bush. There was a shy smile upon her face, and then she ran away to be caught up in the arms of her big father, who was coming around the house."

The girl's arm shook a little, and the color in her cheek deepened under the pale moonbeams. She well remembered that scene, for it was one of the early things of her childhood.

"That rose," continued he, "was the starting of a

new life to the boy. 'She is a beautiful little maid,' he said to himself.

"Then there was a time that the little girl's father called the lad to him, and made him a proposition to educate him, so that he could gain some position in life a little better than an ordinary laborer. The lad loved the little girl, though he did not know it, neither did she. Then, there came a time when darkness came, and an insane fit of jealousy, and then the lad formed a great resolution; to become as well educated as any of the lady's suitors, for about that time, they had both grown up to mature years. He was diligent, and worked on with that ultimate object in view. She, the little cherub of younger years, and the mature woman of later times, was the star of his life and the goal of all his ambitions. She was the image of his waking thoughts, and the central vision of his dreams. Then came the clouds. The clouds always come in life. The young man was accused of dishonesty, and although he was as honest as the day, yet suspicion fell upon him, and a chill came between him and the family of the girl. But he labored on, and the great hope that was in him made him bear up under all shadows. Hope brought an end to the shadows, and the youth became the holder of an honored position in this neighborhood, and then one evening in the cold December, under the moonlight, he was walking homewards with the girl of his choice, and he thought he would tell her and end all his doubts, and—Alice,—Alice, don't you see that I am telling you the story of my own life, and you are the cherub of that younger period, and now you know the whole story, and it is for you to say whether the bright dream of the lad will be but an empty fiction or a reality."

The young man ceased, and there was silence for a moment. The moon came out from behind a wandering cloud, and shed a gentle, pellucid effulgence that seemed to add new beauty to the old, old story that was once more being told.

"I have always loved you, George,—though I didn't know it until lately," was the simple answer that came to his question.

They were married on New Year's Day, George and Alice, and after a short wedding tour, settled down in the town of Mayoton. Old Tom was disconsolate for a time, but there was a fertile plan working in his mind that was to solve his difficulties and obviate the sadness of parting with his daughter.

## CHAPTER XL.

## SUNSHINE.

**M**R. ARTHUR Hoyt was seated in his study. Near him, on the large rug, lay the form of his favorite mastiff, Cæsar. Not far away, seated at a small walnut desk, was Mrs. Grace Hoyt, writing a letter. There was a pleased expression on the countenance of the operator, and he was apparently absorbed in happy meditation, as he watched the faint, curling spiral of tobacco smoke from his fragrant Havana.

"Grace."

His wife paused for a moment, and the swift motion of the pen was stilled. The great dog, Cæsar, opened one eye, lazily, towards his master, as if he was an interested auditor.

"Grace, I was thinking that after all you were right in your estimation of Mr. Gwynne and the miners. It pays better, after all, to consider the workmen and their interests in the running of a colliery. There are not so large immediate profits, apparently, but in the long run it amounts to the same. I lost, by the incumbency of Mr. Gwynne, more than he made out of the mine over and beyond what his predecessor made; and then it is much more preferable to have an easy conscience in the matter."

"Yes," said Grace, with a smile.

"I notice now that even the foreigners meet me with cheerful faces, and all of them tip their hats to me when I pass them, and that is more pleasant than the scowls and the angry looks that they used to bestow upon me."

"An approving conscience is much better than extra profit, no matter how much the amount may be; I knew, Arthur, all the time of the strike, and even before, that your conscience did not approve of the things that were enacted at the works.—Now my Arthur is himself again."

Mr. Hoyt smiled, and then continued: "I was thinking that the Golden Rule is the better after all. If all operators would deal with their men fairly and justly, they would be easier in mind, and I don't think in the long run they would suffer in the profits. One has no strikes to contend with, no property destroyed, no idle times, which are a loss to the employer as well as to the men, and beyond all, one has the respect of his fellow-citizens, the love of his employes, and the satisfaction that he is doing as God would have him do. The men don't want to run the works. They only want justice. Now, let's see, Grace; suppose you make a little account there, and see how the thing stands."

Grace took up the pen and did as requested.

"Put down, on the one side of the account, the extra profits that Mr. Gwynne made out of the mine,—and you may put down the extra profits that Mr. Brown made, but Brown couldn't touch Gwynne in the line of profits. Let see,—Gwynne was in office about fifteen months. In that time he made out of the works about one **hundred** and fifty thousand dollars beyond what was made formerly. Superintendent Brown, for the same period, made extra and beyond what he should have made, about eighty thousand dollars."

"Don't you think that they made more than that?" asked Grace.

"I mean what they made more than was a right profit in the work. Mr. Gwynne did not make as much as he thought he could, because for several months he had to put his plans in operation gradually; I am taking the average excess profits,"

"Very well," said Grace, and she wrote as directed. Mr. Hoyt continued to dictate, and when he had finished, Grace handed him the following account.

	Profits.	Loss.
Extra profits of Mr. Gwynne for 15 months .....	\$150,000	
Extra profits of Mr. Brown for same period .....	80,000	
Lost by the strike, one breaker and other damages .....		\$155,000
Lost interest on money invested at Mayoton and the Meadow mine .....		90,000
Wages of deputies, bosses and officials during strike .....		20,000
Excess wages of Gwynne above that of McCue before the strike .....		1,200
Total .....	\$230,000	\$266,200
Plus the hate of the men and a bad conscience.		

Mr. Hoyt looked at the account for a minute or two, seriously, and then said: "Honesty and justice is the best policy after all, Grace."

Cæsar, the large mastiff, shut his eye lazily, stretched himself, and then prepared for another nap, as if the matter was settled beyond a doubt.

Old Tom Penhall felt very lonely after the departure of his daughter. He missed the cheery countenance of Alice, and the presence of the piano. When he wished to sing, it did not seem like the old times. In the evenings there was only the face of his wife, and how strange and empty the table appeared! The parlor looked so desolate and vacant without the piano, and the merry songs. He would go in occasionally and look around and then come back to the sitting-room and silently sit at his desk, or before the fire. Mrs. Penhall would keep him company, but the

constant click of her knitting needles annoyed the old man and made him still moodier.

"Ah do seem lonely, 'Liza," he said to his wife, a short time after the return of George and Alice. Tom and his wife were seated in the sitting-room. "Ah do seem lonely, and I doant think that I'm going to stand it much longer. There when I want to tune a bit, I doant 'ave no music, and they both must come back. They can live 'ere with us as well as in a 'ouse of their own."

Mrs. Penhall acquiesced, but when the proposition was made to Alice, there was some objection. The house was too small to accommodate both. But Tom soon settled the matter by planning a new, spacious house at the head of Quality Row. Where was the money to come from? Tom chuckled in answer to the question. That was his concern. The plans were drawn up and approved, and the work pushed with unabated vigor. The following spring the home was ready for use. There was quite a contention in the furnishing of the young people's apartments. Tom insisted upon the predominance of red color. "Rud is a cheerful color," he constantly averred, and George and Alice gave in to his opinion. There was red figured carpets, red figured wall paper, and to use George's expression, the house would have looked like the "British banner flung to the breeze," if, with the taste and nicety of a woman, the colors had not been arranged by Alice to her satisfaction, subduing the garish effect that Tom's opinion unmodified would have caused.

Tom made a good superintendent, but the work, becoming too arduous for him, George was promoted to the Assistant Superintendent's position, Moore having resigned. In Tom's working the mines of Mayoton, he always treated with the Organization of the miners, which was still alive. The latter was not nearly as flourishing as formerly, however. The miners found that with the just operator and a good

honorable superintendent, they had little occasion for an organization, and it was gradually dying of inaction. Tom always consulted the interests of the men, even after the Organization had become a thing of the past. "The miners are honest fellows, and talking the matter over with them, shows that they are reasonable," he often said.

Lew Wilt, the clerk, still held his position, and in time, married Belle Phillips, who made him a good helpmeet, for the strike had made a more sensible and practical girl of her.

Mike Clyde, the pump-man, still frequented Big Bill's house, and once, when Bill was not around, and he had sampled an extra fine piece of Beatty's pie, he could stand it no longer. With a mouth partly filled with the luscious sweetmeat, grasping her hand with his disengaged one, he told her in language similar to the noted "Barkis" that he was willing, and that he wanted her to bake him pies all his life, to which Beatty, blushing a bright crimson, did not object, "but what would brother Bill do?"

"Oh, Bill, he can live with us," stoutly asserted Mike, for he was bold, now that the Rubicon was passed.

Brother Bill had other plans. That same evening he took Nellie Penryn home from the choir practice, and before he parted from her, he asked her whether he could be her hero for life.

"Nellie, you have often called me your hero and protector, would you like to have it so all the time?" he asked at the gate.

And dark-eyed, curly-haired Nellie, now a woman grown, looked up into the honest, flushed countenance of Big Bill, whose head seemed so far above her. "Bill, how do you expect me to tell you anything when you keep your head so high up in the air?"

Bill bowed his great form until his head came upon a level with the countenance below him, and repeated the question. "Would you like to have me always as

your hero and protector, Nellie?" Bill's eyes were so solemn and sincere, and his big face naturally red, flushed so painfully, that Nellie could not joke with him or tease him, and so she simply and demurely answered, "Bill, you know I would." Big Bill laughed,—a hearty, joyous laugh,—and gathering her up in his great arms like a child, pressed a kiss upon her lips.

"And we will have a house of our own, and a horse and carriage, Nellie."

"And not a mule?" said Nellie.

Bill went off into another peal of laughter.

"Oh, Bill, put me down!"

"How do you think that I'm going to talk with you away down there? It's too hard on a man to juke his head down like a fish-hook," said Bill.

"Do put me down, Bill!"

There was the noise of an opening door, and Penryn Sr., attracted by Bill's laugh, no doubt, stood upon the threshold. Bill quickly obeyed Nellie's command.

## CHAPTER XLI.

## IN AFTER YEARS.

YOU know him, Tony?"

The speaker was one of two Italians who were seated upon a log near the roadside. It was June-tide, and the piney hills had taken upon themselves once again their spring garments. Mayoton was like the Eternal City, changing some, but still living on. Some years had passed, but every spring found the same garments for the surrounding hills, robes of green, and ribbons, dots, patches of variegated honeysuckles, rhododendron, and wild rose blossoms. The small common in front of Quality Row and the gardens as spacious as of old time, were carpeted with luxuriant green, and the trees of the woods opposite were rustling with new foliage. At the head of Quality Row stood a new and somewhat larger house than the others. Opposite this home, seated on a fallen log, in the corner of the woods, were the two Italians above mentioned.

"You know him, Tony?" repeated the one.

"Ricordo? Yes, that de padre, Tom."

These remarks were concerning an aged man with pleasant features in the garden opposite. He was playing, like a lad of twelve, with a child between three and four years of age,—playing hide-and-seek among the trees of the garden. Mrs. Penhall, her hair nearly white, was seated upon the veranda, as were also two others—a tall, stout, dark-haired man, Assistant Superintendent Penryn, and his wife, Alice. The assistant superintendent had matured in years into a broad shouldered man, with the same dark, curly hair, and the "eyes of a pirate," now softened and more

steady than of old. Alice, of the gold-brown hair, though losing some of the joyousness of youth, had gained sweet womanly dignity in the passing years. They were all following, with pleasant interested looks, the antics of the child and grandsire on the lawn.

"Yes," said the Italian addressed as Tony, who though older than formerly, still had the deep olive complexion and general appearance of the mule driver of former times, Tony Luccaque. "Yes, that old Tom. Him good boss; now him de big boss. Him no cheat noone. Him goa to God right away when him die. That him girl on de porch. Oder man, George,—him drive mule with me in mine when a boy. Him big striker ona time, but now him next to big Boss Tom."

Two persons were seen approaching the gate, a tall gentleman with an unmistakable, good-natured Irish face, and with him a tall, graceful-looking, dark-haired woman. Time had dealt kindly with Jimmy and Mary, for with the exception of more matured looks, they were unchanged. Jimmy, or James, as he was sometimes called, still had some of the old boyish freckles hidden by a great black mustache, that added some new dignity to his appearance. Mary was more sedate than of old. The gate slowly swung open and then came a voice, merry, yet graver and deeper than of former times.

"Here you are, Tom Jr. Would you like an orange?"

The child, addressed as Tom Jr., signified his acceptance by running eagerly toward the newcomers, and having received the golden-hued fruit, promptly turned around and gave it to Superintendent Tom.

"Ah, that's a good boy, so 'e es; but never mind, you keep un," and Tom gave back the orange to the lad.

"Now, give me a kiss," said the woman to the child. The child turned up its little lips and received the kiss

hastily, and then turned its lips to the testing of the value of the fruit.

"You'll spoil that child," said the deep voice of George from the veranda.

"Can't do that," said the tall fellow, "he's a chip of the old block."

Old Tom laughed, a hearty, merry peal of laughter.

"You know them, Tony?" asked Tony's companion.

"Yes, that tall man, Jimmy. Him boss Number Two slope. Her him's wife. Jimmy and George good friends. They drive mules lika me ona time. They strikers—big strikers."

"Strikers?"

"Yes, big strikers; no work, just the same as me. Now, they bosses."

"And who that, Tony?"

The Italian drew the attention to some new parties approaching Tom's gate. They were five in all. The first person was a man of herculean proportions, tall, and heavily proportioned. A wealth of red whiskers adorned his chin, and rivaled the florid hue of his large face. Beside him was a lady, evidently his wife, a woman with dark, black eyes, and hair so rebelliously curly as scarcely to be restrained by the Psyche knot pendant beneath the rear of her tasty hat. There was the faintest suspicion of a smile lurking at the angles of her mouth, a smile—the remnant of the joyous laugh of eighteen, which, with the roguish look of that time, had been so fascinating to a certain big fellow. The lady was leading a little girl of the same merry face, laughing, dark eyes, and curling locks, as she herself possessed, when a child. They were talking, and the big red-whiskered fellow had a broad smile upon his features as they caught sight of Superintendent Tom, and his antics with the child.

"Oh, there's cousin Tom, mother," said the child, and dropping her mother's hand, she ran forward to greet the little lad in the garden.

Behind these parties came a tall, good-natured

looking man, with sandy hair, and a jolly, contented expression upon his features, and a lady of goodly proportions, with features closely resembling the gentleman of the red beard. Hers was a comfortable, house-wifely face, a countenance, fair, full, and matronly, and the roses had seemingly perpetuated themselves, not only in her cheeks, but over her whole face. The sandy-haired man, her husband, wore a blonde-reddish mustache, that concealed the happy expression that lingered around the corners of his mouth.

"And who that, Tony?" repeated the Italian to his companion.

"Oh," said Tony, "that first man, him Big Bill. You know him; I tella you about him sometime ago. Him look nice and him laugh like the big whistle that blow at quitting time. Him look nice, but him fight right away. Him fight like diavolo! Him fight big Italian,—nearly killa de Italian. That back in the strike. You remember I tella about him. Him take up big Italian above his head lika this," and Tony held up his two hands above his head to illustrate to his companion Big Bill's prowess. "Ricordo?"

His companion nodded his head, signifying that he remembered Tony's relating the incident before.

"Well," continued Tony, "him the big boss engineer now. Him de engineer before, now him de big engineer boss."

"What for woman?"

"That him wife," answered Tony, and then he laughed. "Her hold up a little finger lika that," and Tony held up his little finger, "him all the same lika little dog."

"Him 'fraid for her," suggested Tony's companion.

"I no know.—No, Bill 'fraid for nothing; him fight devil."

"Who for next man?"

"That pump-man, Mike. Him good fellow, always laugh. Him and old Tom and Big Bill good butties. That woman, him's wife; she's Bill's sister."

The parties entered the gate.

"Here, Aunt Nell!" cried Tom Jr., and he ran with outstretched arms toward the newcomers. Bill picked up the youngster and rubbed his beard in his face. Then Clyde picked up the child, and placing him upon his shoulder, pranced around the lawn like a spring colt.

"Here, you catch him, Tom," said Clyde, and forthwith he set the child down and started him toward Superintendent Tom, who caught him in his arms and carried him up to his mother, Alice, the pleasant woman, with the smooth, white forehead, and rippling brown-gold hair.

"He's the same colored hair and eyes as his mother 'ad when she was a baby," said Tom.

"I think he is just the picture of you, Tom," said Big Bill. Tom's eyes glistened with pleasure as he gave the newcomers seats upon the veranda. "Ay, he's a good boy, and maybe 'e does look something like 'is grand-pap."

"Come 'ere, little dear," said Mrs. Penhall to Nellie's little girl, the dark-eyed little Miss beside her mother.

"Go on, Nellie," said her mother in answer to the child's inquiring glance, and the little maiden tip-toed over to Mrs. Penhall, to be gathered up in the latter's motherly arms. Tom Jr., also stood alongside of his grandmother. 'Liza, Mrs. Penhall, neat and prim, her grey-white hair arranged in bands as of olden time, had lost a little of her sharp quickness of speech, or perhaps she never used it toward children, for she talked to them both in gentle tones, like an old mother hen speaking to her little ones.

"I'm glad that you are hall 'ere, for I wanted to talk a-bit with 'ee about a thing that I 'ave been thinking about for some years," said Tom to the assembled group upon the veranda.

"All right," said Bill, "let's hear it. It must be something good, or you wouldn't be back of it, Tom."

"I 'ave been a-tawking weth Hoyt about putting

up a school 'ere, say over there among the trees, far those that want to learn the science of mining and other studies—a sort of a—what do 'ee call it, George?" and the old superintendent turned to his son-in-law for the word that he wanted.

"An academy of Mining Science and Polytechnic Institute," said George.

"Yes, that's it. A Cademe for mining students and Poly what 'ee call it—school."

George smiled and Tom laughed.

"It doant matter much about the name," the latter added.

"But where are you going to get the money from, father?" asked Alice, seriously.

Old Tom smiled, and then responded: "Well, I suppose that I ought to tell 'ee, for ah come to me some time ago, some years ago, after a good bit of waiting, and only 'Liza and I knawed anything about it. To make a long story short, my uncle Tom, my faather's brother, had a bit of property and money in the old country. 'E never married, and I remember that 'e used to live on the place nigh the Mount's Bay, near Penzance, The place was overlooking the bay, and I used to like to go there and sit on the cliffs, overlooking the water. It was a heartsome place, and I used to go there often. Faather and he were good enough friends afore faather got married. There was a maid, or summat like that, that stirred up a fuss atween them. I think they both liked the same maid. She was a fine looking woman, summat like Allie, there. That's 'er picter, Allie, that 'ee often see in there on the mantle-piece," and Tom pointed with his thumb over his shoulder toward the parlor.

"Grandmother?" said Alice.

"Ay, she was your grandmother, and my mother. Well, when faather married 'er, for she seemed to like 'im better than she did my uncle Tom, there was a great quarrel atween 'im and faather, and they never spoke. When I come to years, that I could run

around, I used to go over there at times, like a lad will do,—running around 'ere and there. Once I was down 'pon the sands, and the tide come in and cut me off from the shore afore I knawed it. I shud 'ave been drowned, perhaps, and was crying, to think that I shud not get back 'ome again. Then I remember a shout on the mainland, and a great man come wading out through the water that was up nigh to 'is shoulders in the deepest place. 'Bless the child, what are 'ee doing 'ere?' he said, and with that he looked at me a bit, startled-like, and asked trembly-like, 'and whose lad are 'ee?' I told 'im faather's name, and I 'eard 'im saying to 'imself, 'Er lad, and weth 'er 'air and eyes, too,' with that he took me up and placed me a-top of his shoulders and carried me over to the shore, and took me up to 'is place and gave me bits of cake to eat, and then took me within sight of 'ome and let me down and said, 'There, run along, now, my little man.'

"When I got 'ome I told all about it, and I 'eard faather say summat about his brother Tom being kind-hearted after all. I used to go over to Uncle Tom's quite often after that, and 'e used to like to 'ave me come, and seemed quite fond of me, although faather never went along. To make a long story short, my Uncle Tom, died a short time a-fore the strike, and I received word that all that 'e 'ad, 'e 'ad willed to me. It amounted to nigh twelve thousand pounds, but they rascally lawyers got a good bit of un a-fore ah come to my 'ands. I 'ave 'ad it out on hinterest since ah come to me, but it seemed a pity to 'ave so much money doing nothing but making more money for me, so I talked the matter over weth Hoyt. We 'ave enough laid by now to do for 'Liza and me, and also for George and Allie, and so we doant need more than part of the money that Uncle Tom left me.

"We thought that we could put up a school weth a part of the money, and 'ave it so that any poor boy that wanted to get a 'igher education than one could

get in the common schools, could 'ave it free of charge. Operator Hoyt said that he would put a bit of money to what I would give, and we could 'ave a fine school."

Tom ceased speaking. The listeners had been very attentive during the recital of the story, and there were murmurs of surprise, for Tom had kept his good fortune a close secret. George and Jimmy, realizing the great difficulties that they had had in gaining an education, were heartily in favor of the plan, as also were the others present. Clyde was carried away with a burst of admiration for Superintendent Tom and his generosity.

"It's a good thing for Mayoton, that we have as good a man for superintendent as you, Tom. There's this plan of yours for the school, and the way you treat the miners, so that we all have good times and decent wages. There's the miners,—all happy and comfortable. Some are now able to build their own homes. There's old Dicky Curnow, that has a pretty nice home, and there's your father, George, that has that nice white house with the green shutters, among the trees, and there's even Ned Thomas a-saving up money unknown to his wife, and there's our own home, eh Beatty, the one that you were telling me about years ago, and that we now have," and Mike pinched, playfully, Beatty's cheek. "It's all through your just management, Tom," added Mike.

"It's due to the kind-heartedness of Hoyt, too, in allowing Tom to run the works so justly," said George.

There was a pause, and then Tom spoke, reverently. "It's due to God, lads, as much as anybody, and now let's go inside and 'ave a tune."

The superintendent leading the way, they filed into the parlor, and soon the Italians seated on a log by the road-side, heard a song that Tony well remembered, and in which the well known voices of Tom and the others were heard.

"Sweeping through the gates of the New Jerusalem,  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

And so the Institute was established. Operator Hoyt gave a considerable sum, but insisted that the Academy should be known by the name of the "Penhall Institute," but the lads and breaker boys, to this day, call it by a far more endearing name,—

"OLD BOSS TOM'S SCHOOL."







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